

Living in the Circular

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Living in the Circular

by [Skye_Star](#)

Summary

Time traveling once is a second chance. Time travelling twice is a punishment. Time travelling for eternity just gets a little boring.

Or, an increasing number of Dream SMP members find themselves stuck in a time loop. Humor and shenanigans ensue.

Notes

This story is based off of the Infinite Loops project, although it isn't canon to said project. For a little bit of context: Due to a break in the multiverse, the admins have put all the different universes in time loops, in order to preserve them until they get everything working again. It's going to take several eternities to fix the problem. And so, due to repeating the same period of time over and over, most loopers go a bit stir crazy.

It should also be noted that this story was planned before the prison saga with Tommy being trapped. As such, the loop ends shortly after the nuke test. (At least for now.)

All that said, I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

1.0 - How it Begins

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

1.1

At this point, Tubbo was beginning to wonder just why the universe hated him so much.

It had seemed like a blessing, at first. Going to sleep in Snowchester and waking up as he signed L'Manberg's Declaration of Independence? It was a dream come true. It had taken him a minute to get his bearings, and it took until Dream was handing back his Declaration of War for Tubbo to realize that no, this wasn't a dream, he really was in the past.

There was so much he could do. So much he could change. He wasn't Wilbur or Tommy or Technoblade, he probably couldn't make everything better, because he wasn't the main person to act at any given time and therefore less prone to making history-altering decisions, but there were still *so many* things he could do better. Things he could do to make the world a kinder place.

He was able to talk Eret around, so they didn't become a spy. Without the final control room, they all had an extra life, and Wilbur wasn't nearly as consumed with paranoia. The elections still happened, and Schlatt still won, but Tubbo made sure everyone knew Fundy was a spy from the beginning, and so Fundy was still trusted and his and Wilbur's relationship didn't crumble. Technoblade still betrayed them, but Wilbur didn't die. Fundy became the president, and Philza stayed mostly loyal to L'Manberg, and Tubbo could fade into the background and help Tommy get his disks back.

He stopped Tommy and Ranboo from burning down George's house. He alerted Wilbur to the forming Butcher Army ideas, so they were shut down. Techno still tried to destroy L'Manberg anyways, but the country and its people were united against him. When the day Tubbo had travelled back in time rolled around, L'Manberg was still standing, if damaged.

Sure, Tubbo still had to deal with Schlatt, and the man's abuse, was still blown up by Techno's firework, and sure, no one ever helped him with his own problems, or noticed he was struggling, but everyone else was happy, and so Tubbo was *happy*.

And then he found himself signing the Declaration again. And again, and again, and again.

At this point, he wasn't even sure that his worst actions warranted *this much* punishing.

Tubbo finished signing his name once again and stepped back with a sigh. Another time loop, another war. The same messes over and over again. And there seemed to be nothing he could do to change it.

A familiar groan broke Tubbo out of his dejected musings, and he looked over to see Tommy running a hand through his hair, looking blankly at the declaration in front of him. He

looked... tired. And weary.

Almost as if he'd already done this before.

Something like hope sparked in the back of Tubbo's mind.

On what seemed to be instinct, Tommy looked back at him, and after a second, his eyes widened, that same hope filling up reflecting back at Tubbo.

Maybe he wasn't going to be so lonely this time after all.

~

Tommy cornered him behind the caravan the second they were alone. "Do you remember?" He demanded, desperation leaking into his voice. "The original timeline, doing all of this before?"

"I do, I do." Tubbo managed a smile, feeling like he was taking a breath of fresh air for the first time in so long. "I remember all of it. The revolution, the election-"

"Pogtopia," Tommy butted in, starting to smile himself. "The - the festival, Wilbur blowing everything up."

"Ghostbur. Exile. Doomsday." Tommy's face fell and he nodded. "Tommy, I'm so sorry-"

"I know, I know." Tommy waved him off. "You already apologized a million times before. That shit's getting old, I already forgave you. Besides, after that is our final battle with Dream, and we won that! Remember?"

"Yeah." Ender, this was *Tommy*. It was always Tommy, of course, but this was the original Tommy. Tubbo couldn't stop smiling. "And Snowchester, and your new hotel you were building."

"That's right!" Tommy huffed. "And I didn't get to finish it. I never get to finish it!"

Tubbo blinked. *Never...?*

Tommy saw his confusion. "Oh that's right. Ah fuck, how do I put this... listen, Tubbo, this isn't - well, it's not-"

"Not your first time in the past," Tubbo guessed, something heavy settling in his stomach. "Me neither. It's my sixth time doing this."

Tommy gaped at him. "Me too. But it was just me, I was sure you weren't with me!" He grit his teeth. "This is so fucked up."

"Yeah. And I had it the same. You weren't - weren't in the same time loops as me, I guess." Tubbo shrugged. Tommy was clearly freaked out, and so was he, but he could be calm for both of them, like always. "But now we're looping together."

“We are.” And Tommy threw his pride out the window, and Tubbo found himself in a tight hug, which he quickly returned. After so long, it was so nice.

“What do we do?” Tommy muttered. “Are we just stuck looping like this until we find a way out? *Is* there a way out?”

Tubbo held his best friend tightly. “I don’t know. But at least we’re together again. We’ll figure this out. We always do.”

Maybe the universe didn’t hate him. Or maybe it hated both of them. But at least they were together, and that was enough for Tubbo.

1.2

It was the night where they would find out if Tommy would be exiled or not. Everyone waited around the obsidian walls with baited breath.

Underneath his mask, Dream smiled. Everything was going exactly to plan. There was no way Tubbo wouldn’t exile Tommy, after all of Dream’s threats. The boy would crumble under the pressure of keeping his worthless country safe, and then not only could Dream work on getting the second disk from him, but he would have Tommy all to himself.

L’Manberg’s cabinet arrived, Tommy looking nervous, Tubbo looking somber and guilty. *Perfect.* Dream waited for Tubbo to climb up onto the obsidian wall next to Dream, and Dream forced his posture to relax. It would be best if he didn’t look too excited for this outcome. “Well, Tubbo? Have you made your decision?”

Tubbo took a deep breath. “I have.” He let it out as a sigh, then turned to look at his cabinet. “As President of L’Manberg, I hereby exile Tommy Innit... *and* Tubbo Underscore.”

...

...*What?*

“By letting my VP burn down King George’s house, I have shown that I am unfit to rule,” Tubbo continued, oblivious to Dream’s surprise and anger. “Therefore, I will be passing the presidency to Fundy, a founding member of the country and one who I believe will lead it to prosperity, while I accompany Tommy in exile. This mistake is on my shoulders, and I intend to correct it.”

“Of course,” Fundy offered. He didn’t seem surprised by this turn of events. In fact, Quackity was grinning wildly. Tubbo must’ve told them what he was planning beforehand. Dream fought the urge to snarl.

Tubbo then gave Dream a weary smile. “If you would, Dream, please escort us outside of the SMP.” With that, he clambered down the wall and over to Tommy. The other boy still seemed

nervous, but he swung an arm around his friend and grinned up at Dream.

This wasn't how things were supposed to go, not at all. Still, they wouldn't throw him off. He was Dream, and this was his realm. He would keep his cool.

"Are you sure about this, Tubbo?" He implored. "You've been a fantastic president so far. No one blames you for what Tommy has done." He smiled, although they couldn't see it. "I certainly don't. And if I don't blame you, then why would your friends in L'Manberg?"

He could see the other cabinet members bristling at the slight, like intended. But Tubbo, strangely, seemed unperturbed. "Thank you Dream. But this is a decision that we of L'Manberg have already agreed on. It's for our country to decide, even if you feel differently."

Fundy coughed. "Indeed. And as the new president, I'm going to have to ask you to escort them out, Dream."

This wasn't the plan.

Ghostbur, the annoying shell of a man, joined them as they were setting out the boat. "Tommy! Tubbo! Are we going on a vacation?"

"We sure are, big man," Tommy agreed, although his smile was a little strained. "Want to come?"

"Of course, I would love to come!" Dream scowled as he undid the ropes. Just what he wanted, another of the original L'Manberg idiots to join them. It was supposed to be him and Tommy, not him and the three Stooges! Things couldn't get any worse than this.

After about thirty minutes out at sea, Tommy let out a loud groan. "I'm so bored. Tubbo, got anything you can think of to pass the time?"

"You bet!" Tubbo agreed. "*Ninety-nine potions of strength on the wall, ninety-nine potions of strength...*"

Dream gripped the oars of the boat so hard the wood splintered under his hands. *It's for the disks*, he told himself.

The disks were starting to look less and less appealing.

1.3

"Tommy, what exactly are you doing?" Tubbo asked, as he squinted up at the cobblestone tower. It was massive, and it nearly reached the block limit. And there were at least four others like this scattered around the SMP.

Tommy jumped from out of one of the windows, landing safely on the ground with the splash of a water bucket. “I got bored,” he announced. “We’ve won L’Manberg’s freedom again, and it’s gonna be a month or so before the elections even start.” He shakes his head. “Seriously, how did we get through this the first time without getting so bored?”

“We were too busy enjoying the peace after months of war,” Tubbo answered sensibly. Personally, he liked these little lulls, where nothing bad happened. “And your answer to this boredom is to build cobblestone towers?”

Tommy nodded, grinning. “I’m gonna cover the entire SMP in them, and then connect them to one inside L’Manberg territory, and claim all the towers for us.”

“That actually sounds like a fun idea,” Tubbo admits. “I’ll help you then!”

“Will you now?” They both turned to see Dream looming over them. “No, I don’t think you will. I think I’ll be killing you first.”

Tommy’s breath hitched. “O-Okay, we’re gonna go now.” He grabbed Tubbo’s arm and sprinted. “See you, bitch!”

“We really need to get better at fighting,” Tubbo muttered, as Dream chased them down. “We can’t keep running every time things get shaky.” The memory of the mountain top battle, Dream bearing down on him with his axe, flashed in his mind, and he shuddered.

Despite his still panicked expression, there was a glint in Tommy’s eyes. “That’ll be our new goal for the next bunch of loops then. We get better and better at pvp until we can both beat Dream at least most of the time. That way we can really start standing up to him.”

“Sounds like a plan to me.”

1.4

“Did you know we have a second inventory now?” Tubbo said, the night after the declaration was signed again, as they were resting on the wall and looking up at the stars.

Tommy blinked. “The fuck? Seriously?”

“Seriously. Last loop was a code-loop, so I was messing around a bit, right?” Tommy nodded. The way their world worked was strange, and it was even stranger in the loops. Sometimes it was a bunch of connected realms, and the SMP was just one of those realms. Sometimes the realms were called Servers, and it was like they were in some sort of game, where people could literally hack into the code of the different worlds.

Sometimes there were no realms at all, and it was just one singular world, which they nicknamed solo-realms. Those times there could be anything from hundreds to thousands of

people living in L'Manberg, and so those were the times it was extra important to prevent events like Doomsday.

“Okay, so I was wondering if we show up differently in the code, and as I was shifting around, I realized we have some sort of second inventory. It's not like our normal one, where you can only put a certain amount of items inside though, it's more like... a really large, interdimensional bag to store stuff in.”

“And it's just us who have it?” Tommy clarified. “Do we still have it in this world?”

Tubbo grinned. “That's the thing! Not only do we still have it, but I put the Bane 'O Bees in it last time and didn't take it out when the loop ended, and guess what?” He then proceeded to summon a very familiar black-purple axe, extremely sharp and glowing with enchantments.

“Holy shit,” he breathed. “It's like an Enderchest for time loops! You've gotta show me how to do that.”

~

The Dream Team prepared for the first battle against the newly formed L'Manberg. In all honesty, Dream was confident that they would crush the so-called country easily. No one there was an expert fighter, and none of them had good armor. There was no way they could stand to the rest of the SMP.

At the very least, if Dream and his friends gave them a show of force, they might give up and stop messing around. He hoped they would. He rather wanted things to go back to normal.

“They're coming!” Punz shouted, and Dream readied his axe as out of the trees sprang the five fighters of L'Manberg.

And they were wearing fully enchanted netherite armor, with just as highly enchanted netherite weapons.

“How-?” Was all he could get out, before he was assaulted by Tommy and Tubbo. It should've been an easy takedown, but to his surprise, they actually had him on the ropes, working together so smoothly it was like he was fighting a single entity. It was all Dream could do to defend himself.

“Grinding, bitch!” Tommy cheered, as Fundy knocked Punz out with his sword, and Wilbur forced George away from Dream with his bow. The general looked almost as perplexed as Dream was, but he was smiling in his amusement.

For the first time, Dream had a bad feeling about this.

“Okay, I’ll bite,” Tubbo said, as they watched the citizens of L’Manberg cheer for Wilbur as their official president, the other running parties looking slightly put off, but also agreeable. “How did you get Quackity not to pool votes with Schlatt?”

Tommy smirked. “It was easy, really. Fifty separate alarm clocks, all hidden in and around George’s bedroom. Big Q never worked with Schlatt because his running mate actually showed up this time around.”

Sure enough, George was there, with barely-noticeable bags under his eyes, looking rather agitated.

“That’s brilliant,” Tubbo decided. “I wonder what other problems we can solve if we make sure George doesn’t sleep through things?”

Tommy snickered. “Most of them, probably. But we should make sure the presidency goes well this time before we set up anything else. Don’t want a repeat of the first time we got Wilbur to win the election. And I hid those alarm clocks real good, he’s not getting rid of them anytime soon.”

~

“Wilbur Soot, if you don’t exile Tommy, I will build these walls to the block limit! I will hire guards, Punz and Sapnap, to patrol the exterior, no trade, no one leaves, or they get slaughtered inside!” Wilbur almost stepped back from the force of Dream’s anger, but managed to stay still.

Inside though, he was reeling. How could he choose? L’Manberg, his country, his people, or Tommy, his little brother?

Dream was grinning now. He could see it, since the mask only covered the man’s nose and eyes. “L’Manberg can be independent, but L’Manberg can’t be free-”

“DREAM WASTAKEN, YOU BITCH!” This time, Wilbur did jump at the sound. So did everyone else.

There, storming up to them, was George, goggles perched precariously on top of his messy hair, massive bags under his eyes, and a furious expression.

Even Dream seemed stunned. “George, what-?”

“No, no, I’m asking the questions here. What that fuck is *this*?” George gestured wildly at the rest of them. “First you make me king, then you dethrone me, and now you’re using the fact that I was king as an excuse to fuck around with L’Manberg? *After* you put Eret back on the throne?”

Dream frowned. “George, Tommy burned down your house, I’m doing this for you-”

“No, that was Ranboo and me,” Fundy spoke up from behind Wilbur. “You just blamed Tommy and refused to hear otherwise.”

George glared. “I guess we know where your priorities lay, Dream. It’s not certainly not with me or Sapnap, is it? Well, I forgive whoever burned down my house, so if you try and punish someone, it’s for no one but yourself. That’s the only person you care about, anyways.” With that, he stomped off.

Dream followed, a panicked expression on his face. “No, George, wait! It’s not like that! GEORGE!”

There was a moment of silence as the L’Manbergians watched them go.

“So, does this mean no one is getting exiled?” Ranboo asked.

1.6

“So things have been messed up before,” Tommy said. “But this is a whole different level.”

Rather than starting the loop at the signing of independence like normal, the two of them had found themselves at the readings of the election results. It had taken a minute for them to realize anything else was wrong, but once they had...

This time, there were memories, different ones, that told a different story of the world around them.

Despite the constantly changing nature of his relationship with Phil and Techno, Wilbur had always been Tommy’s brother, no matter what. But this time was different.

This time it was *Tubbo* who was Wilbur’s brother, and Tommy who was the family friend. Tubbo who had the discs, who fought in the final duel and gave said discs up, who was Wilbur’s vice president, and Tommy who followed him around constantly.

“I’m honestly not sure what to do with this loop,” Tubbo admitted. “I mean, we’re too late to change the election results, so I guess I’ll be kicked out, and you’ll be the spy then?” He didn’t seem happy about that.

“I guess.” Tommy frowned. As much as he hated going through it himself, he wouldn’t want Tubbo to have to go through Wilbur’s Pogtopia madness on his own. “Actually, I’ll just run out with you two. I’m more than skilled enough to escape Manberg’s goons anyways.” It wasn’t overconfidence. This was his thirtieth loop, the twenty-fifth he’d done with Tubbo, and after all that time and practice, the two of them could more than hold their own against even Dream by themselves. They were even starting to gain ground on Technoblade.

(And wasn’t that a strange thought? That one day Tommy would be skilled enough to beat Techno?)

“Alright,” Tubbo agreed easily. “Let’s go totally off track for this, yeah?” He smiled, calming down the nerves in Tommy’s chest.

“Definitely.” If Tubbo was taking Tommy’s role this loop, that meant Dream was going to try and put him in exile. And Tommy refused to let that happen.

1.7

“What if we try to make L’Manberg something other than a democracy?” Tubbo offered, the night after they had won their freedom. The other four members looked at him blankly, only one of them being able to fathom why he would say such a thing.

(Four because Eret hadn’t betrayed them, this time. They were betraying them with increasing rarity, Tommy had noticed. Tubbo theorized that it was due to the fact that between him and Tommy, L’Manberg kept crushing the Dream Team, and so Eret had no reason to switch sides.)

“What do you mean?” Fundy furrowed his brow. “What would it be, if not a democracy?”

“I was thinking of a constitutional monarchy,” Tubbo explained. “Wilbur could be the king, and the four of us could be his parliament. If we write down that the monarchy and parliament have equal power in our nation, then we all get a say in what goes on. And we won’t have to worry about things like elections, because all of us are involved in the government.”

“Sounds good to me,” Tommy piped up. He was getting a little bored of the monotony again anyways. Eret nodded in agreement.

Wilbur deliberated for a moment. “Alright, I suppose that makes sense. But “King” sounds too SMP-ish. How about Duke instead?”

Tubbo raised his hand. “Everyone in parliament who’s in favor of the monarch being renamed to Duke say “Aye!”

“Aye!”

Dream narrowed his eyes, looking genuinely perplexed. “Wait, you’re saying L’Manberg is...”

“A theocracy,” Wilbur explained gently. “Tommy and I are priests of Church Prime, and therefore the benevolent rulers of our nation. One can live here without worshiping Prime, of course, but they will be expected to follow certain norms and live under our laws.”

“Right. Sure. That makes total sense.”

“It does, doesn’t it?” Tommy nodded sagely. Tubbo tried not to laugh.

Tubbo winced, looking out at the neon jungle that used to be the peaceful and beautiful L'Manberg. "You know, maybe we should've thought about what Schlatt and Quackity would do when we structured L'Manberg solely around capitalism." The men in question had bought everyone else out and currently ruled over the rest of their small society.

"Yeah, we kinda fucked up on that one."

"So, you guys aren't having any elections?" Quackity asked. "Doesn't that seem unfair?"

Tommy shook his head. "Haven't you heard? We're a direct democracy. We don't have any leaders. If someone wants to make a change, they propose an idea, and the rest of the country votes on it. That way everyone has equal power."

"That does make sense." Quackity looked much more reassured, if a little disappointed.

I thought we were doing dictatorship before communism," Tommy pointed out, looking over the sea of posters, all containing the hammer and sickle.

Tubbo sighed. "Yeah, but you know. We kind of already go through that under Schlatt."

Tommy winced. "Yeah, that's fair."

"Doesn't it seem unfair that only the original five founders of L'Manberg can hold positions of power?" Quackity pointed out.

Fundy just shrugged. "I dunno what you mean. This is an aristocratic oligarchy, and we were all made nobles when the country was formed. If you don't like it, you could just leave."

The two time travelers stared out at a sea of explosions and lava casts. There was nothing left of L'Manberg, just stragglers fighting over meager resources, and Technoblade laughing in the distance. "I don't know what we expected," Tommy finally said, voice hoarse.

"We had to try anarchy at some point." Tubbo looked upon the grim scene with a sad expression. "At least Techno seems happy."

Tommy scoffed. "Yeah. He stopped by Wilbur and I to tell us how proud he was of what we did, and how great of brothers we are. Total bullshit. Fucking asshole."

Tubbo put a comforting hand on his shoulder. "Once the last few people move on, how about we turn this place into a tourist trap? Starring "Technoblade and his Terrible Ideals." Would that make you feel better?"

Tommy imagined Techno's face when he realized they were going to use him as a reason *not* to try anarchy, and finally smiled. "I think that would help, yeah."

1.8

Things were very, *very* wrong.

Eret knew this as soon as they woke up not in their castle, but in their pre-revolution home. When they went to their castle, they found that it didn't exist. And after sprinting to the crater of L'Manberg, they realized that not only was there no crater, but there was no L'Manberg either.

How did this happen? Had they time traveled somehow?

...Could they change things? Not betray L'Manberg? Fix their mistakes? Prevent Doomsday?

There were so many possibilities, it was almost overwhelming.

And then the memories that weren't theirs hit. Eret rubbed their head and tried to process these new memories, but it was hard because they *didn't make sense*!

Apparently, Wilbur and Tommy had continued with their drug empire rather than make L'Manberg, had gotten many of the residents addicted to their drugs (not potions, drugs, wasn't it just potions last time?) And had formed an actual cult around said drugs.

Said drug was Blue, the thing that Ghostbur had given out.

Eret rushed to the camarvan, almost stumbling with emotion as they saw it there, the original one, still standing.

Tommy and Tubbo were at the window, scar-less and joyful, grinning at them. "Eret!" Tubbo exclaimed. "Are you ready to try the wonders of Blue and devote yourself to the cause?"

"I really just don't understand," Eret admitted helplessly, still slightly overwhelmed at the sight of them looking so happy. "I thought Blue was Ghostbur's thing and we were starting L'Manberg, I don't-" It occurred to them that maybe admitting they were from the future to the two teenagers wasn't a smart idea.

The boys exchanged looks. Tubbo dropped the poster he was holding. At once, they both jumped out the window, and Eret found themselves being tackle-hugged by two yelling boys, the three of them flying to the ground.

"Holy fuck, you remember!"

"You know! You know, we're not alone anymore, holy shit!"

"This is so fucking pog, I can't believe it."

"Woah, hang on!" With great effort and a bit of soreness, Eret managed to sit up. "You guys have travelled in time as well then? We're not making L'Manberg this time? I have no idea what's happening, could you please explain?"

The two shared guilty grins, and Eret couldn't help but smile. They'd clearly come so far since their last fight.

"It's a long and interesting story," Tubbo said. "We've got so much to tell you."

Chapter End Notes

- 1.1 And so it begins. At least they're not going at this alone!
- 1.2 They annoyed Dream until he snapped. Then they ran for their lives.
- 1.3 It's easier to have fun when you're not getting murdered. They should get on that.
- 1.4 Subspace Pockets are so much fun. So is playing with worldbuilding!
- 1.5 George not sleeping through everything is, in fact, the good timeline.
- 1.6 Ah, variant loops. Dream and Wilbur were very confused by their sudden change in attitude.
- 1.7 All the ways to run (or not run) a country, Feat. Tubbo Underscore and TommyInnit
- 1.8 Welcome to the loops, Eret!

2.0

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

2.1

The Dream Team waited behind the walls, ready for Eret to push the button and let them in. It really was nice, Dream mused, that they'd gotten the man on their side, even if he did have to promise them kingship.

There was shuffling, and Eret talking about grinding for items. People opening chests Dream knew were empty.

Then, "It was never meant to be." The code phrase. The walls slid open-

-to reveal the L'Manberg fighters decked out with enchanted netherite armor and weapons, all with matching grins, looking like they were expecting them.

Eret's sunglasses glinted in the light of the enchantments. "Long live the revolution!"

Tommy cheered and swung his axe, and that was the last thing Dream knew before he was respawning.

2.2

"So you know how Dream has like, fifty different masks this time around, right?" Tubbo nodded, wondering where Tommy was going with this. Judging by his friend's maniac grin, it was going somewhere very good.

"Well, remember how last loop you went with me to get all those 'Curse of Binding' and 'Curse of Vanishing' books?" Tubbo nodded again. "So last night, I snuck into Dream's house, since he's even got a house right now, homeless weirdo, and I put that extra sticky pie cream on all of his masks, and then put Curse of Binding and Vanishing on every single one of them."

Tubbo's own smile grew. "Tommy, you didn't."

It was at that moment the two of them, still resting in L'Manberg's walls, could hear a furious screech that sent birds flying everywhere. Tommy promptly burst out laughing, and Tubbo couldn't help but snicker along.

Really he was just glad Tommy was starting to genuinely get over his fear of Dream. Time healed all wounds, he supposed, and they had all the time in the world. The fact that both of

them could easily beat the man with their fifty-odd years of looping didn't hurt either.

"Looks like someone's having a bad day," Eret said lightly, from where they were reading a book next to them. They too were clearly trying to hold in their laughter. "Think Dream will realize they've all got pie cream in them before he tries the rest on?"

"Probably," Tommy admitted, still catching his breath. "But it was totally worth it anyways."

"You've gotta come see this!" Fundy called out, from on top of the wall. The three of them made their way up, and were greeted by the glorious view of Dream running around like a headless chicken, screams muffled by what they knew to be pie cream, Sapnap and George running after him.

"Ieh phnow eh wath you, Lmembreh!" Dream yelled. "Yow pay fowo sisth!"

"Speak more clearly, Dream!" Wilbur called back, having joined them. "We can't understand you!"

"I bet he's swearing vengeance, or something silly like that," Tommy said loudly, grinning from ear to ear. "You heard him, '*Yow pay fowo sisth!*' Classic." Tubbo snorted with laughter, and Fundy almost fell off the wall.

"Guys, this isn't really that funny," George said, frowning. "This is a little too much, don't you think?"

"You burned down our forest! You don't get to tell us what is or isn't too much!"

2.3

"I want to drive home the idea," Schlatt started. "That this celebration is about *Mooooo*."

Schlatt paused. The audience froze. Wilbur, not crazy but still a bit off-kilter, looked genuinely surprised from his position next to Tommy.

Schlatt tried to continue. "A celebration of *demeooow*- what the fuck is going on *heoink!*?"

At this point, the audience's fearful silence had turned to muffled snickers, which in turn made Schlatt even more furious.

"Okay, whatever wise-guy did this, I'm going to *baaaaaaaa*." The laughter grew in volume, and from next to Schlatt, Tubbo fought hard to maintain his poker face.

He'd grown much better at being a spy, after all, much less ridiculous excuses, lying more smoothly. He was decently sure Schlatt didn't suspect him this time.

Didn't mean Schlatt still couldn't be scary, especially when he was drunk. Sure, Tubbo could take him in a fight without breaking a sweat, but it was something different when he was trapped in the white house with the drunk and angry ram hybrid. He knew Tommy felt the same about Dream, because they'd switched places a couple times by now, and so he knew exile, and Tommy knew his position as a spy, better than either of them would like.

Still, just like Tommy dealing with Dream, pranking Schlatt helped ease the fear, even if only for a while.

Schlatt had Quackity take the mic, and his face twisted with fury as he realized nothing seemed to be interrupting Quackity's speech. There was nothing he could do about it. Technoblade wasn't there - Tommy and Wilbur were staying with a looping Eret this time around. All he could do was grin and bear it.

Good, Tubbo thought, a bit savagely. *Just like the rest of us.*

This wasn't the only prank he had planned for this loop's festival.

2.4

Tommy looked on the SMP in horror. The land had been affected by a catastrophe the likes of which they had never seen before. They were all alive, sure, but there was no functional society left.

And it was all because of that bastard in the red coat with the sunglasses!

Tommy glared and turned to Tubbo. "We need to get back at that dickhead! Show him no one messes with our home and gets away with it."

Tubbo tilted his head innocently. "You mean the Captain? Why? He didn't do anything."

"Didn't- what are you talking about?" Tommy spluttered, trying to grasp his friend's apparent delusion. "He did this, all of this! We saw him do it! It's all his fault!"

"No it's not," Tubbo insisted. "It's not his fault, he didn't do this. He wouldn't. It can't be him."

Fed up, Tommy grabbed Tubbo's shoulders and shook him roughly. "Dammit Tubbo, I know you're looping, I know you know the truth! Stop messing with me!"

Tubbo just smiled and laughed.

2.5

It was the start of a new loop, and Tommy collapsed in his bedroom inside his home with a sigh. They always had to get the declarations out of the way first, but once that was over, he headed straight home, not wanting to have to deal with everyone.

“Tommy?” Well. Almost everyone. Tommy forced himself to sit up as Tubbo and Eret entered the room. “Is everything alright? Did something happen?”

“A solo loop?” Eret guessed, looking concerned.

“Yeah. Solo loop.” They’d learned that while most of the time he and Tubbo looped together, occasionally it would only be one of them looping. And Eret never looped on their own, always time travelling with one of the boys.

Tubbo sat down next to him, and Eret perched themselves on a chest. “Want to talk about it?” Tubbo asked quietly. “You don’t have to.”

“Nah, it’s fine.” Tommy stared resolutely at the floor. “It’s just, another loop where Wilbur was the only one I was family with. Phil barely even knew me, and Techno was just Phil’s old war buddy and nothing more.” He gripped the bedsheets in his clenched fists. “It’s so fucking annoying. Why can’t these loops make up their mind? Are Phil and Techno my family or not?” He let out a harsh breath. “And sometimes they are my family and they still go through with Doomsday, still hurt me. And then in some of those alternate loops they don’t do any of those things and they actually care.”

Tubbo rubbed his back, and Tommy realized he was shaking. “It’s just, why can’t it be one or the other? If they were never family it would be easier to hate them. If they were always family it would be easier to love them. Why does Phil keep changing from a bad dad to a good dad and back again? I don’t know how to feel about any of them anymore, besides Wilbur! And he goes fucking crazy in baseline!”

Suddenly, Tubbo and Eret were both giving him a hug, and Tommy realized he’d started to cry. Resolutely, he wiped away his tears before even thinking about hugging back. “Guys, I’m fine,” he backtracked awkwardly. “It’s not - it sucks. But, I just gotta deal with it, right?”

“Not alone, you don’t,” Eret insisted. “I’m so sorry you have to deal with that, but you don’t need to go through it by yourself.”

“Eret’s right!” Tubbo added. “Tommy, you’re my best friend and brother all in one, no matter what. It might not make up for Phil and Techno, but we’ve got you, okay?”

Tommy isn’t choked up. He’s not. “Sure. Clingy bitches.” He hugged them back tightly.

This was gonna be a good loop. He could feel it.

Tubbo blinked and looked down at himself. Rather than his green button-up shirt, his uniform, or his suit, he was wearing what looks to be some sort of purple and red royal regalia. On top of his head was what he's pretty sure is a small crown.

Then the new memories hit.

"Woah. Huh," he said out loud. "This is new."

"Yeah." Sitting on the throne next to his, Eret looked just as stunned, and they were decked out in even fancier clothing.

Apparently, he, Eret, and Niki were all royal siblings, ruling over the wintery wonderland that was the Kingdom of Snowchester, a prosperous land where the rulers were absolutely beloved by their people.

It was kind of neat, actually. Sure, they'd had loops where things are different, but never to this much of an extent. And even if Niki had been acting a little weird near the end of their original loops, she'd always been so kind before, and they'd almost always managed to prevent her breakdown from occurring.

And the idea of having Eret and Niki as his siblings - he really liked that.

Tubbo turned to Eret. "What do you think we should do with this loop?"

Eret contemplated the question. "Well, my memories say that Technoblade is part of the Antarctic Empire on the other end of the world, so we most likely won't need to worry about him. There is a nearby Kingdom called SMP, and my best guess is that we'll run into conflict with them." They smirked. "Lucky us, we've got a many-time king and president on our side."

Tubbo grinned. "If they try anything, they won't know what hit them."

He might just make some nukes as well, for extra protection. This was Snowchester, after all.

~

"I can't believe we have to go to another Ball," Tubbo groaned, sulking in his room. Even when it was a solo-realm loop and there were tons of people in L'Manberg, there had never been this much political stuffiness! At the very least, there wasn't any of that "suitor" bullshit royals had to deal with in books.

"I know, I know. But we can try and make it fun, right?" Niki said, sitting on the edge of his bed with a soft smile. "King George is going to be there, and we can always make fun of the faces he pulls when he doesn't realize we all know he's napping."

Tubbo snickered at the reminder. It seemed that some things never did change. Feeling a bit more energized, he let Niki pull him out of bed.

She might not have been like Eret, who was looping, but Tubbo really liked having Niki as his sister. His loop memories of the three of them growing up together and both of them being doting older siblings didn't hurt either.

He'd never had older siblings dote on him before. Techno and Wilbur certainly didn't. He kind of liked it.

So even though he didn't like the idea of Balls, Tubbo let Niki lead him downstairs anyways.

2.7

As soon as they could get away, the three loopers gathered at Tommy's dirt house without much prompting, faces filled with excitement.

"You'll never guess-!"

"I can't believe-!"

"I finally learned what's going on!"

"Really?" Eret asked. Out of the three of them, they looked the least excited, although still wide-eyed. "I was just in a completely different universe with completely different people and strange new powers."

"So were all of us, it seems," Tommy told him, eyes sparkling. "Check this out." With that, he held out his hand, and a flame sparked up inside it, burning brightly. "I can do this cool thing called firebending now, where I can create and control fire! Sapnap's gonna be so jealous." He grinned. "Also, this guy named Sokka was the local Anchor and told me all about the loops."

"Apparently I replaced the Anchor of the universe I was in," Tubbo said, looking just as excited. "But there were other loopers there, and they gave me the lowdown on what's going on. Plus, I got this!"

He opened his palm, and a burst of light shot out from right above it, expanding until it was about the size of a sword. It settled into a solid shape, and there in Tubbo's hand was a strange key-like weapon, silver and bronze, decorated in gears and colorful metallic flowers.

"It's called a keyblade," he informed them. "There's a huge complicated story behind it that I couldn't totally keep up with even though I lived it, but the local loopers helped a lot with explaining the whole multiverse thing."

"I ah, didn't meet any sort of 'local loopers', like you guys," Eret admitted, "But I did get some new abilities." They concentrated, and there was a burst of light before a strange glowing figure bigger than a person appeared behind them. Then it vanished, and Eret sighed.

“That’s called a persona. Robin Hood, to be exact. But would you guys mind telling me what you learned?”

The boys looked at each other, and Tommy waved for Tubbo to go ahead. “Okay, how do we put this...”

~

“So, let me see if I have this right,” Eret said. “So our universe is just one in this massive supercomputer tree called Yggdrasil, but the computer tree is currently broken. So the gods, called admins, are working to fix it, and in the meantime, they’re putting our lives on repeat to avoid further damage to the tree.

“When people remember, we call it being Awake. You can have variant loops where things are different than the original, or baseline, or you could have fused loops, where you’re either added to another world or take the place of someone there.

“Every world has at least one person called an Anchor, who loops all the time and keeps everything stable. Some worlds have more than one though, and this is one of them, because you’re both anchors. Also, it’s gonna take an infinite amount of time before these loops are fixed, so we’re stuck repeating time for eternity.” Eret paused to take a breath. “Did I get all that right?”

“Basically,” Tommy agreed. Eret sagged in relief. “You okay? That persona thing seemed pretty cool.”

“I’m just glad that means I really was taking the place of someone else,” Eret admitted. “That loop my name was Akechi Eret, and my memories were of me becoming a murderer at age fourteen in order to boost up and then take down my father. I had killed hundreds with this power, by going into their minds and destroying their psyche, all before I Awoke.”

Tubbo’s eyes widened with horror. “Eret, that’s awful. I’m so sorry you had to go through that.”

Eret gave him a weary smile. “It’s fine. I joined the heroes as soon as I found them. Asked them if I could help them set things right and take down the corrupt adults, and when it was all over, I handed myself into the police.”

Tommy frowned. “What happened before you awoke wasn’t your fault though!”

Eret shook their head. “Yeah, I know. But it made me feel better.” They smiled at the younger boys. “Hey, it’s alright. We all know what’s going on now! And we’ve got some pretty cool powers. Oh, and check this out!” Out of their inventory, they pulled a *genuine gun*. “I saved this from the last loop as well.”

A moment of awed silence.

Then Tommy grinned. “Oh this loop is going to be so much fun.”

2.8

“You know, when Tommy said he could handle the Dream Team on his own, I didn’t imagine this,” Wilbur managed to say, as they watched Tommy fending off the four enemies with a mixture of fire, duel wielding dao, and martial arts.

“At least he’s having fun,” Tubbo offered, watching with a smile as Dream scrambled to put out the fires on his sweatshirt jacket and Tommy turned to kick George in the head, still laughing.

Wilbur clearly had no rebuttal to that.

“Alright,” Tubbo said with a smile. “Now that my speech is over, I’ll be taking my leave.”

Schlatt stood up immediately. “Oh no you won’t. We’ve still got plans for you, Tubbo, my right hand man. You won’t leave just yet.”

“No, I will,” Tubbo insisted brightly. And with that he jumped up... and up, and up and up, before floating gently through the air, avoiding the arrows being shot at him.

Having a keyblade was fun. The other skills that came with it, like sort-of flight and massive stamina boosts, were even more useful. And the look on Schlatt and Quackity and Techno’s faces were absolutely worth it.

Doomsday was just beginning, because there would always be universes where Dream and Techno and Phil teamed up to destroy L’Manberg, Butcher Army or not. And so as the three attackers were setting up, Eret climbed onto the quickly forming obsidian grid and walked up to Techno.

“If you do this, I will stop you,” they told the piglin hybrid.

Techno grinned. It was always a toss up, just what Techno would look like, but he seemed more human than pig this time around. “Oh are you, *King Eret*? And how exactly are you going to do that? You think you can beat me?”

“I think I can shoot you,” Eret told him frankly, with a pleasant smile. They pulled out their gun and took aim.

Technoblade was shot by The_Eret using GUN

Philza was shot by The_Eret using GUN

Dreamwastaken was shot by The_Eret using GUN

And so Doomsday was once again prevented.

2.9

This was a very weird loop.

For some reason, Tubbo was on a spaceship, and a broken one at that. At first he was nervous, but then he got his loop memories and realized he was in some sort of game where death was never permanent, and one to three people were supposed to go around killing others and trying to get away with it.

Neither Tommy nor Eret were awake, which made things a little trickier, especially since Tubbo couldn't find it in himself to kill Tommy, even if it was just a game.

There was however, another looper, one who wasn't originally from his world.

One he recognized.

"*Captain?*" Tubbo gasped. "You're awake! And you're my dad! I mean, you've been my dad sometimes, it's very confusing-"

"Hey, it's all good." Captain Jordan Sparklez put his hand on Tubbo's shoulder. The older man was beaming. "You've been my son in quite a few loops as well. I didn't realize-" He seemed to choke up a bit. "I didn't know you'd be looping."

"I've been looping for a while!" Tubbo informed him eagerly. "With Tommy and Eret, even though they're not awake this time. And you're looping too, but it's different?" He frowned. "Wait, are all the loops where you're my dad fused loops? Because there's been a lot of them."

"I'm not sure," the Captain admitted. "We should probably figure that out. But it looks like the game's starting now." He smiled and held out his hand. "Would you like to play together?"

Tubbo beamed and took it.

Chapter End Notes

2.1 Oh how the tables have turned.

2.2 Sometimes the best weapon is creativity.

2.3 A little bit of revenge. As a treat.

2.4 It can't be the Captain. It just can't.

2.5 When your family dynamic is so confusing that the loops can't keep it straight. Poor Tommy.

2.6 Royalty au! Tommy's at the other end of the world, in the Antarctic Empire.

2.7 Finally, they know what's happening to them.

2.8 GUN

2.9 This takes place before 2.4, for context. Also, meet Captain Jordan Sparklez, the anchor for the Mianite loops! He'll show up on occasion, although he's not really a major figure.

3.0

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

3.1

“Festival’s coming up again.”

“Yeah, it is.” Tommy watched Tubbo look out at the horizon from their bench and sighed. Mellohi played softly in the background. Technically, he already had about fifty versions of his disks tucked away in his second inven- *subspace pocket*. Whatever the other loopers called it. Not to mention several versions of other disks he and Tubbo had gotten together over the loops. He could afford to play one.

“Hey, Tubbo.” Tommy cleared his throat awkwardly. “You know, for all our looping, we’ve never actually run away at this point.”

Tubbo looked at him, surprised. “You’re right, we haven’t. Huh.” Then it seemed to hit him. “Are you saying we should change that this time around?”

“It might be nice,” Tommy admitted. “To not have to deal with this realm’s bs. Or this land, I guess, since this is a solo-realm loop. And Eret’s not awake, so we’re not leaving them behind.”

“We don’t usually explore the rest of the world, when it’s more than just Dream’s realm,” Tubbo agreed, clearly warming up to the idea. “Who knows what we’ll find out there? It could be something totally new and interesting.”

He grinned. “I say we go for it.”

~

Later that day, both Wilbur and Schlatt found handwritten notes on their beds. “*Gone on vacation. Might be back later. If not, don’t go looking.*”

Tommy/Tubbo”

And so by the time anyone realized they were missing, Tommy and Tubbo were off on a brand new adventure.

3.2

“Are you sure about this?” Eret muttered to Tubbo, as the five fighters of L’Manberg equipped their elytras. Eret’s temporary wings appeared, pink and blue and purple.

“Positive,” Tubbo confirmed. “This loop, the End doesn’t exist, so Dream didn’t ban it. He’ll have no idea what’s coming.”

“Were did you even get these?” Wilbur wondered, as he equipped his own elytra, deep brown and blue wings flashing into existence. Next to him, Fundy was examining his own temporary orange wings with awe.

“They’re a gift from home,” Tubbo replied easily, feeling his own green and purple wings slide into place. “Ready to go?”

A flash of bright red, and Tommy was ready as well. “You bet. Let’s go kick their asses!”

~

When L’Manberg declared their independence, the Dream Team was ready for almost anything the scrappy quintet could come up with.

Almost being the key word.

How could they have ever expected the entire group to sprout wings and divebomb them with flaming arrows!? All they could do was desperately run for cover.

“I can see why Dream banned the End,” Tubbo told Tommy, as the two circled lazily in the air. “These are totally game breakers.”

“Our existence as loopers makes us game breakers,” Eret pointed out as they soared on by.

“You know what? Fair point.”

3.3

“Okay, so this egg thing is starting to become a real problem,” Tommy muttered, gingerly stepping over the vines that had crossed the prime path. “I mean, it always is, but usually we’ve just been ignoring it. We should probably start doing something about it.”

Tubbo winced and nodded. The last loop, the egg had been found early, and had gotten half the server under its control by the time the loop ended. The three of them seemed to be immune so far, but who knew how long that would last?

“You’re right. Best to shut this thing down before it gets to the point it was last loop. Do you have any ideas?”

Tommy grinned.

Bad frowned at the room below him. He'd found the strange egg inside of it yesterday, and rather liked it. But now the room seemed to be completely flooded with water.

Then the water started boiling. Bad jumped back with a yelp, nearly knocking Ant over. "What the muffin is happening down there?"

Ant looked just as perplexed. "No idea. But we can't go down, we'll get boiled."

"But the egg..." Strangely enough though, the longer the water simmered below them, the less worried Bad felt about the egg. Almost like a weight he didn't realize was there was being lifted from his mind.

Eventually, the water stopped boiling, and started draining away, so Bad cautiously made his way down, Ant following him. Sitting in the corner of the room was an extremely smooth red egg, no vines to be seen.

"Hey guys!" Bad looked over to see Tommy standing nearby, blue fire in his hands and a smug expression on his face. "Hard boiled egg, anyone?"

"You think this little thing will work?" Tommy wondered, looking at the bulky rod in his hands.

Tubbo smirked. "Made it in a modded loop. Try pressing the button."

Tommy did so, and yelped as the rod expanded, larger and longer, until it was what could only be a massive flamethrower. He looked up at Tubbo. "Is this...?"

"Soulfire flamethrower," Tubbo confirmed. "I made a bunch of them, and handed them out to those who are almost always egg-haters." They entered the egg room together, and Tubbo expanded his own flamethrower. "Ready to do some weed killing together?"

Already there were Eret, Sam, Fundy, and Sapnap, the latter grinning like a maniac. "Are we ever!"

Eret balked. "Tubbo, no offense, but are you sure giving Sapnap a flamethrower was a good idea?"

Seconds later, the room was filled with blue fire and maniacal laughter.

"Seems like it's working out to me," Sam offered.

The two anchors looked out morosely from their base in the clouds, at the red vines that spread all across the SMP. "We couldn't even fight them in this loop, we weren't Awake in time!" Tommy lamented. "What the hell are we going to do?"

Tubbo looked equally grim. "At this point, I think there's only one option."

“And that is?”

Tubbo pulled a nuke out of his subspace pocket. “We go big boom.”

3.4

“You exploded the server so hard it *updated?*” Eret repeated incredulously, legs swinging off the edge of the Farlands. “Seriously?”

Tubbo rubbed the back of his neck and gave them an embarrassed smile as Tommy groaned next to him. “Haha, yeah. On the plus side, we got to see 1.17 for a minute before the loop restarted!”

“And now we’re stuck in the Farlands,” Eret sighed. “Could be worse, I guess. So, what was the update like?”

3.5

“You know Tubbo, I’m not sure about this,” Ranboo admitted, as Tubbo put the finishing touches on his new project. “Doesn’t this seem like a little bit much? If we use these against our enemies, then we’d be worse than all of them.”

“Don’t worry, we won’t actually use them,” Tubbo assured him, taking off his goggles and wiping the sweat off his forehead. “They’re a preventative measure.”

It was just him looping this time, after all, and he’d Awoke at the point where New L’Manberg was still being formed. If he could prevent Doomsday this time, then he would. Plus, he’d never made them at this point anyways, and he was curious!

“I’m sure it’ll be fine,” Niki said with a smile, as she finished checking the status of another one of the nukes. “Like Tubbo said, they won’t really be used. And we can keep L’Manberg safe for once.” She and Jack had offered their help with the project, and since they weren’t planning on killing anyone with the nukes at this point, Tubbo had agreed.

“It’ll all work out,” Tubbo promised his non-looping friend. “You’ll see!”

~

“Tubbo, if you do not exile Tommy-”

“I’m gonna have to stop you right there, Dream,” Tubbo said coolly, hands behind his back, looking every bit the president he was. “Whatever you’re planning, it won’t end well for you.

I assume you saw the results of New L'Manberg's weapons test?"

Dream looked at him blankly for a moment, then rapidly paled. Which made sense, as Tubbo had made sure Dream had seen said results. "That was L'Manberg's doing?" The masked man said, carefully.

"Yes, it was," Tubbo confirmed. "Now, we'd rather not use our weapons against you. We like the look of the SMP, after all. But if you harm L'Manberg in any way, we will have no choice but to retaliate. And you will no longer have your SMP."

Dream looked obviously torn, caught between his obsession with Tommy and his obsession with controlling the SMP. Tubbo watched nervously as the two sides battled each other.

Finally, Dream bared his teeth in what could almost be mistaken for a smile. "Fine. Keep your vice president. We will negotiate further at a later date."

"That's right! Suck it green man!" The unawake Tommy called out from behind Tubbo. Dream turned back to them with a glare, and Tubbo stepped in front of Tommy, smiling coolly.

"I think it's best you leave, Dream," he said.

Really, who knew nukes would be so effective for negotiations?"

3.6

"Tommy, put your stuff in the hole."

Tommy grimaced. He hated these loops, where he Awoke at the point where he was already in exile. Where there was no way to prevent it from happening. Where he was stuck with Dream, who was currently looking down at him from across that *damned hole*.

He - what could he do? Could he escape?

He *could*, Tommy realized, and the thought hit him like a ton of bricks. Ender, he could escape Dream *easily*! He had almost two hundred years of fighting skills under his belt at this point. He could absolutely take Dream down in a fight and escape.

Dream couldn't hold him here. Not anymore.

Ender, Tommy felt so much lighter.

Still, he looked down at that hole, and he hated that hole, more than anything else. It was a reminder of everything Dream did to him, all of his traumas.

"Tommy," Dream insisted, holding up his axe threateningly.

“Alright, okay!” Tommy said instinctively, sliding off his armor. Ender, he fucking hated this. He fucking hated Dream.

He put his armor in the hole.

“Put everything in the hole,” Dream stressed.

“Everything?” And then, an idea started to form. It wouldn’t take the trauma away, Tommy knew, but if he could make the image of the hole hurt less... “Fine, fine.”

And so he took out his normal inventory items. His diamond pickaxe, his shovel, his sword and bow. And then he reached into his subspace and pulled out a netherite shovel, tossing it into the hole. And then another shovel, and another shovel, and another shovel, all enchanted netherite.

Even with the mask on, Tommy could tell that Dream’s eyes were going wide as he unloaded shovel after shovel after netherite shovel. “What the fuck,” the man finally said. “How the fuck do you have this many shovels?”

“Hold your horses, I’m not done yet.” Honestly, Tommy had about seventy more shovels in his subspace, just like he had a massive amount of every other tool. But he was going for something funny here, so instead of another shovel, he pulled out a netherite hoe. And another, and another.

“What the fuck,” Dream muttered faintly.

“What’s wrong?” Tommy asked, biting back a laugh. “Have I got too many hoes for you? Oh check it out, this one’s extra enchanted!” Dream looked up from the hole, just in time to take a massive netherite hammer to the face.

Tommy didn’t wait around for the man to recover. He snatched up his items and booked it, laughing all the way.

3.7

Tubbo let out something that seemed between a mix of a sob and a sigh, and faceplanted into his bed at his jungle home. Tommy sat on the bed next to him, feeling more than a little worried.

“Hey big T,” he finally said. “Bad loop?”

“No,” was the muffled response. Tommy frowned.

“Something up with this loop?” He guessed.

“Mmm.”

“Want to talk about it?”

“No.”

“Are you sure?”

Tubbo was silent for a long moment, before finally sitting up. He looked tired, and angry, and hurting, and Tommy vowed that he’d murder whatever did this to his friend in this loop.

“Schlatt’s my dad in this loop,” Tubbo finally admitted, brushing aside some of his hair to reveal tiny horns. “Again. He was the one who left me in the box that Phil found me in.”

Tommy gaped at him. “Seriously? Fuck man, I’m so sorry.” Then the rest of the second sentence hit him. “Wait, again?”

Tubbo nodded miserably. “He’s my dad in maybe a third of all the loops. The Captain is also my dad about a third of the time, and the other third, it’s either someone else I know, or I just can’t remember.” He gripped one of his horns, looking like he was contemplating trying to yank it out of his head, and Tommy grabbed his arm and guided it away on instinct. “It’s not fucking fair. Why *him*? Why Schlatt? Why couldn’t it just be the Captain? I love when the Captain is my dad, even when he’s not Awake as well!”

“Tubbo...” Tommy understood, he did. There were plenty of loops where Phil was a shit dad, even if it was mostly just him being neglectful. But then he tried to imagine if Dream was his dad, and he physically shuddered.

Tubbo sniffed. “It doesn’t even stop him from having me executed. He drinks and hurts me and has me executed just as often when he’s my dad as when he isn’t. Except it’s worse, because sometimes he comes back as a ghost and tries to act like there was any love between us.” Tommy kept a firm grip on his arm, and so Tubbo used his other one to rub his eyes. “It’s just not fair. I hate him so much. I hate having traits like his. I hate being reminded that I’m related to him this time around. It feels like some sick joke the universe is playing on me.”

Tommy reached over and gave his best friend a hug. “I’m sorry. That’s super fucked up. If - If it helps, I don’t see you any differently because of it, and neither would Eret. He might be your dad sometimes, but you’re Eret’s brother and my best friend no matter what, okay? Don’t forget that.”

Tubbo hugged him back tightly, and nodded into his shoulder. “Do you think - can we run away before the election results? I can’t - I can’t deal with him this time.”

“No problem,” Tommy promised. “Purpled’s UFO actually flies this time, we can ask him how he made it and create our own flying ship.”

And so that was the plan.

“Tommy?”

“Yeah, big T?”

Tubbo squinted out at the extremely terraformed version of the SMP. “Why has every block been replaced with cobblestone?”

“Cause it looks better this way, duh.”

“Uh-huh.” Tubbo turned to walk away. “Welp. I’m leaving the realm this loop.”

“Wait, no! Tubbo, come back! I’ll leave some non-cobblestone space for you, promise!”

Chapter End Notes

3.1 It was a fantastic vacation loop, honestly.

3.2 Gamebreakers for Gamebreakers.

3.3 Just some of the more interesting methods they went with.

3.4 Oops?

3.5 Speak softly and carry a big stick. A big, explosive, devastating stick.

3.6 Tommy wins these. There's always something cathartic about knowing you're so much stronger and better and happier than your abuser.

3.7 DadSchlatt may be interesting and fun to write, but it is neither interesting nor fun to live through. Quite the opposite, really.

3.8 You knew he was gonna try it at some point.

4.0

Chapter Notes

A few terms from the Looping Universe, as they'll be showing up in future chapters:

Mikasa Syndrome: Where, for some reason, two or more of the same looper find themselves in one loop. They both/each have all their looping memories, powers, and access to their subspace pocket. In the next loop, the looper can remember all the different sets of memories.

Chrysalis Syndrome: Where a new looper experiences their first loop in a variant or fused loop, and this second loop influences their personality going forwards equally or moreso than their original timeline personality. Differences from their original self can vary.

Sakura Syndrome: Where a looper starts treating non-loopers as unfeeling entities and toys, and other loopers as expendable lab rats, on the basis that "everything will reset next loop, so nothing I do really matters". Harmless pranks aren't indicative of this syndrome.

Anyways, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

4.1

"I have to admit," Eret said, as they prepared for battle, "I really should've seen this one coming."

Honestly, they were a bit surprised it hadn't happened before. It seemed in this loop, Wilbur was in charge of the L'Manberg SMP, and the Dream team was forming their own independent nation, with Dream as their charismatic general.

Tommy shrugged from his space next to him. "Hey, maybe it'll be fun to play the bad guys in this war for once! We just need to make sure Wilbur doesn't become a monster like Dream did, and it won't be so bad."

"Sure." They still didn't like the idea of working against the new nation again, but at least they were doing so with their friends. The thought struck them: "Do you think there's going to be a traitor?"

"Don't see why not," Tubbo piped up. "Bet it'll be Sapnap."

"No way," Tommy refuted. "It's totally gonna be Punz. I'd bet my dao on it."

4.2

“Hey, you. You’re finally awake. You were trying to cross the border, same as us. Walked right into that imperial ambush.”

Tubbo blinked wearily, as he both woke and Awoke. He was dressed in rags, hands tied together with rope, bumping along a cobblestone path inside of a cart with three other people.

Then the loop memories hit.

Oh. This should be interesting.

~

Tubbo dashed around the watchtower, drawing his bow and aiming it at the dragon. From what his loop memories told him about this world, dragons were supposed to be extinct. No one seemed to have told this dragon, or the one who attacked Helgen.

Still, Tubbo had fought the ender dragon countless times before, which certainly gave him experience when fighting dragons. And this dragon couldn’t even destroy the surrounding areas each time it landed!

His arrow flew true, and pierced the already injured dragon through the eye. It let out one final roar and collapsed on the ground, before glowing golden and turning into light and bones. Before Tubbo could do anything, the light surrounded him, when inside him, and suddenly he felt so much stronger than before.

Tubbo turned to Irileth. “I’m guessing that’s not a normal occurrence?”

The dark elf looked at him like he was crazy. “You could say that. It’s best you go see the Jarl, I think.”

~

“You wish to join the thieves guild?” Brynjolf repeated. “I’ve seen you before - aren’t you a high ranking member of that wizard’s college?”

“I am, that’s true,” Tubbo confirmed. “But I want to round my skills out a lot more.” Studying at the College of Winterhold had been a lot of fun, and Tubbo had learned tons of magic that he couldn’t wait to show Tommy and Eret. But with all his focus at home being on combat, learning the art of stealth here couldn’t hurt.

Brynjolf gave him an amused smile. “Alright, since you’re so eager. But you’ll need to prove your worth first.”

Tubbo gave him a mock salute. “I’m sure I’m up to the challenge!”

~

“So, your dad is an evil vampire lord who wants to blot out the sun and bring the world into eternal darkness so vampires never have to deal with the sun again,” Tubbo repeated. Serana nodded. “Doesn’t he realize that if there’s no sun, no crops can grow, and humans will eventually die out, leaving no one for vampires to feed on?”

Serana sighed. “I don’t think he does. He seems to have gotten stupider as he’s gotten older, or at least he’s so obsessed with his plan he doesn’t realize the natural consequences of it. Either way, we must stop him.”

~

“Another black book?” Frea asked, as she and Tubbo looked upon another one of Hermaeus Mora’s creations. “And you’re going to enter it?”

Tubbo shrugged. “Look, I know how stories like these go. Eventually Mora’s gonna have me killing Miraak and taking his place as champion because that’s just how people - er, daedra - like him work. And I would just nope out of this whole thing, but then Miraak would win. So I might as well make the most of the fact that Apocrypha contains literally all known knowledge in this world. And I can actually read it this time!”

“What do you mean?”

“Never mind. Nothing.”

4.3

Prince Tubbo and Iceman Tommy stood by and watched as the newly crowned King Eret froze Prince Dream in a block of ice. “They seem to be having fun.”

“Definitely more than they did with their persona powers,” Tommy agreed. Technically he wasn’t even supposed to be here yet, but as soon as he found out who the royal siblings were, he’d decided to sneak in anyways. It was definitely worth it. “It’s too bad they won’t be making an ice castle now.”

“Who’s to say I won’t?” Eret chuckled as they walked up to their brother and his friend. “And that’s not all - check this out.”

With a wave of their hand, their formal kingly wear was replaced with a sparkling blue dress, receiving gasps and applause from onlookers.

“No fair,” Tommy sighed. “You make everything look good.”

4.4

Tubbo looked wide-eyed at his friend and brother in all but blood. “So, this is a bit new?”

“Yeah.” Tommy grinned awkwardly, flexing his new wings a bit. “Apparently this is a “Good dad Phil” loop, and he’s my bio dad, and so I got the wings from him.” Although they certainly looked different, Tubbo noted, as they were brilliant shades of red and orange rather than deep browns. “Plus I got a little extra. Check this out!”

He promptly burst into flames.

Tubbo stared. “...You’re a phoenix.”

“Hell yeah!” Tommy extinguished the flames, grinning widely and looking only mildly singed. “I was thinking that any time Dream gets within two feet of me this loop, I’m just gonna burst into flames.”

Tubbo smiled. “I’ll get the camera ready.”

4.5 (Credit to FlamingHeroKai)

Tubbo read off his speech with the ease and boredom of one who had done so far too many times before. (472 times, to be precise. He was keeping track for as long as he could.)

The real question would lie in what Schlatt did next. This was a loop where Schlatt was his dad, and they both currently knew it. Schlatt had found out early in his administration, which had been... interesting. When Schlatt was sober, he was at least a little decent, if still extremely rude and insulting.

He wasn’t usually sober though.

Not exactly a model of good parenting.

He finished his speech, and Schlatt rose to his feet. The typical “I know what you’ve been up to,” speech began, only with mentions to the fact that Tubbo was also family, not just his right hand man, and Tubbo sighed. Techno was called onto the stage, and it looked like this wouldn’t change here.

And then, a loud “*Ahem*, ” could be heard, and Tubbo turned to see the Captain walking up onto the stage.

Immediately his mood brightened. “Captain! You’re here? I didn’t know!” This was a realms loop, which meant more of a chance for the Captain to be around, but since Schlatt was his dad, Tubbo hadn’t expected the man to actually show up.

Jordan reached him and ruffled his hair fondly. “Just found your realm, actually. Decided I’d come pay a visit.” He turned to Schlatt, a cold glint in his eye. “You’re his father at the moment?”

“What the fuck does that mean?” Schlatt gaped, looking surprised and angry. “Get the fuck off my stage!”

“In a bit, I promise.” The Captain smiled. “I’m glad I caught you. I’d like to battle for custody of Tubbo.” At this point, everyone in the audience was murmuring with confusion, and Tubbo couldn’t fight his own smile, warmth rising in his chest. “Right now, if you want.” He drew his sword.

Quackity seemed to take the moment to hold his arms out between the two men. “Woah, woah! Is this really the best time for this?”

“Now’s as good a time as any,” Jordan said lightly. “Where I’m from, a duel is customary if one wants custody of another’s child.” A lie, but Tubbo was having too much fun to say anything. “So, I’m challenging you. Draw your sword, Schlatt.”

Schlatt was now looking highly disturbed and a little nervous. “Fuck, just fucking take him if he means that much to you.”

“Oh, I will. But we’re still gonna sword fight.” Jordan turned to Techno, who was standing there looking awkward. “Hey, do you mind giving him a sword?”

Techno looked between the two men, then shrugged, tossing a sword to Schlatt. “Why not? I’ve got no stake in this.” At this point, even Quackity had backed out of the way, and people in the crowd were cheering both men on.

“You know, considering you’ve lived with us for years, I’d think Phil would want a say in this custody duel thing,” Techno whispered to Tubbo, as he climbed out of the box. The two watched with amusement as the Captain handily kicked Schlatt’s ass, drawing it out for the amusement of the crowd.

Tubbo smiled. “He’d probably challenge Phil too, if it came to that.” Schlatt was disarmed and knocked out cold, and the crowd roared. Jordan walked back over to them.

“I think I’m gonna build a tree home to stay in. Would you like to help?”

“Of course!”

They might not be related at times, but Tubbo really did have the best dad.

4.6

Tubbo honestly had no idea how to feel about this loop.

Rather than Schlatt or the Captain, Puffy was his mom this time around, and she had dropped him off in the SMP with his brother.

His brother, who, in this loop, was Dream.

The thing was, Dream wasn't like Schlatt, who was consistently bad, with only the occasional variant loop where he was good. Dream fluctuated, a lot. Especially if the loop started before Wilbur blew up L'Manberg.

Sometimes he was a monster from the very beginning. Sometimes he was an overworked young man just trying to keep his family together, who slowly went insane. Sometimes it turned out that he was possessed by a Dreamon the whole time, and never did anything bad at all.

All three loopers had agreed that any Dream who tried to build the obsidian walls and exile Tommy was not to be given any sort of chances. And quite often they would be cautious around earlier versions of the man, only to find out he was still fucking crazy near the beginning of the loop as well.

And then they would be hit with loops like this. Loops where Dream was genuinely kind.

"Tubbo? Are you alright?" Dream asked, looking as sincere as this version of him was.

Tubbo forced a smile. "I'm fine! I'm just gonna go look for Tommy, since we're here." He could see the flash of hurt in Dream's face as he ran off, but *fuck*, Tubbo couldn't deal with that right now.

He'd - he'd try and figure it out. Later.

4.7

"How does a bastard, orphan, son of a whore and a Scotsman, dropped in the middle of a forgotten spot in the SMP by providence impoverished in squalor, grow up to be a hero and a scholar?" Eret asked rhetorically.

Tommy sighed. Of course at some point they were going to have a Hamilton loop, and of course he was going to be Hamilton. Fuck, he wasn't looking forward to being shot by an unawake Eret. Maybe if he changed some things up...?

That was for later though. Tommy turned to Tubbo. "At least things could be worse, right?" He muttered. "I mean, I could be listening to Wilbur singing 'Meant to be Yours' in Pogtopia."

"You totally jinxed yourself, Toms," Tubbo muttered back. "Let's just get through this one, yeah? At least the singing will be fun."

“At least there’s that,” Tommy agreed, as Wilbur started singing his own part of the first number. “Who are you, by the way?”

Tubbo gave him a grim smile. “Well, I’m John Laurens in the place to be…”

4.8

“So, I had another fused loop, and got some cool new skills,” Tommy said cheerfully, by way of greeting.

“Oh?” Tubbo perked up. “Do you already have a plan of when to show them off?” Tommy nodded.

“It’ll be a little while,” he admitted, “But it’s gonna be a lot of fun when it finally happens.”

Tubbo couldn’t wait.

~

They were in the Pogtopia ravine, and Tommy was about to fight Techno in the pit. Tubbo hadn’t died to him at the festival, he almost never did while he was Awake, but Techno had still shot everyone else at the festival, including Niki, and so Tommy still seemed furious and down to fight.

Tubbo watched with Niki and Wilbur as the two circled each other. “You sure about this?” Techno asked.

“You killed Niki, Techno,” Tommy said grimly.

Wilbur counted down the start of the fight. “And go!”

Techno went in for a hit… and his hand hit stone. Tommy was just to the side of him. Looking perplexed, he turned around and swung again, this time tripping on a rock that definitely wasn’t there before.

The piglin hybrid straightened up, looking a little pissed off. “Tommy, what is this?”

“What, you can’t even hit me?” Tommy taunted. “I thought you were supposed to be a great fighter! What is this? It’s kinda pathetic.”

Now looking properly furious, Techno made for Tommy’s throat, and Tommy jumped upwards, abnormally high and fast, and perched himself on the iron lantern above the pit. Techno lunged upwards, and Tommy jumped back down, the force of said jump snapping the cord and sending the heavy lantern falling like an anvil onto Techno’s head.

This went on, again and again, Techno trying to hit Tommy and instead injuring himself in increasingly ridiculous ways in the process, until finally Techno punched the stone wall with so much fury that it cracked the stone itself, splintering up the wall... and dislodging a huge block of stone, which crushed Techno and knocked him out cold.

Niki gasped. Tubbo and Wilbur cheered. A second later, Tommy was next to him again, grinning from ear to ear.

“What kind of loop was that?” Tubbo asked.

Tommy continued to grin. “Meep Meep.”

4.9

It was time for the festival again, and Tubbo rose to the microphone with all the grace he'd gained from being a president and a prince. He gave everyone in the audience a sweet smile, knowing exactly how he looked. Like a sixteen year old who was way in over his head, but trying to make the most of it. He saw respect and concern from the non looping members of the audience.

And then the image was broken when Tubbo cheerfully announced: “Hello all, and welcome to my execution!”

Instantly scandalized murmurs broke out amongst the crowd. Tubbo could hear Quackity's gasp and Schlatt shooting to his feet behind him. Still, he stayed cheery. “That's right everyone! Our president had me decorate this festival, almost entirely by myself, so that he could then execute me for *apparently* being a spy. Isn't our great nation of Manberg grand?”

Schlatt had reached him at this point, grabbing his arm and roughly shoving him backwards. Tubbo watched as the cage fell down around him. “Enough talk. So you figured it out, did you?” His smile was menacing as always. “Well then, let's just skip the pleasantries, shall we? Technoblade, if you could join us.”

The crowd was extremely uneasy as Techno made his way onto the podium. Schlatt gestured at Tubbo. “Well, you heard my former right hand man. I want you to execute the traitor.”

Technoblade hesitated, because he usually did for a moment, looking around him, and then started to raise his crossbow.

“Oh no you don't!” Techno whipped around, but Tommy peared behind him and in front of Tubbo, two wooden sticks in his hands. “The fact that you even thought about it means I gotta take you down, for the good of everyone!”

“Tommy-” Techno raised his crossbow again, but Tommy knocked it out of his hands with one of his sticks, promptly lit both of his sticks on fire, and began to duel with the warrior.

Quackity, clearly sensing an opportunity, grabbed the mic and began to better describe the fight to the chaotic crowd. “Oh, it looks like the Blade has thorns on his armor, that’ll be tricky to counter... but no, it seems Tommy has healed right up without any potions! Ooh, a flaming rod of wood to the face, that has to hurt! And there goes the Blade’s axe, someone please grab that before it hurts anyone. Oh, and another flaming stick to the nose! This is an exciting fight, folks! Who will win? Place your bets now!”

In all the commotion, no one noticed the young spy pearl away from the stage.

4.10

“Well, what do you know,” Tubbo mused. “This loop is an early one.”

They’d had plenty of experience starting loops later than normal, but this time it seemed they were starting early, before L’Manberg was even formed. The disc wars hadn’t even begun yet. It was just them and the other early members, all living together on the same plot of land.

Tommy leaned back on the bench. “You know, this might be a good opportunity to see what would’ve happened if we never started the disc wars in the first place. Would Dream still get obsessed with them?”

“That’s a good point.” Tubbo hummed thoughtfully. “What if we just didn’t do anything this loop? No disc wars, no L’Manberg. How would things go? Would it just be like it is now, everyone simply wandering around?”

“Only one way to find out.” The two friends shared matching grins.

Chapter End Notes

4.1 It was, in fact, Punz.

4.2 Skyrim wasn’t nearly as prepared to handle a teenage dragonborn.(Skyrim)

4.3 Eret would rock any of Elsa’s looks.(Frozen)

4.4 Phoenix!Innit is go. Anything flammable, beware.

4.5 Not exactly a fistfight, but a fight all the same. Also, family is a choice, not a blood relation.

4.6 Sometimes, family loop variants are... awkward. Also, the duality of Dream.

4.7 Honestly this was obligatory.

4.8 Not even Technoblade can escape the pain of being forced into the role of Wile. E. Coyote. He spent the whole loop challenging Tommy and trying to figure out what kept happening, to no avail.

4.9 Sometimes, honesty can be the best policy.

4.10 Just two (centuries old)kids, getting to be kids.

5.0

Chapter Notes

So many responses and encouragement, so many ideas...you guys are amazing! I've marked all the requests down, and they'll be included throughout the chapters, along with any more you send in the future. Seriously, you're all awesome!

For more relevant looping terms:

Ping: A psychic signal every looper eventually learns, to let others know they're looping. One can tell whether another ping is close or not, but they can't figure out who is sending it by the ping alone.

Loop Aware: When a non-looper becomes consistently aware that they're in a time loop, without needing to be told, and without actually remembering the loops.

Malicious Looping Entity(MLE): Loopers that are actively hurting Yggdrasil's potential to be fixed, or just flat out causing horrific amounts of pain and misery for other loopers, whether they're aware of it or not. These include such faces as Billy(Grimm adventures of Billy and Mandy), the Tick, Dio Brando, and Kyubey.

The Hub: The world where all the other branches of Yggdrasil are simply fictional stories. Not to be confused with a hub server, which sometimes appears in server-loops.

All that said, please enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

5.1

Tubbo sighed, sitting sideways on his new throne. They'd all Awoken in a variant loop post-revolution, where Tubbo was the traitor instead of Eret, and was now the King of the SMP. Wilbur and Fundy still refused to talk to him, and while Dream was acting friendly, Tubbo could see right through it - he was a villain through and through this loop.

At the very least, he did have some changes in mind going forwards, starting with the aftermath of the election. Tommy would definitely accept his hospitality, after all. And he wondered how far he could push his lawmaking before Dream tried to take the throne away from him.

There was a knock on the door, and Tubbo perked up, jumping off his throne. "Yeah? Come in!" Tommy and Eret wouldn't knock, it was probably Wilbur or Fundy. Maybe to talk things through?

To his surprise, it was Niki of all people who entered, looking nervous. “Hey Tubbo,” she said, eyes drawn to the crown he was wearing. “If you don’t mind, could I ask you something?”

Tubbo blinked. “Sure, no problem. What’s up?” As far as he knew, Niki had only entered the realm earlier today. They shouldn’t know each other very well yet, as much as he wished otherwise.

“Well...” Niki gestured at the throne. “It looks like you’re the king of the SMP. And that’s really cool, good for you! I just, I don’t suppose you’ve done this before? Being royalty, I mean. And of a place called Snowchester rather than SMP...” She trailed off, flushing slightly. “I’m sorry, you probably don’t know what I’m talking about, I’ll just go.”

“No, wait!” Tubbo caught her arm, excitement rushing through him. “Niki, you remember that? It was - Eret was the king, right? And George was the king of the SMP. We were-”

“-Siblings,” Niki finished hoarsely, pulling Tubbo into a tight hug. “Oh Ender, it’s really you! I’m not going crazy!”

“You’re not,” Tubbo assured her, hugging her back just as hard. “You’re all good, I can explain everything. Let’s go somewhere more comfortable, okay?”

Niki nodded mutely.

~

“So we’re stuck in some sort of time loop that’s going to go on forever, and sometimes we have variants to our world or go into other worlds?” Niki summarized, as they sat in the parlor room together. After being genuine royalty, Tubbo had taken to modeling his castle this loop as closely to that one as possible, and he was thankful for it now. “So the time before we were royals, that wasn’t just a bad dream?”

Tubbo winced. “No, that was real. That’s the original loop, actually. Sorry.”

“It’s... fine.” Niki looked down at her hands. “I was, ah, a bit messed up at the end of that. I guess that’s why it was easier to think of it as just one bad dream.” She winced. “You said Tommy was - looping, you called it? - as well as Eret? Is he looping now?”

“He is,” Tubbo confirmed. “Both looping in general, and Awake at the moment. But he’s not mad at you or anything! You’re always fantastic for most of the time we spend looping, and you’re my sister fairly often, and he’s not upset at you. Promise. He’ll be really happy if you go back to L’Manberg and tell him you’re looping.”

“We... have to tell him, then?” She frowned. “I’m - I hope you’re right. That doesn’t make the idea of telling him less scary though.”

“He’d find out eventually,” Tubbo pointed out softly. “And he’s with Eret right now, and you want to tell them, right?” Niki nodded. “It’ll be okay, I promise. And we’ll be there to help you guys through it.”

“Okay.” Niki bit her lip. “I’d still rather just spend time with you in the SMP then go back to L’Manberg though, if you don’t mind. Just this time.”

Tubbo couldn’t deny his heart sank a little bit. He smiled anyways. “No problem. It’ll be nice to have the company.”

The loops generally lasted around a year, after all. Plenty of time for Niki and Tommy to work things out.

5.2

“So this is the Dreamon Hunter uniform?” Niki slipped the jacket over her shoulders. Tommy had insisted on making it for her, as part of what he seemed to think was his apology. As if he was the one who needed to apologize, not her. Which was ridiculous.

Still, it did fit rather nicely.

“Yup!” Tubbo tossed her a diamond axe, which she caught. “Sometimes there aren’t any Dreamons and it’s just us messing around, all in good fun. Other times, like this one, Dream and others really are possessed, and it’s better to get the exorcisms done and done right before we go into the exile mess. We generally try and avoid that at all costs.”

“Right,” Niki agreed. Exorcising a demon did sound like fun. And preventing the later events of their loop sounded perfect. “Okay, what do I have to do?”

Tubbo smiled and took out his book. “Well, let’s start with the exorcism spell itself...”

5.3

The sun was shining, waves were gently lapping the sandy beaches, and it was a wonderful day to be a part of Animal Crossing.

“You look a bit haggard,” Tubbo, nephew of Isabelle, noted as he sorted some papers. Sure enough, Tommy definitely seemed distracted.

“No no, it’s all good,” Tommy reassured him. “Sam Nook’s just a freaking slave driver, is all. Also, I can’t swear, and it’s driving me bonkers.”

Tubbo snickered, and Tommy stuck his tongue out at him. “Honestly we should’ve seen this coming eventually, with Sam Nook and all. It was only a matter of time before we got into Animal Crossing.”

“You’re not bothered because you don’t have to do anything this loop,” Tommy grumbled good naturedly. Despite his disheveled appearance, Tubbo could tell he was much more relaxed than normal. “I gotta say though, I like these kinds of politics much better than our base loop’s version. Much less craters, more cute animals.”

“Here here.”

5.4

“So, this is a Server loop.”

“Yup.”

“And you’re the admin this time.”

Niki nodded. “It seems so.”

“So...” Eret drawled, “What are you planning on doing with all this power?”

Niki smiled. “I’ve got some ideas.”

~

Spawn was already crowded by the time Tommy and Tubbo got there. It was much nicer, a genuine building rather than ruins and traps, with a pretty banner that read BAKE SMP on it.

“Bake SMP?” Tommy read aloud.

“Haven’t you heard?” Fundy said, as he walked past them. “This is the server where all the most famous bakers come to compete and show off their recipes. Everyone wants to join and get a taste!”

Tommy and Tubbo took this in, before exchanging smiles.

“Think Niki will let us be taste testers?”

“She fucking better!”

5.5

“This is gonna be so fucking cool.” Tommy grinned as he threw his chicken egg into the color wheel.

It wasn't often where they had a loop like this. Sure, they had plenty of Server loops, and plenty of those loops included a hub server, of sorts. But an actual competition being hosted in said hub server was rare. And when it happened, they were never all on the same team together.

It seemed now that there were four of them, things were finally changing.

"I'm a little nervous," Niki admitted, watching as Rocket Spleef was chosen as the first game. "I mean, I've got a few loops under my belt, yeah, but not as many as you guys. I hope I won't hold you back."

"You'll do great," Eret assured her. "You've done what, thirty loops now? Forty?" She nodded. "That's decades more practice than anyone else here has. You'll be fantastic."

"We're gonna crush everyone else together!" Tubbo cheered.

"Alright then!" Scott SMajor announced. Let the first game of the MCC begin!"

5.6

Dream smirked as Wilbur counted down from ten, and he prepared for the bow duel. Everyone knew Tommy wasn't close to being the best with a bow and arrow. He wasn't even the best in L'Manberg. This would be an easy win, and then this ridiculous war would be over.

"10 paces, fire!" Wilbur announced. Dream turned, already drawing his bow...

And was immediately hit in the face with an arrow, ending his first life. The fighters of L'Manberg celebrated their victory.

"10 paces, fire!" Wilbur announced. Dream turned, already drawing his bow...

And was immediately shot in the face with a bullet, ending his first life in a rather messy fashion.

Everyone stared at Tommy, who raised his bow. "Nothing in the rules said I couldn't use a bow that fires a gun that shoots bullets!"

"I dunno Toms," Wilbur admitted. "I think that's pushing it."

"Seems like cheating to me," George said. "I think we win by default."

Tommy huffed, then turned to glare at Tubbo, who had the decency to look ashamed. "I thought it was pretty cool when I made it!"

“10 paces, fire!” Wilbur announced. Dream turned, already drawing his bow...

Only to be hit in the side by something sharp. He had only a moment to wonder what happened before he started jumping and jiggling uncontrollably.

“Dancing arrow,” Tommy explained smugly. He drew his bow again, a normal arrow in it this time. “Here, I’ll put him out of his misery.”

“Wait just a moment more.” Eret snapped a few pictures. “I’m saving these for loops where I wake up after the revolution and have to deal with being alone.”

5.7

As soon as they left the camarvan, Tubbo nudged Tommy. “Hey, happy one thousandth loop!”

Tommy smiled. Then the words really hit him, and he froze in his tracks. “One thousand loops? You’ve been keeping track?”

“More or less,” Tubbo confirmed. “Just in the back of my mind, you know? Maybe it’s a little bit off, but it’s definitely around a thousand.” He paused. “Oh. Oh wow. We’re about a thousand and seventeen years old.”

The two of them took a moment to process this information.

“I know these loops go on for eternity, or whatever,” Tommy finally said. “But I guess it didn’t really hit me until now. We’re going to be doing this for *eternity*. Holy shit.”

Tubbo nodded slowly. “I remember it really hitting me when we were at about loop twenty, and I realized I’d been looping longer than I was even alive. And that’s nothing compared to now. Those Kingdom Hearts loopers were reaching billions of years old. I think they said the oldest loopers were nearing the trillions, or something.”

“Yeah.” The two of them leaned up against the camarvan, looking out on the SMP.

“What if we did something special for this loop, since it’s possibly our thousandth?” Tommy suggested finally. “I dunno what, considering we do wacky things all the time, but something.”

“We could throw a giant party,” Tubbo offered. “Invite everyone. Make it a huge deal, even if we don’t tell them why.”

“I like it,” Tommy decided. “Let’s do that.”

And so it was.

5.8 (credit to Splootdoot)

“So, you’re the anchor for the Pokémon loops?” Tommy asked, as they trekked through the woods. Waking up to a world like this, where everything was fought with Pokémon battles, was unusual, but certainly not unwelcome.

“Yup,” Pikachu confirmed. “You’re replacing my usual partner, Ash. Have you ever been to this loop before?”

“This is my first time,” Tommy admitted. “But it seems like a shit-ton of fun, becoming a Pokémon master and all of that.”

Pikachu snickered. “You’re gonna have to wait a while on that one. Oh, here we go- wait, no, those two are different. They must be from your loop.” Tommy looked up.

Descending on them was a giant hot air balloon, with two very familiar people and a Pokémon inside.

“Prepare for trouble!” Niki called out, looking like she was trying hard not to laugh. Probably awake, then.

“And make it double!” Jack Manifold continued.

“To protect the world from devastation!”

“To unite all peoples within our nation!”

To denounce the evils of truth and love!”

“To extend our reach to the stars above!”

“Niki!”

“Jack!”

“Team Rocket blasts off at the speed of light! Surrender now, or prepare to fight!”

“That’s right.” A very tired cat Pokémon with suspiciously blank eyes finished off.

5.9

Niki Awoke at a small tavern in a small town outside the great city of L’Manberg. She swirled her already ordered whiskey in her hands, waiting for the loop memories to come in.

After a few seconds, they arrived, and Niki blinked at the rush of power and tragic backstory they revealed to her. “Well this sure is something.” Hadn’t she heard of something like this before?

A moment later, Tubbo sat down next to her, and it was immediately clear that he was much smaller than normal. “Looks like we’re having a Dungeons and Dragons sort of loop.”

“Oh, that makes sense. I was wondering where I’d heard of this before.” Niki smiled. “It looks like I’m a Circle of the Moon Druid in this loop. And you’re, um,”

“Small, I know.” Tubbo sighed. “I’m a gnome this time around. And a Twilight Domain Cleric of Ianite. Makes sense, since she’s my grandma in quite a few loops. Including this one, I think.”

Niki blinked. “Really?”

“Yup. She’s the Captain’s dad a lot, and he’s my dad a lot, so it overlaps.” Tubbo held his hands up in a “what can you do” sort of fashion. “Still, the automatic dark vision should be useful if it sticks. Plus, I think I’m gonna try and multiclass into Artificer, if I can.”

“Sounds pretty damn useful to me.” Tommy said, dragging over a chair to sit at their table. “I’m a Champion Fighter, which means no magic for me this time around, unfortunately. But hey, I’m also an Aasimar, so I can occasionally summon some cool wings!”

“There you guys are.” They turned to see Eret pulling up a chair. Out of all of them, they looked the most different, as a Drow. “I’m a Arcane Trickster Rogue, by the way. So leave most of the sneaking to me.”

Tubbo cleared his throat. “Now that we’re all here, does anyone know what our first quest is?”

Tommy pulled out a poster from his bag. “Looks like we’ve got a goblin problem south of town that they’re paying some good coin to get cleared out.”

Niki smiled. “Sounds like a plan!” Then she leaned in closer. “This will somehow lead to us getting caught up in the political drama between nations, won’t it?”

Eret smirked. “You catch on quick.”

5.10

Wilbur watched as the SMP became a battlefield the likes of which he had never seen, even in the most intense parts of the revolution. And it wasn’t just the fighting itself, but the fighters. Somehow, a living shadow seemed to be aiding Sapnap, and Fundy was working with a genuine T-Rex!

“How did this happen?” He finally managed to get out.

The T-Rex must’ve heard, because it turned its head towards him, and with a small pop, it was gone, and in its place was Niki. “Sapnap killed Fungi. *Again*,” she snarled, in a very animal-like manner, before turning back into a dinosaur.

Wilbur made eye-contact with Dream, who looked just as confused and unnerved as he felt.

“How about we both go and get a drink?” The masked man offered.

Wilbur looked back out on the fight, where Tommy was currently running through the battlefield, entirely on fire. “That sounds wonderful, thank you. Your treat, of course.”

“Asshole.”

5.11 (credit to cherryoh and FlamingHeroKai)

Tubbo had heard about hub loops, of course, from different loopers that he’d met. That every branch of Yggdrasil had their story as a part of the hub loop. Naturally, this included their own.

That didn’t really prepare him for actually watching the Dream SMP, though.

“We’re so *blocky*,” Tommy groaned, for the nth time, as they watched the Manberg vs Pogtopia war, this time from Wilbur’s point of view. “It’s just - it’s so weird! Why do we look so weird?”

“We’ve been blocky like that once or twice,” Tubbo pointed out, although he totally understood where Tommy was coming from. Watching the battle play out from this point of view was... weird. To say the very least.

“Yeah, but even then it was different. We don’t even emote in this! And Dream! Do you know how different baseline would’ve been if Dream had nipple-eyes!?” Tubbo couldn’t help but burst into laughter.

“At least the actor for Dream seems genuinely nice,” he offered. “And those manhunts are pretty wild.”

“Wouldn’t know, I don’t feel like watching his shit,” Tommy muttered, pausing the video. “Plus we’ve got a whole lot of other stuff to see, besides what we look like here. You know, just in case we loop into any of these different worlds.”

“That’s true,” Tubbo agreed. “To Netflix?”

“To Netflix!”

“To *school*,” Eret corrected gently, stepping into the room. “Remember? Niki has college, I have work, and you two have high school to get to.”

Both boys let out immediate groans. “Do I have to? Technically I’m already a nuclear physicist,” Tubbo argued.

“When you can speak fluent German, we’ll let you stay home!” Niki called out from another room.

“Dammit.”

Chapter End Notes

5.1 Remember that mention of Chrysalis Syndrome? Yup. Welcome to the loops, Niki!

5.2 Dreamon hunting is a fantastic stress reliever.

5.3 Tommy was painfully caught between the peacefulness of animal crossing and the absolute fury of being unable to swear.

5.4 Bake SMP. Everyone's favorite server. Dream SMP? Never heard of it.

5.5 They crushed the competition so soundly, the four of them were never allowed on the same team again.

5.6 When Awake Tommy does the bow duel, he wins the bow duel. Even through... unconventional methods.

5.7 Infinite Loops go on for *infinity*. This is a mind bogglingly long time. And it's only getting wilder.

5.8 They never did get Tommy. Or Pikachu, for that matter. (Pokémon)

5.9 It always starts small and ends with international drama, doesn't it?

5.10 It only escalated from there. Strong drinks were had by everyone else.

5.11 Tubbo always had to explain that his parents didn't hate him when they named him. Other than that, it was a rather nice loop.

6.0

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

6.1

“Wait, you guys are *looping*?” Tommy gaped at the man sitting across from him and Tubbo. They were in the Hub Server, at a small but nice cafe, waiting for their drinks to arrive.

The man rubbed the back of his neck sheepishly. “I can see why you’re surprised. Our series isn’t nearly as roleplay heavy as yours is in the hub, correct? But it looks like it was at least enough to get us looping.” He stuck out his hand with a friendly smile. “Joe Hills. Hermitcraft anchor.”

Tubbo, having finally recovered from his shock, shook his hand. “I’m Tubbo, and this is Tommy. We’re the anchors of the Dream SMP.” Tommy, still trying to get his jaw off the floor, nodded.

“It’s wonderful to finally meet you,” Joe said pleasantly. “Especially as we’re on the same branch of Yggdrasil.”

Tubbo blinked. “We are? I thought every world had its own branch.”

“Most of them do,” Joe agreed. “But for those of us from Minecraft worlds, it’s a little different. Imagine a very large branch on a massive tree. This very large branch has smaller branches sticking out from it, going in different directions. In the same sense, Hermitcraft, Dream SMP, Mianite, Shadow of Israphel, we are all smaller parts of the same Minecraft branch. Technically, us meeting isn’t even a fused loop, because our worlds are so connected.”

“That does shed some light on how the Captain and I have so many loops together,” Tubbo admitted.

“Does that also include the classic Steve and Alex and such?” Tommy wondered, having finally recovered.

Joe nodded. “Steve is the anchor for the main Minecraft branch, the large one we’re all connected to. As far as I know, all Minecraft loopers will meet him eventually.”

“Holy shit.” Joe laughed at Tommy’s empathic swear.

“Holy shit indeed.” He stifled his chuckles. “So, is it just you two so far, or have you gotten more loopers yet?”

“We’ve got two others, Eret and Niki,” Tubbo informed him. “And you? Is anyone else looping with you?”

The waiter handed them all their drinks, and Joe sipped his coffee before replying. “Quite a few. Besides me, there’s Cleo, Grian, Xisuma, Scar, Mumbo, False, and Iskall. We’ve got about five hundred loops total under our belts, which I’ve learned isn’t very much in the grand scheme of things, so hopefully we’ll get more soon.”

“Lucky,” Tommy groaned. “We’ve had over a thousand loops, and there’s only four of us!”

“It’s different for every world,” Joe pointed out gently. “I’m sure you’ll get more soon. In the meantime, Xisuma is Awake, which means he could let you two in, if you wanted to tour our current world for a bit?”

Tubbo instantly perked up. “Absolutely!”

6.2

“Chekhov's Gun,” Wilbur chuckled to himself, as he made his way towards the button room. “Chekhov’s Gun.”

The dramatic and poignant speech was already forming in his mind, what he would say before he pushed the button and finished his unfinished symphony for good. It was a rather nice one, Wilbur thought.

Which made it even more of a surprise when he entered the button room to find that not only was it all cleaned up, the writings he had scribbled on the walls gone, but the button itself was gone as well.

In its place was a note. *“Wilbur, if you’re reading this, you’ve gone to try and blow up L’Manberg even though we already won. Tubbo and Niki and I have removed the tnt, so you won’t be able to, and we took away the button just in case. Attached is a way to contact a very good therapist named Puffy. Please get some help.*

Love Tommy”

“What a thoughtful little brother,” Phil murmured from behind him, causing Wilbur to jump.

“Phil?” He couldn’t really be here, could he?

Phil gave him a soft smile. “Hello Wilbur. I think Tommy is right. Let’s get you some therapy, okay?”

Wilbur still had no idea how things had changed so fast, but there was nothing he could do, no tnt to destroy everything with.

He let Phil lead him away.

6.3

“So.” Tommy looked over the edge of the crater caused by Doomsday. “Real late start to the loop here.”

“Yup,” Tubbo agreed glumly. All four of them had Awoken only after Doomsday was over. Which meant they couldn’t prevent any of the things they always tried to prevent.

Eret kicked a pebble into the L’Manhole. “What if we fix it up? Recreate L’Manberg? I mean, we’re all pretty decent terraformers at this point, and we’ve got a Druid with us. Shouldn’t be too hard.”

“You’ve got a point,” Niki agreed, absentmindedly running a hand over the ground. “As much as I wish I could prevent myself from burning down the L’Mantree... but there’s no point in wishing for that. Let’s terraform first, and then I can get the flora up and running again. You all can cover the building part?”

Tommy gave her a mock salute. “Count on us. L’Manberg will be back to its former glory in no time.”

“I’ve got several versions of the camarvan in my subspace pocket,” Eret added helpfully.

“And I’ve got at least forty different copies of all the original books and documents to recreate the library.” Tubbo cracked his knuckles. “Plus, you know, nukes. In case they try and blow it up again.”

With that heartwarming thought, the four loopers set their plan into motion.

6.4 (credit to TheFlamingKai)

“You think you’re a hero, Tommy? Well then die like one!”

And Techno threw rocks everywhere. “And Bam! I summon the withers and they destroy all of you!”

“What? No fair!” Quackity protested. “Plus, we’ve got that netherite armor on, remember? So you can’t keep hurting us like this!”

“Yeah, saying you just flat out killed me with a firework was kinda rude, Techno,” Tubbo added, holding his “sword” (a wooden stick) up. “I had armor on this time!”

“Yeah well...” Techno searched around for an explanation. “I purposefully made the armor useless! And withers can kill you anyways, armor or not.”

“Stop being boring,” Purpled whined, leaning on his “sword”. “You can’t keep pulling these things out of nowhere so we always lose to you!”

“Take an L for once and let us win!” Tommy yelled. This was met with numerous cheers from the other kids on the playground.

“Fine! You know what? Whatever. I’m going into retirement. And getting a snack.” Techno threw his stick down dramatically. “But I’ll be back to destroy you all!”

There was a loud rumbling sound that made everyone pause. “An earthquake?” At least, Tubbo hoped it was just an earthquake. This loop where he, Tommy, and Niki were awake, and everything was just a game that they and the neighboring kids came up with, was a lot of silly fun, and he didn’t want it to be something else.

Wilbur perked up from where he was hiding in the “Button Room” (under the monkey bars). “Hey! That could be me blowing up L’Manberg! Everything explodes with a big boom!”

“Oh, that’s a great idea!” Niki paused, then got into character. “I mean, no, Wilbur! How could you do such a thing!?”

Wilbur spread his arms out dramatically. “L’Manberg is my musical! And no one’s gonna play it again!”

“Down with the government!” Techno shouted helpfully. Purpled bonked him with his sword. “Hey!”

Philza walked over from where he was sitting on a park bench. “Kids? I think that was an earthquake, is everyone alright?”

“Dad!” Wilbur ran over to him, handing him his stick. “Dad, I blew up L’Manberg. You gotta take me out!”

Phil blinked. “What?”

“Wilbur went bonkers in our game and blew up our nation,” Tommy explained. “You gotta stop him! Also, we’re all okay, it just rumbled a little.”

“Is that so?” Phil chuckled, then tapped Wilbur on the head extremely lightly with the “sword”. “I guess I gotta do this for the greater good then.”

Wilbur beamed. “Oh no, I’m dead now! Bleh.” And he fell to the ground. Very dramatically.

6.5

“I think I’m gonna run for president this time,” Niki said, putting down her paper.

“Didn’t you run in baseline?” Eret asked.

“Yes, but I was just Fundy’s running mate. I’m going to run myself, as my own candidate. Would you be my running mate? You have more political experience than I do.”

“Of course,” Eret agreed immediately. They hadn’t betrayed L’Manberg this time, after all, which meant that they wouldn’t hurt their sister’s chances. “I’ll help you with whatever you need.”

~

Tubbo watched as Niki was officially sworn in as president. “You know, I think this is the best possible outcome.”

“You think?” Tommy repeated.

“Yup. No paranoia, no dictatorship, no explosions. And I won’t have to be president later! It’s the perfect outcome.”

“This is a horrible outcome,” Tommy muttered, as they watched Dream get sworn in as president, with Karl as his vice.

“Why, because Dream is now president of L’Manberg?”

“No, because it’s a little cloudy today- *yes because Dream is president of L’Manberg!*”

“How did this even happen?” Eret marveled, as they watched Technoblade be sworn in as president, with Philza as his vice.

Tommy threw his hands up in the air. “I’m out. If anyone needs me, I’ll be in the server hub. I’m not sticking around here this loop.”

6.6 (credit to kuragir_i)

The war to crush the L’Manberg rebellion had been going on for some time now, and Dream was starting to get frustrated.

Not just by the fact that everything was being drawn out, that he couldn’t just win and get this over with, but by the fact that he could swear L’Manberg was drawing it out intentionally. Which made no sense, considering how much weaker they should be, but that was nonetheless how it felt.

Still, as he and his friends planned for their next assault, he was feeling cautiously optimistic.

Then the stomping noise, as loud as thunder, started up. Out of some sense or morbid curiosity, Dream couldn’t help but go and look.

It was coming from L'Manberg, and they were... singing something?

“~Do you hear the people sing? Singing the songs of angry men. It is the music of the people who will not be slaves again~”

“This is ridiculous,” Dream muttered, perched up in a tree and watching things unfold.

“I dunno, it’s kinda catchy,” Sapnap snickered from right next to him. Dream shot his friend a glare.

“~the blood of the martyrs will water the meadows of FRANCE!~”

At they very least, could they sing something that made sense!?

6.7

“We should’ve seen this coming,” Eret, Secretary of State, admitted as he entered the Oval Office. “I just thought you’d be aged up to adulthood for it rather than still being sixteen.”

Tubbo shrugged, his feet up on the desk. “Apparently in this world they don’t have age restrictions for how old a person has to be to run for office. Still a little weird, but I guess it’s better than being at least thirty-five for this loop.”

It seemed that in this world, he had been born in America before his parents decided to move to England, and he had recently returned before the elections.

How he had managed to win said Elections, Tubbo was still trying to figure out.

A man in a dark suit and sunglasses hurried into the room. “Mister President, Prime Minister Soot is requesting a meeting with you.”

Tubbo took his feet off the desk and stood up. “Alright, let’s see what time I have available.”

Being President of the United States sure was an experience.

6.8

Tubbo put the newly finished documents down and rubbed his eyes. “This is gonna be a long loop.”

Normally in solo-realm loops, the number of L'Manberg citizens could go from a bit under a hundred to tens of thousands. This time, however, New L'Manberg had over a hundred

thousand citizens and was rapidly growing. At least the country itself was originally much bigger than normal in order to hold everyone.

Not to mention this was an extended loop. Rather than a year or less, everything was happening so much slower, the disk wars having taken place five years ago, when Tubbo and Tommy were eleven. Who knew how long Tubbo would be in office for?

“It’s because you’re such a good president,” Tommy said dryly as he entered the room, closing the door gently behind him. “Your economic and social policies are beyond what all the different kingdoms are offering in terms of equality and opportunity, so of course people want to come.”

“I guess. Comes with years of studying just about everything needed to work in a high ranking public office.” It was true, whenever Tubbo was in a loop where he could go through genuine high school or college, that was what he focused on. As much as he would like to spend more time working on inventions and mechanics, he did have a country to run more often than not.

Judging by Tommy’s sympathetic look, he seemed to have guessed what Tubbo was thinking about. “Hey, you’ve done super well at it! The presses are calling you the best leader on the continent, with the most satisfied population! More people have emigrated here from the SMP than from anywhere else, and Dream is furious.”

“I know. And it’s really nice.” Tubbo gave his best friend a tired smile. “It’s just, as VP, you don’t have to deal with the shitty wannabe bureaucrats that keep trying to grab offices and make everything more complicated. Or the constant demands of being ready for the press at all times, or the on and off negotiations with countries that don’t even normally exist.” He sighed. “And it’s not like I can run away from this. I’ve got *so many* people relying on me.”

Tommy sat down and wrapped an arm around him. “I know. I’m not president a lot, and this is part of why I don’t want to be. It’s a shitty and thankless job, and I’m sorry you’re always stuck with it. But I’m here for you if you need to take a load off, and when the next elections come, you don’t have to run.”

“Right.” He took a deep breath. Thanks Tommy. I mean it.”

“Yeah, of course. Any time.”

6.9

Tommy Awoke in a strange house, one he had never been in before. *A fused loop?*

The memories hit, and Tommy knew his guess was correct. And it looked to be an exciting one, too!

“New looper?” Tommy turned to see a spiky haired boy smiling at him. “You looked a little lost.”

“New to this world, at least,” Tommy agreed. “Tommy Voltia. Usually Tommy Innit, or Tommy Craft, or just Tommy. You must be Asta, then?”

“That’s me,” the boy agreed. “Welcome to Black Clover, hope you enjoy your stay. Noelle and I are both looping this time, so if you need any help, just ask us, alright?”

“Yeah, thanks.” Tommy had matured well past the point of seeing help as pity, at the very least. He went back to looking over his new loop memories and scowled.

Lightning magic, of course. *You get struck by lightning one time-!*

~

Asta blinked, looking genuinely surprised. “Okay, I’ve seen people beat Lotus and Mars in a lot of ways, but I’ve never seen anyone do it using Roadrunner physics. That’s a new one.”

Tommy grinned, looking at the thoroughly beaten men on the ground. “I’ve also been Jerry from Tom and Jerry. Weaponizing Cartoon logic is an art form, and it’s one I’m well practiced in.”

~

“A blind date?” Tommy repeated. “No thanks. Sorry, I just don’t do romance in general. Nothing more than jokes about it for me.”

“Understandable,” Asta assured him. “Luck usually gets rejected at the end anyways, so it’s no big loss.”

~

Tommy felt the elf leave him, and sat down with a sigh. Seeing as they were always in a universe with a mind controlling entity, he’d built up quite a bit of strength against any sort of possession. That didn’t mean it didn’t suck.

Still, as he’s hugged by the Black Bulls, Tommy couldn’t help but smile a little. These might not have been his friends, but Luck Voltia was a pretty lucky guy, all things considered.

6.10

Tommy threw the paper down. “Okay, I’m stumped. I got nothing.”

“Surely there’s at least some consistent explanation,” Tubbo said, trying to calm his best friend.

“It doesn’t fucking look that way,” Tommy muttered. “It’s just, what the hell is DreamXD? A Dreamon? A god? A guardian? I know he looks like Dream because Dream’s the admin in the hub story of us, but what does that even make the “guy” for the people living here? He’s not Dream, most of the time, so who is he? It’s never fucking consistent!”

Tubbo sighed, equally as stumped. “They say sometimes loops get expansions, right? Maybe one day we’ll actually find out.”

Tommy snorted. “Yeah, and one day we’ll finally find out what’s up with Ranboo as well.”

There wasn’t much Tubbo could say to that.

6.11 (credit to octoFox)

Quackity looked around. “Is it just me, or are a lot of people missing here?”

Wilbur grimaced. “It’s not just you. Tommy, George, Tubbo, Niki, Eret, none of them are here.”

His opponent threw his hands up in the air. “Well how the hell are we supposed to run this thing if both of our VPs are missing?”

Wilbur let out a long, drawn out sigh. “Honestly? I think at this point we need to just continue without them.”

~

“You know, we always give George shit for this, but it’s actually really nice.” Tommy snuggled further into the mess of blankets and pillows that decorated Tubbo’s not-burned down jungle home.

“George doesn’t have an awesome pillow fort, so we’re still better than him anyways,” came the sleepy response of his best friend. Next to Tubbo, Niki was curled up in a comfy ball, and Eret laid sprawled out on the other side of Tommy.

“We’re really just gonna sleep through this whole loop then?” They said drowsily.

“Mmm.”

They’d been through war after war after war, for only Tubbo knew how long. Tommy decided that they deserved a break like this.

- 6.1 I've been waiting to write this one for a while. Meet Joe Hills, anchor of the Hermitcraft loops! The four roleplays mentioned are the four currently looping, by the way.
- 6.2 Whenever therapists are available, they try and send Wilbur to one.
- 6.3 Spite is an excellent motivator.
- 6.4 Techno is *that* kid. You know the one.
- 6.5 There's been so many weird variant elections.
- 6.6 As soon as they realized Sapnap liked the songs, they convinced him to sing Javert's role in "One Day More".
- 6.7 They never quite figure out how he won that election.
- 6.8 The chains of commanding. Tubbo feels them.
- 6.9 Yggdrasil never forgets when someone goofs. Tommy has *lots* of lightning related loops. (Black Clover)
- 6.10 They're going to be waiting a very long time to get answers.
- 6.11 They all deserve a break, really.

7.0

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

7.1

Tubbo activated his lightsabers, looking at the two yellow blades in awe. “This is gonna be a fantastic loop.”

“Oh absolutely.” Anakin gave his Padawan a high five. “And you’re an engineer too? Wonderful. I know more than a few things about that, I’d be happy to give you pointers.”

Tubbo felt even more excited, if such a thing was possible. “That would be amazing! I’ve always wanted my own spaceship. Building one would be even better! Did you know I made nukes in baseline?”

Anakin leaned in, interested. “Really? By yourself?”

“Yup! It took a couple weeks, but they worked!”

Obi Wan rubbed his temples. “This is going to be a long loop, isn’t it?”

“Dunno what you mean.” His own apprentice, Tommy, gave his blue blade a few practice swings. “I’m pretty stoked.”

Ahsoka smiled. “At the very least, it’s nice to look your age, Skyguy, Obi Wan. And with a Padawan of my own!” Next to her, Niki smiled, green double-bladed lightsaber at her hip.

“Sorry, but we should save the small talk for later.” The newly knighted Eret walked in, sheathing their purple blade. “We’ve got droids incoming.”

With shared smiles that ranged from excited to exasperated, the seven prepared for battle.

7.2

“The truth is, I’m a time traveler,” Niki admitted quietly.

Across from her, her partner set down her cupcake. “Really?”

Niki nodded. “It’s a bit hard to explain, but basically, me and a couple others are stuck in a time loop, repeating the same events over and over again.” She sighed. “I just, I wanted you to know this time.”

Puffy smiled at her, looking a bit confused, but mostly accepting. “Well, thank you for confiding in me. I’m sure that must get really lonely.”

Niki looked down at her own sweet. “Sometimes, yes,” she whispered.

It was so hard, not having Puffy looping with her. Whatever her unawake self decided, Niki the looper had yet to fall for anyone besides Puffy. Again and again, she found herself drawn to her partner. It’s not quite romantic - but it’s more than friendship, always. Sometimes they call themselves girlfriends, sometimes partners, but it’s not the title that’s important, it’s what they share. And again and again, she would lose her. Sometimes, Niki wished she could just will her feelings away. But they always seemed to come back.

She felt a gentle hand on top of her own, and looked up. “I don’t know what that’s like. I can’t even imagine,” Puffy admitted. “And I guess I’ll just forget as soon as this time loop is over. But right now, I do love you, alright? Knowing you’re a time traveler doesn’t change that.”

“I - thank you. I feel the same way. I always do.” Niki wiped her eyes.

Normally she didn’t let herself get into a relationship with Puffy. One day, many loops in the future, maybe she would. When Puffy herself started looping. This was one of the rare times where she let herself be with her.

Niki could wait for Puffy. As long as it took.

7.3

Eret awoke while looking at themselves in a puddle. *Hmm. That’s a new way to start this off. Weird.*

Then the loop memories hit. *I take it back. Much more than weird.*

They stole the first flying carpet they could and headed off to their current ice castle. (And a shoddy one too, from what they remembered. They should do some redecorating.)

Finn and Marceline were already waiting when they got there. “Sorry about this,” Finn said by way of greeting. “This is usually when loopers Awake when they’re filling in for Ice King, so we came in advance.”

It’s no problem,” Eret assured them. “My loop memories are telling me that I left my little sister Niki all alone when I first put on the crown, so is there any way I can contact her?”

“There is.” Marceline grimaced. “The energy to do that though - you’ll need to put the crown back on to survive, and that means you’ll be out of it for pretty much the rest of the loop. And uh, we should mention beforehand, but the reason she never came back when you put on the crown is because doing what Simon always does brings her here.”

“Oh.” They weren’t really fond of that idea. “Maybe she’s better off back there then.” They checked their loop memories. “Wait, no, definitely not.” Eret sighed. “I’ll do it. I’m not going to get much out of this loop, am I?”

“Sorry.” Finn gave them an apologetic smile. “How about we take you on a big tour of Ood before we get started on the time travel mess?”

“That would be wonderful, thank you.”

7.4 (credit to funtimesinfiction)

Things went south the second Tommy Awoke, as next to him, Eret crumpled from where they were standing. Immediately, Tommy went to hold up one of their sides, and Tubbo the other. Eret simply groaned a little, blank eyes clearly unfocused behind their sunglasses.

Wilbur and Fundy looked over in alarm. “Eret! Are you alright?”

“Doesn’t look like they are,” Tommy said. “Hang on, we got you.”

“We’ll get them somewhere safe,” Tubbo promised. “Could we hold off on the signing for a bit? Just want to make sure they’re okay.”

Wilbur immediately nodded. “Do you want us to come with you?”

Tommy shook his head. “We got this, big man. We need someone to stay and guard the camarvan, right?”

Neither man looked convinced, but they nodded. “Just be careful.”

As soon as they were out of view, Tommy apparated them to his house, where they set Eret down on the bed. Tommy turned to Tubbo. “What the hell happened? Do you know?”

Tubbo nodded grimly. “You weren’t awake for that one. It was-” he paused, tilting his head. “You feel that? Niki’s coming.” Tommy nodded. “I’ll explain when she gets here.”

A few minutes later, a small Interceptor ship landed behind Tommy’s house, and then Niki was running through the door. “Where are they?” Her eyes landed on Eret, and she rushed over to them. Eret, finally starting to show signs of being conscious, leaned up against her automatically.

They all watched them worriedly for a moment, before Tubbo sighed and turned to Tommy. “Remember last time we were in the Hub, and I played Hollow Knight? And you were screaming at me the whole time?”

“I totally wasn’t screaming, you just didn’t see the enemies coming at you!” Tommy defended. “But yeah.”

“And you know how the three main characters in Hollow Knight are siblings?”

“Yeah- *oh*. I see where this is going.”

Tubbo ran a hand through his hair, his expression tired. “Yeah. I was the Little Ghost. Niki was Hornet. Eret was the Hollow Knight. And they awakened just as they were made into a vessel for the radiance. Which lasted for centuries.”

“*Shit*.” Any plans for the loop could be put on hold. This was going to take a while to heal from.

7.5

“Hey Tommy?”

“Yeah? Tommy looked up with surprise. It wasn’t often that he talked with Karl, considering they certainly weren’t the closest during baseline. “What’s up?”

Karl hesitated. “This may sound weird, but I don’t suppose history is repeating itself for you?”

Tommy gaped, then grinned. “Yup, it is. Guess you’ve started looping as well then?” Tubbo got to introduce Niki to everything last time, so he was looking forward to doing it this time.

But Karl shook his head. “I’m not, sorry. But I am a time traveler in general, and I noticed something was up with you and Tubbo immediately. Took a bit to figure out what it was. Sorry for the disappointment.”

“Oh. Tommy could admit he was a bit disappointed. He’d hoped they’d finally gotten another looper. But that wasn’t Karl’s fault. “It’s no big deal, man. Yeah, just Tubbo and I are looping this time, so I guess that’s why you noticed something was up with us.”

“Do you mind telling me about it?” Karl asked. “The loops, I mean. I’ve never met a fellow time traveler before, even if it’s a different version of time travel.”

Tommy grinned. “No problem. I’ll get Tubbo, and we can all talk about it. Maybe you could share some stories as well.”

Karl might not have been looping, but it was nice to have someone else in the know.

7.6

“What happens in the pit stays in the pit, alright Tommy?” Techno said.

Tommy grinned. “Alright. I can work with that.”

He was curious, anyways. With no weapons or armor, how long would it take him to beat Techno? He and Tubbo could pretty reliably defeat the man when everyone had weapons on them, but hand to hand was a different matter.

No loop tricks either. He wanted to see how much he’d improved when it came to martial arts and street fighting.

Wilbur started them off. “Ready, begin!”

Tommy moved first, going for a well placed strike between the ribs, making sure he only went as fast as a normal person could go. Techno blocked it, but he let out a huff, and Tommy could see the surprise in his eyes. The hybrid shifted stances, clearly taking this more seriously now.

He went in for a clean swing, and Tommy ducked under his fist, before kicking upwards at Techno’s outstretched arm. He took a tiny moment to revel in the satisfaction of the connected hit, and Techno’s grunt of pain, before moving again.

And so the two traded blows, ducking and dodging and dancing around each other. Techno was a brilliant fighter, the best of the non-loopers. But Tommy had an unthinkable amount of experience behind him, as well as styles from other loops that Techno wouldn’t know how to counter. He was excellent at improvising, but considering all the times Tommy had fought him, he knew the hybrid’s movements too well. He was bruised by now, but Techno was even moreso.

The spar ended with Tommy jumping off the wall and giving Techno a solid roundhouse kick to the face, sending him down for good.

And then there were two fighters in the pit, one on the ground and one still standing tall, and Tommy was the one standing this time.

The wild cheers of Tubbo and Niki coming from above him only made it even better.

7.7

“Looks like everyone is a hybrid this time,” Niki noted. She’d almost gone into the water without armor before remembering that she was an enderman hybrid now. “At least it’s a little interesting twist?”

“Speak for yourself,” Tommy muttered, feeling the patches of raccoon fur on his face. “You get silk touch hands. I get to be a furry like Fundy.” He huffed and turned to Eret. “What about you?”

Eret gave them a strained smile. “Wither hybrid. I’ve been wearing gloves this whole time because touching people gives them wither effects.” Niki patted their arm sympathetically.

“Sorry I’m late! Still figuring this one out.” They turned to see Tubbo running up to the three of them.

Tommy winced. “Tubbo...” Tubbo had horns this time, longer than normal, pointing upwards and twisting slightly.

Tubbo, however, grinned. “It’s not so bad.” Then his wings, large black and purple dragon wings, unfurled behind him. “In fact, I can get used to being this sort of hybrid.”

7.8 (credit to KiwiRen)

Tommy Awoke on the roof of a skyscraper. Definitely unusual. *Okay, checking loop memories.*

...Oh fuck yes.

So, it turned out that this time around, he was Spiderman. A relatively new Spiderman, but Spiderman all the same. It had been so long since he’d looped in as the Flash in DC, and he’d been hoping for another superhero loop. He started rifling through his loop memories a bit more closely.

...Of course, the press already hated him. That was fine, Tommy could deal with that. As long as he got to save people.

The web-swinging was also a massive bonus, of course.

~

Tommy snickered to himself as he tied Dream up. It seemed that in this world, Dream was his equivalent of the Green Goblin. Luckily he wasn’t the Ultimate version, or whatever, but still, beating Dream up on a semi-regular basis was very cathartic.

(There was also the weird fact that Drista seemed to be in Harry Osborne’s role. She only showed up occasionally in loops, so Tommy didn’t know much about her, except that she was always Dream’s sister. At the very least, this version of her didn’t seem interested in following her brother’s footsteps.)

“Looks like you got here first,” Tommy turned to see Sapnap, aka the Human Torch, landing right beside him. “He’s knocked out?”

“Yeah. Won’t be coming to for a while.” Tommy shrugged. “You wanna take him in? Or should I?”

“You caught him. You can decide.” Sapnap looked down on his fallen friend with no small amount of sadness. Then he shook his head. “It’s still hard, I guess,” he said quietly. “Knowing that he’s not the Dream I was friends with.”

Tommy winced with sympathy. It wasn’t unusual for something like this to happen in loops, where Dream would go crazy, and Sapnap always seemed to take it harder than anyone. “I don’t know what he was like before. But maybe you can help him get better,” he offered. “Don’t sweat it if you can’t, though. No one’s gonna blame you.”

“I know.” Sapnap’s smile was bitter. “But I have to at least try.”

~

“You seem like you’ve been having fun.” Tubbo sat on the edge of a skyscraper with him, legs swinging over the side. “At least, you’ve improved your rep to be better than what Peter’s was.”

“Just a little,” Tommy agreed. “And what about you? I haven’t seen you around.”

Tubbo brightened. “Oh, I’ve been with the X-Men! I’m replacing Scarlet Witch currently. And Crumb is Quicksilver, but she’s not a looper, so.” He pouted a bit at that. “But the Captain is Awake, and he’s Magneto!”

Tommy choked. “You’re serious? How did that happen?”

His friend shrugged. “No idea. At least he seems to be enjoying himself. I think he likes to go ham once in a while. And Tom is Professor X, so they both seem to be happy with the reversal of their usual roles.”

7.9

When Dream had woken up, things had seemed relatively normal. L’Manberg had won their independence and were establishing themselves as a nation, annoying as it was, but Dream could recover from this. They were still beginning, still shaky, reaching too far too soon, and he was sure they would topple over sooner rather than later.

So even though he has technically lost, he was in a good mood as he headed out of his house and went to see his friends.

Then he actually saw them.

“Dream? Is something wrong?” Sapnap asked.

“Is something- Sapnap, what the *fuck* are you wearing?”

“Um, my mask?” Sure enough, on Sapnap’s face was a white mask with his normal flame symbol on it. “Is there something wrong with it? Did Tommy draw on it?”

“That’s not - what-” Dream sputtered, utterly confused. “Sapnap, is this some sort of joke? You’re wearing a mask like me today?”

“Um, no, I’m wearing my own mask. Just like every other day.” Sapnap frowned. “Are you okay Dream?” As if Dream was the one going crazy here.

It was at this convenient moment that George walked in, a sleeping face on his own white mask. Dream could only stare at him.

“George, Dream’s acting weird,” Sapnap said. “He seems very confused about my mask.”

“He’s probably just messing with you,” George assured him. “You’ve always had that mask, and it looks just fine to me.”

“No, neither of you have masks! Why are you wearing masks!?” Dream rubbed eyes, as if he could wipe away the weird image and words of his friends. “You know what? I’m going for a walk. Not sticking around you people right now.”

“Have fun!” Sapnap said brightly, waving. If Dream had been less tired and more aware, he would’ve caught the laughter in his friend’s voice.

Without thinking about it, he found himself making his way towards L’Manberg. Perhaps because being near such infuriating people would make him less pissed at his friends. In front of him, Tommy and Tubbo dashed across the prime path, before stopping to look at him.

“Oi, what’s a matter with you now?” Tommy asked. “You seem like you’ve seen a ghost or something.”

“Maybe he’s feeling unwell after such a bad loss,” Tubbo offered sweetly. “We did take a decent chunk of his land, after all.”

“Why the fuck are you wearing masks?” Dream demanded.

Tommy’s mask had a :O face on it, and Tubbo’s had a >:D face. And neither of them should have masks at all!

Tommy huffed, as if Dream was the one being infuriating here. “Why the fuck wouldn’t we? We’ve always had masks. Just like everyone else on the server.”

“No, no I’m the only one who wears a mask on this server,” Dream snapped. “What the fuck is this?”

“Masks don’t just belong to you, you know!” Tubbo replied, sounding genuinely offended.

“What’s going on here?” Wilbur said, showing up with his own mask, and Dream decided the SMP just wasn’t worth it today. Everyone had gone bonkers. He was going home.

~

“So how did you get everyone to agree?” Tommy wondered, throwing aside his mask as the group relaxed within L’Manberg’s walls.

Tubbo smiled. “Most of them, I just asked if they wanted to troll Dream and they agreed. I bribed Sapnap with a Soulfire flamethrower and George with a magical pillow. All in a day's work.”

“And next week we all pretend this never happened and drive him even more bonkers,” Tommy snickered. “This is gonna be hilarious. Let’s save some photos for Niki and Eret.”

7.10

“So, are you gonna tell me what the big surprise is now?” Tommy asked, as he and Tubbo relaxed on their bench, Cat playing softly in the jukebox.

“Yeah.” Tubbo gave him a nervous smile. “It’s, um, if you don’t like it, that’s totally fine! You’re not required to keep it or anything, just let me know and I’ll drop them in the void some other loop.”

Tommy rolled his eyes. “Way to be pessimistic. No way whatever you made is that bad. Just show me and let me decide for myself, yeah?”

His best friend took a deep breath. “Right. Okay.” And out of his subspace pocket, he retrieved two compasses, before handing one to Tommy.

Tommy sucked in a breath as he held the compass in his hands. It had the usual “Your Tubbo” inscription on it, but the metal and the colors were off, there were enchantments he’d never seen before, and rather than pointing to L’Manberg, it was pointing to Tubbo himself.

“Well, since we were in a marvel loop recently, I got the materials from that and the DC loop we went through together a while back. The casing is a mix of vibranium and promethium, so they can’t be broken or destroyed by creepers or tnt. Or anything else, really. The glass is actually Ramonite from that Animorphs loop, with a few... other properties carried from that loop. Obviously they point to us instead of to L’Manberg and Logstedshire.”

Tommy stared down at the compass in his hands. Tubbo seemed to take that as dislike, because he quickly added: “Like I said, if you don’t want them or it brings up uncomfortable memories or anything I’ll get rid of them! I just thought it would be nice to make more permanent versions that we can carry through loops-”

“Shut up, okay?” Tommy finally said, before hugging his friend as tightly as he could. Fuck, his eyes were stinging. “I fucking love them. Ender, this must’ve taken forever.”

Tubbo let out a small chuckle. “It did take a bit, yeah. But it was worth it, I think.” He brightened up. “Oh, and there’s one more thing! Carried it over from the Animorphs loop, but I had to mix it with a few others to make it work, along with those enchantments from variant loops. Try putting it on.”

Tommy did so, the chain fitting around his neck nicely. Tubbo put his own on, then looked up. <Can you hear me?>

...So that’s what he meant by carrying something else from the Animorphs loop. Tommy grinned, and wiped his eyes. <Loud and clear. Guess I really can’t ever get rid of you now, huh? Clingy bitch.>

<Takes one to know one!> Tubbo thought back cheerfully.

<Fuck yeah.>

7.11

The loop started off seemingly normal, until Eret looked to their left and got their loop memories.

Apparently, rather than Tubbo, Jordan Sparklez was Tommy’s best friend and member of the revolution. The man, currently a teenager, smiled at him and Tommy and sent a ping to let them know he was looping, as he signed his own name. Once that was done, Tommy quickly led them both to his dirt house.

“I’ll admit, I’m a little excited,” Jordan said, once they were away from prying eyes. “This is my first time looping in Tubbo’s position. And our worlds are very connected this time around, so Tubbo will probably be showing up soon as well.”

“Well that’s good.” Tommy sat down on his bed and looked Jordan over carefully. “So, he’s replacing you this time? Does that mean he’s already been through all that champion shit?”

“Oh no,” Jordan answered cheerfully. Too cheerfully. “No, Ianite is replacing me as champion of the Balance God, although she’s not Awake. No, this is a swap between the three of us.”

Eret frowned. “But that means...” They paled as the realization hit them. Catching Tommy’s expression, they knew he felt the same way.

There was a pop of purple light, and Tubbo was there, floating in the middle of the room, wings fanned out for all to see. “Hey guys! Looks like I’m a god this time. Isn’t that cool? I mean, getting stuck in a prison for thousands of years sucked, but now I’m free, at least!”

“Do these sorts of loops stick?” Eret asked Jordan faintly.

Jordan smiled. “Sometimes, yeah.”

Oh Ender.

Chapter End Notes

- 7.1 Tubbo also stole the Darksaber. Just to complete the black and yellow aesthetic.
- 7.2 Being in a time loop without your loved ones can be hard.
- 7.3 They've already been an ice queen, why not an Ice King? (Adventure Time)
- 7.4 Yikes. Poor Eret. (Hollow Knight)
- 7.5 Karl is Loop Aware! He has been for a while, he just hasn't come forth with it in past loops.
- 7.6 Tommy's earned his win.
- 7.7 To be fair, who wouldn't want to be a dragon?
- 7.8 ~*SpiderInnit*, *SpiderInnt*...~
- 7.9 How to drive Dream crazy. This time, with the skills to back it up!
- 7.10 Clingydou has only become more clingy. Also < > are used for telepathy in the Animorphs books, so that is how they will be used here.
- 7.11 Fear Him.

8.0

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

8.1

Tubbo Awoke, letting the loop memories sink in. Normal start, normal signing of the declaration. Still, something was off. He sent out a pulse in the force to see if anyone else was looping, and got a responding pulse back from Eret.

Tubbo leaned over to them. “This loop seems strange, but I don’t know why.”

Eret nodded. “There must be some kind of change. We’ll find it if we try.” Then they blinked. Looked at Tubbo. “We have to speak in *rhyme*?”

“It seems so. All the damn time,” Tubbo agreed.

Eret looked particularly miffed. “This style wouldn’t make it in a proper poem! Whoever made this loop, I’d like to show ‘em. That’s just not how it’s done.”

“But then where would be the fun?” Tubbo offered cheerfully. There were many loops much worse than one where they had to speak in stupid rhymes. At the very least, other people’s interactions would be fun to watch.

~

“Wilbur, why don’t you stop this silly rebellion? All you’re doing is acting like a hellion!”

“You can push us down, but freedom will always take flight! When it comes to wooden houses, a spark is all it takes to ignite,” Wilbur shot back passionately. Tubbo contemplated joining Eret and slamming his head into a wall.

This was going to be a long loop.

8.2

At this point, Tommy had been through thousands of loops, and experienced a whole number of strange circumstances. He’d taken the place of just about everyone, travelled to different worlds, become immensely powerful in the arts of lightning and fire and speed.

“Tommy! Dad! Come check this out!”

These loops never got any less weird.

“Coming Phil,” Tommy said, putting on a smile. Age swaps were so confusing. Loops where he and Phil had swapped places, as well as Wilbur and Techno swapping places, were always going to be strange. And they were even stranger when they started early, and he had to be a dad.

Then again, he mused, watching Phil show off how much control he’d gained over his wings. The fact that I’m a better dad in these loops than Phil is in most loops says good things about me, doesn’t it?

Okay, so maybe he used spite at being the unwanted child to get through these loops. As long as it meant he was a good dad to the others, Tommy figured it got cancelled out in the grand scheme of things.

8.3

“Your government is corrupt! You install tyrants and dispose of them at the drop of a hat! You give power to your friends with no due process! L’Manberg is an example of just why governments shouldn’t exist.”

Honestly, Technoblade could only stand being in retirement for so long. Not when he knew this damn government was out here, corrupting its members and exerting its unwanted influence on the people. It was why he had made the vault as soon as he’d gone into retirement.

Now he would give these people their warning. Tomorrow he would unleash hell.

“So, you’re an anarchist going against governments, correct?” A woman, Niki, if he remembered right, spoke up. “Then why are you here in L’Manberg?”

Techno paused, taken aback. “What - did you not just hear a word I said? I’m here because you have a corrupt government! Because you use and hurt people! Because your president is a tyrant!”

“But that’s not true in the slightest. None of that is,” Niki responded, looking and sounding genuinely confused. “L’Manberg isn’t a government, it’s a Commune. There are like, ten of us living here. That’s not enough people to have an actual government.”

“Wilbur liked to call it a government, and Schlatt was just a horrible asshole, but really all these titles like President are just that: fancy titles,” Tubbo added helpfully. “You really think they’d put a sixteen year old in charge of an actual government? Especially one like me? Are you sure you’re an anarchist? You don’t seem to know much about how these things work.”

“We’re not gonna let you destroy our Commune, our home!” Tommy declared. “If you try, then we’ll stop you!”

Techno bristled, the voices calling for blood. How dare they try and tell him what he could or couldn't destroy, what was or wasn't government? He was the English major here, not them! "Oh? And how are you going to stop me?"

Tommy laughed as if that was the answer he wanted, lit up with lightning, and was on Technoblade before he could even begin to regret anything.

8.4 (credit to MinteaMintrix)

Tubbo groaned as he Awoke, finding himself on a small square of wood drifting in the ocean, a hook in his hands. Around him, Tommy, Eret, and Niki seemed to be waking up as well. Just to be sure, he sent a small push in the force, and received confirmation from the other three. Pinging revealed that there were even more loopers around, although they seemed to be distant.

He checked his loop memories, and found nothing. "Guys? This is weird."

Niki nodded. Then her eyes lit up. "Wait no, I've seen this before. I don't think we have any backstory in this game. We just have to survive and build."

Tommy stretched and stood up. "Should be easy enough. We know all about surviving and building, after all. This'll be nothing."

~

"Why the *fuck* do sharks keep trying to attack us?"

Eret rolled their eyes. "That's how the game works, Tommy. We just gotta deal with sharks."

"At least we've got one that's helping us," Niki offered, motioning to her new animal companion.

"Yeah, but he keeps fighting off the other sharks, and even more take their place! Shouldn't they know not to come over here by now?"

"Game mechanics, Tommy."

"Uggghhh."

~

"Alright, so we've got our engine, our sails and streamer and steering wheel, our anchor, our fishing rods, nets, metal detectors, amor, flippers, backpacks, oxygen, head lights, spears, machetes, bows, beds, smelter, biofuel tanks, storage-"

"Tubbo." Eret coughed. "Tubbo, did you sleep at all last night? Or the night before?"

Tubbo looked at him blankly. “No? What’s your point?”

“He kept waking me up to kickstart his things with lightning,” Tommy yawned. “I think he just got really into it after the first few crafts. And also probably forgot we can just get what we need from our pockets.”

“...I’m going to bed now.”

~

“Do you think there’s a point to this loop? Or is it just floating around forever, constantly improving our raft?” Eret mused as they sipped their drink. Their raft really wasn’t much of a raft anymore, but more of a small community, with three huts (Tommy and Tubbo shared), a garden with palm trees, vegetable plants, and flowers, as well as pens for all their different livestock. Ziplines connected one section of the raft to the others, most specifically the high tower in the center with the sails and equipment.

“Pretty sure there’s some sort of story element,” Niki said, reclining next to them on their chair. Something about the apocalypse? I didn’t get much into it. But maybe we’re not in story mode, we’re just gonna be sailing around for a while.”

Eret decided that wasn’t so bad. They were having fun, after all.

~

“Get the rats away get them away gET THEM AWAY! TUBBO!”

“Tommy we’re fine! I’m killing the rats!” Tubbo yelled back, frying the masses of lurkers with his keyblade, before switching to his lightsabers and cutting through the rest. “Okay, they’re all gone.”

“I don’t like this loop, Tubbo. I wanna go home.”

“I know. I know.”

~

“How the fuck have you guys constructed an entire city?” Tommy finally said, looking up at the massive raft city in awe.

“There is a lot of us,” False pointed out cheekily. “We all needed places to stay and build. And farm, and decorate. Plus, we ran into Tiem Reester a little while back, so they’ve joined their raft to ours as well.” As she said this, Tommy could hear Tubbo yelling, and then saw him hugging the Captain in his peripheral vision.

“Would you like to join us?” Grian offered. “We could always use some expanding!”

Tommy looked back to Niki and Eret. Niki smiled and nodded, and Eret gave a thumbs up. “Sure, why the hell not. Should be fun.”

8.5

There was a new shop open in L'Manberg. Normally, Dream wouldn't care about these sorts of things, but said shop was run by Tommy, Tubbo, and Ranboo, and so Dream felt the need to go and check it out. See what they had made.

He doubted it could be used against him later, but it was always nice to know everything. And sometimes even the smallest pieces came into play in big ways later on.

It was yellow and black, with hints of red, with a bright sign saying "Bee 'n Boo" top and center. Tommy was resting at the counter, looking bored, but immediately perked up as soon as Dream approached him.

"Welcome to Bee 'n Boo! You want the bees or the boos?" He asked.

Dream frowned, confused. "Boos?"

Tommy grinned and turned towards the back. "He has chosen the boos!" Then he ducked.

Out of the back came a bunch of floating white sheets with angry faces and glowing purple eyes on them. Dream had to admit they were kind of funny.

They were less funny when they tried to bite his head off.

"Welcome to Bee 'n Boo! You want the bees or the boos?"

George frowned, confused. "Bees?"

Tommy grinned and turned towards the back. "He has chosen the bees!"

"You got it!" Faster than George could respond to, Tubbo dashed out of the back, shaking a jar about his own size filled with bees. "Here you go!" He opened the jar.

George, sensibly, ran for his life.

"Welcome to Bee 'n Boo! You want the bees or the boos?"

Phil frowned, confused. "Booze? Aren't you too young for alcohol?" A second later, he realized it was probably named after Ranboo.

Tommy's grin was downright malicious. "We are. But you aren't." Then he ducked.

The only warning Phil got was the sound of a lever being pulled and the rushing of liquid before the ceiling opened up and a mass amount of alcohol was rushing down towards him.

“Welcome to Bee ‘n Boo! You want the bees or the boos?”

Bad frowned, confused. “Bees? Why would you serve bees? I thought Tubbo liked them!”

“Oh, he does!” Tommy assured him. I was referring to our shit-ton (“language”) of versions of the letter B. Here, let me show you!” He pressed a button and a side panel opened up. Bad was instantly buried under many versions of the same letter.

From his position behind Tommy, Ranboo sighed. “You really do need to stop scaring off our customers.”

8.6

It only took Sam a moment to realize that he wasn’t where he had fallen asleep, aka in the prison security room. Already a bad sign. People should know better than to come in and move him, even if they never went to see Dream.

Slowly, he sat up, rubbing his eyes. He seemed to be in his home, although it was wrong too - it didn’t have nearly as many features as it should. In fact, it looked just like it did a year ago. As if someone was trying to recreate his house, but hadn’t been to it in so long they missed most of the important parts.

So, who put him here, and why? Did Dream escape? Was he coming after the kids? Sam needed to find a way out of here, and now.

And then the memories hit. At which point Sam just sunk down to his bed and tried to comprehend the sheer craziness his mind was telling him was true.

He had to go see them. To find out.

Previous thoughts on his “home” nearly forgotten, Sam jumped up and raced outside, noting that nothing was keeping him in there. Maybe it wasn’t a trap?

But why was his house so outdated? Why did these memories contradict what he knew to be true?

It didn’t take him long to reach the Pride Palace - or at least where it should be. Instead, there was what his memories seemed to call the Snow Palace, made out of quartz and other white materials. Steeling himself, Sam entered, pushing past doorways and other people he’d never seen before walking in the halls.

There in the throne room was Niki, decked out extravagantly in whites and pinks and soft browns, reclining on a massive and beautiful throne. When she spotted Sam, she smiled, on first glance benevolent, with an undertone of coldness.

Sam thought about the strange way she'd been acting around Tommy and refused to shudder. Maybe she'd broken down more than he thought.

"You're bold, approaching the empress of the SMP so rudely, she said, tone soft but haughty. "Is there something you need of me?"

"Yes, actually," Sam said after a moment of stunned silence, fed up with all of this. "I need you to tell me what your deal is. Why are you pretending to be an empress? Why are Tommy and Tubbo and Eret your *knights*? I thought you hated Tommy. I don't believe things could suddenly change like that."

In an instant, Niki shot to her feet, haughty expression gone, leaving only surprise, excitement, and embarrassment. "Oh - oh! Sam, you've - that's fantastic!" She looked around, almost self-consciously. "Oh Ender this is embarrassing. Um, you see--"

The doors burst open again, Tommy, Tubbo, and Eret rushing in. "Who's the invader!?" Eret yelled, drawing their sword.

Tubbo looked just as fierce. "No one touches our empress!" Out of his inventory, he pulled out what looked like two beams of light, one yellow and one black.

Niki let out a little yelp and rushed in between Sam and her knights. "Guys, Sam is looping!"

There was a pause where the other three looked at him blankly. Then Sam blinked and Tommy was right in front of him, tackling him in a hug that knocked him off balance and sent him tumbling to the floor. Tubbo quickly joined in. Eret and Niki hovered around, both looking excited.

"Not that I mind this, because I don't," Sam finally said, sitting up, "But what's going on here? What's looping? I'm a bit lost." He's *really* lost.

The four exchanged guilty smiles. Finally, Tommy spoke up. "It's a long story. Let's head to the parlor room, and we'll fill you in."

8.7

"You know, I haven't seen you with goat or ram features in a long time," Tommy noted, as Tubbo stretched out his dragon wings next to him. "Are those variants happening less?"

"They're not as often, but they're still fairly common. Maybe a fourth of the time rather than a third now," Tubbo admitted. "But! I figured out a way around it! Remember that recent Animorphs loop?"

Tommy winced. "I try not to think about that one that much, actually." Tommy knew war. He faced it almost every loop, whether in the small skirmishes of the server loops or the chaotic battlegrounds of the solo-realm loops, theirs was a world built around constant struggle.

And still that loop had been horrifying. As soon as he had learned about the Yerks, Tommy had wanted to burn it all to the ground. Tubbo had nearly snapped and gone full Balance God. That version of Fundy had died alongside them, killing a controlled Wilbur.

Tubbo's eyes widened, and he looked away. "Oh. Sorry,"

Tommy waved him off. "Nah, it's fine. Just cause I didn't want to keep shit from that doesn't mean you can't. So what is it?"

Tubbo's smile had lost a bit of its spark, but he continued anyway. "So the one I was replacing, Cassie, was really good at controlling her transformations, right? She could just change or add a few features and it was all good. Technically me being an ender dragon hybrid is still an "acquired" form, so whenever I'm a goat or ram hybrid, I shift to that and stay that way for the required two hours."

"I'm glad you figured that out then," Tommy said genuinely. Personally he was comfortable in all the different hybrid forms the loops shoved him in, but he knew how uncomfortable Tubbo could be.

Plus, the wings were pretty cool.

8.8

Tubbo Awoke, and immediately noticed he was floating. Not a usual start to the loop. He looked down to see that he was transparent.

Definitely not a usual start to a loop.

Right, check the loop memories. He pulled them up easily and winced. It looked like this time, he had lost his last life during Doomsday, protecting Tommy from Techno's fireworks. A quick ping showed that two others were looping. A pulse in the force showed they were Tommy and Niki.

Thankful he could still access his subspace as a ghost, Tubbo slipped on his compass.
<Tommy? Are you alright?>

A moment of silence, then <I think you're the one who should be answering that question, big T.>

<I'm okay,> Tubbo insisted. <Just ghostly. Do you want me to come find you?>

<That would be nice,> Tommy admitted softly. <Really, I am okay though. Niki's with me, and she's helping. She says hi, by the way.>

Tubbo smiled. <Tell her I say hi back.> It was at this point he actually realized where on the SMP he was. Mostly due to the fact that close by, Phil had just yelled in surprise, as though

he had just seen a ghost.

Which of course, was technically true.

<Tommy, if you don't mind...> Tubbo could feel a small vindictive grin starting to form.
<When I'm not hanging out with you and Niki, do you mind if I go haunt some people?>

~

Techno groaned and shoved the pillow over his ears, trying to block out the noise.

He had almost expected it, when Phil told him in an almost shell shocked tone that Tubbo had come back as a ghost.

It was something he still didn't know how to feel about. Tubbo was dead, and he had killed him. He had been the president of L'Manberg, leader of the Butcher Army, the antithesis of everything Techno believed in. He was the reason Techno was betrayed again, this time by Tommy. Techno would never regret Doomsday, not for a moment.

But once, Tubbo had been his little brother. And he'd died defending Techno's other little brother from him. Even if they hadn't been as close as Techno had been with Wilbur and Tommy... he had still killed his own family.

On his worst nights, Technoblade questioned whether it was all worth it. Tubbo was dead by his hand. Tommy had made it clear that if Techno or Phil went anywhere near him, he would try and kill them. (The word "Try" hadn't been used, but it wasn't as though Tommy would succeed, and they all knew it.) His complete victory seemed almost hollow.

Techno always forced those thoughts away. It was worth it. (It had to be.) He was in the right. (Was he?) Tubbo had been corrupted by the government to the point where he wasn't the boy Techno once knew anymore. The Butcher Army had proved that. The Tubbo he knew would never do such a thing. (Then why did he look so sad? If he cared more for government than family, why did he die saving Tommy?)

Technoblade could always push the thoughts, the guilt, to the back of his mind. Chat wasn't any help with that, half of them cheered and the other half seemed genuinely horrified by what had happened, but he managed.

Then Phil had come home with the ghostly form of Tubbo following him, and some part of Techno seemed to shatter.

"Ghostbo" spent many of his days with Tommy, but the rest he had decided to spend with them, claiming he wanted to be with all of his family. Most of the time when they saw him, he was wearing that old button-down green shirt and the worn jeans, bandages wrapped around his arms and neck. During these moments, he was like Ghostbur, remembering only the good, curious and excitable and happy to spend time with him and Phil. Mostly him.

Techno wasn't sure why he went along with the excitable ghost, why he answered all his questions and let him tag along on mining or hunting trips, or play with the survivors of the

hound army with him. It was probably because this was the Tubbo Techno remembered, before the boy was corrupted by a government that had failed him, back when he was kind and loving.

It wasn't to ease Techno's guilt. Not at all. And it certainly didn't make him feel more guilty, because he didn't feel guilty to begin with.

There were a few days, however, that Phil had dubbed "Bad days". Days where Tubbo wore the torn up presidential suit, his burn scars plain for everyone to see. Days where he remembered everything, where he was bitter and angry, and prone to try and make Techno and Phil suffer. Then he would go back to his normal state, wondering why he felt like he had missed a day. They never told him the truth.

Those were few and far between, but when they came, they were awful. Like Jack Manifold's description of hell brought to the overworld.

Currently, Tubbo was ripping the pillow away from him, before he resumed clashing his pots and pans together and grinning smugly at him.

"Wakey wakey, Techno!" He said. "I died 'cause of you, you're not getting any sleep 'cause of me!"

It was going to be a long day.

8.9

Tommy groaned as he leaned up against the side of the camarvan, letting the loop memories sink in. It seemed like this was another one of those loops, where Phil had practically abandoned him and Wilbur to go conquer SMP Earth with Technoblade. Even before then, he'd been really dismissive of Tommy, as though Tommy could never be important enough to hold his attention for too long.

Tommy knew that wasn't true. He was an anchor, he was thousands of years old, he was one of the two people holding their part of the Minecraft branch together. But his Unawake self hadn't, and many of his problems with acting out had come from his desire for Phil to finally notice him.

"You don't look too pleased." Surprised, Tommy looked up to see Sam walking towards them, looking smart in his L'Manberg uniform. "I Woke up a few days ago. Decided to join L'Manberg this time around, help you fight. Hope you don't mind."

"No, dude that's great! That's awesome. Fucking pog." Tommy managed what he thought was a good smile. "Right, now I remember that. Welcome to the team!"

Sam, it seemed, was a perceptive guy. Even moreso now that he was looping. "Is there a problem with this loop?"

Tommy considered brushing him off for a moment, then thought against it. Sam had been one of the only adults who had only helped him in baseline, after all. He might as well know. “Nothing that doesn’t happen every so often. Phil’s just a shit parent again. Nothing new.”

“I’m sorry, Tommy.” Sam slid down against the camarvan, resting next to him. “I’ll admit, I don’t know what that’s like. I usually never meet my parents in these loops, it seems. Somehow get seperated from them when I’m really young. But it sounds awful. Just because it’s common, doesn’t mean it’s easier.”

“Yeah, I know.” Tommy nudged him lightly. “It’s all good, big man. It’s not like I’m alone. I’ve got Tubbo, he’s my best friend but also my brother.” Tubbo wasn’t awake this time, it was just him and Sam, but Tommy wore his compass anyways, and promised himself that like always he would do whatever he could to make this Tubbo’s life as easy and fun as possible. “And Eret and Niki too. And Wilbur right now, when he’s not crazy. Even if he isn’t looping.”

But Wilbur wasn’t looping. And while by now Eret and Niki were absolutely family, Tommy always got the sense that after so many loops of being blood related, the two were definitely more Tubbo’s siblings than his.

“And you’ve got me now,” Sam pointed out gently. “Is there anything we can do to make this loop easier? Talk with Wilbur? Prank Phil and Techno? I could adopt you-” he broke off, coughing awkwardly. “Sorry, was that last one too much?”

Tommy had frozen at the suggestion, but slowly found that he could move again, and so he gave Sam a light punch in the arm. “That sounds really fucking cool, actually. Phil would be so confused, and it would be nice to have - nice to have. Um.”

“An adult who cares?” Sam asked gently.

“...Yeah. That.”

“Then I’ll get on the process right away.” Sam ruffled Tommy’s hair, and Tommy found he really didn’t want to move away.

Maybe this would be nice.

8.10 (credit to kuragir_i and GingerTyPerior)

“Of all the places to end up, I gotta say, I didn’t think this would be one of them.”

“Yeah, no shit.”

Niki laughed weakly and looked towards the screen in front of them. Rather than looping in as themselves, it seemed that this time, they were each an emotion in a person’s head. The same person’s head.

More specifically, they were in *Dream's* head. Although it seemed to be the version of Dream that did manhunts and was chased around by his friends in good fun, rather than the asshole with a god-complex they normally dealt with.

This Dream seemed... nice.

But it wasn't like they could interact with him. Being personified emotions and all.

“Okay, so I get why I’m Anger, even if I don’t like it. And Niki as Joy makes sense. But,” and Tommy gestured to the other three. “How do you guys match up with those emotions?”

“Considering I was the sole person keeping our Dream locked up and away from where he could hurt people, I’d say I got pretty paranoid at the end of baseline. So that might be where Fear comes from,” Sam admitted.

Eret shrugged. “Disgust at being in Dream’s head, maybe?”

“Sadness was the only option left?” Tubbo offered.

“Yeah yeah.” The five of them watched as Dream politely traded with some villagers, before noticing George and Sapnap approaching the village. Sam tapped the console lightly, although Niki was still clearly in control, and Dream finished his transaction quickly before hurrying away.

Despite his usual feelings about Dream, Tommy couldn't help but cheer along when he escaped the hunters once again. Probably came with being in the head of a confidant guy.

“Alright, I wanna put up a memory of the last time we escaped a scenario like this,” he decided, tapping the memory tube. “And it better be the actual memory this time! I like Streamer Wilbur’s songs and all, but they’re so annoying when we have to listen to them because they’re stuck in someone else’s head. I swear to Ender if I have to listen to that song one more fucking time today...”

The memory popped up and started to play. “~*Life isn't quite what I thought I'd be-*”

“AAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH-”

Chapter End Notes

- 8.1 Occasionally, the loops will rhyme. Though frustrating, they'll pass in time.
8.2 Age swaps are weird for anyone awake.
8.3 Technoblade needs to study his philosophy.
8.4 By the time the loop was over, it was the most beautiful raft they'd ever built. (Raft)
8.5 The whole Dream SMP was abuzz with rumors about this shop.
8.6 Welcome to the loops, Sam!
8.7 Family is a choice.

8.8 Tubbo was Awake the entire time. He'd just gotten better at acting and maximizing guilt trips.

8.9 Awesamdad. And he *hasn't* locked Tommy in prison for a week!

8.10 Tommy's head was on fire constantly. (Inside Out)

9.0

Chapter Notes

Hello again! Skye here! Just so no one worries about the lack of daily updates, it might be a little while before chapter 10 comes out, unfortunately. But it shouldn't take too long, and then we'll be back to the daily schedule. But before then, I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

9.1

“Sam?” Eret asked.

“Yeah?”

“Why do you have a countdown above your head?”

Sam perked up. “Oh, you can see it too?”

Eret nodded. “Magic vision.” They pointed at their glasses. “Can be a bit of a Deus ex Machina in some loops, but I’m not complaining.”

“Excellent.” Sam grinned. “Watch this.” And he wandered over to the middle of the castle entrance hall. The timer ticked down.

3...2...1...0

Sam exploded, leaving behind a horrified Eret.

“I’m okay!” Sam rushed back over. “It doesn’t actually take any of my lives or anything. I just explode. You know, like a creeper. And I can alter my countdown time, so really it’s on command.”

Recovering from the shock, Eret looked over to appreciate Sam’s work. “Impressive. I can imagine there’s quite a few uses for this.”

“I’m going to blow up the egg with this,” Sam announced gleefully. “And Schlatt saw me do it earlier, so I’m gonna follow him around continuously making hissing noises behind him.”

9.2

Techno let himself be dragged to where his trial was to take place. He wasn't sure what L'Manberg had in store, so he wasn't sure how to prepare. At the very least, he had his totem on him.

They entered what seemed to be a genuine courtroom, and Techno was pushed into a small booth, the enchanted chain around his ankle still preventing his escape. The citizens of L'Manberg, along with El Rapids and a few of the SMP, filled the stands. At the very least, they would all see the inevitable corruption this trial would bring.

It might make escape harder, however.

"All rise for the honorable judge!" Techno nearly jumped, and looked up to see Tommy, of all people, wearing a mustache and a purple suit, looking entirely too smug. Wasn't he in exile? How was he here? Reluctantly, Techno got to his feet with the rest of the room, ignoring how Chat screamed for him to talk to Tommy. The kid was toast as soon as the president entered the room, and Techno wouldn't be dragged into that.

His thoughts on the matter cut off abruptly when Niki Nihachu entered the room wearing dark robes and an obviously fake beard. She sat in the judge's chair, and rapped her gavel smartly.

"Order in the court," She said, and everyone sat. "Now, the prosecutor and the defense may enter."

On one end walked in Quackity, strolling up in his suit. "The prosecution is ready, your honor."

Was no one going to comment on the fake beard?

On the other end, in walked the president of L'Manberg, dressed in his suit and tie from his days as a spy for Pogtopia. "The defense is ready, your honor," he said, before giving Techno a smile.

What the hell is going on? Why was the pres- what was Tubbo, of all people, defending him in court? And why hadn't he noticed Tommy?

"The prosecution can begin with their opening statement," Niki declared.

Quackity cleared his throat. "Of course, your honor. The defendant, Technoblade, is hereby charged with first and second degree murder, mass terrorism, sedition, and running away from the scene of the crime." He spread his hands out wide. "Gentlefolk of the jury, we were all there on that fateful day where the newly reclaimed L'Manberg was blown up. We all saw Technoblade with his withers, his promises to return to destroy whatever we created. We cannot let such a man run free for any longer! He must learn that no matter how powerful a person is, justice will always win in the end!"

There was a murmur of approval from the jury, and Technoblade frowned. It was more than that! He had been betrayed, when they created a government! And he had gone into retirement before this farce started as well. Sure, Phil was safe at their home, the president

having told his cabinet off from trying to force his old friend into house arrest, but they were still guilty. If they hadn't tried to make a government, he wouldn't have had to destroy it.

"Excellent. And the defense?"

Tubbo cleared his throat. "While it is true that Techno unleashed withers on the 16th, his part in the destruction is overstated. Furthermore, since then he has only left our nation alone, even claiming retirement when he was brought here for justice. Therefore I will be arguing for a much lighter sentence, befitting of the crimes he has genuinely committed."

More murmuring from the onlookers. At this point, Techno wasn't even sure all of this was just a crazy dream.

It seemed, though, that he had no choice but to let Tubbo defend him, and hope for the best.

~

"OBJECTION!" Technoblade was not the one to blow up L'Manberg. That was Wilbur with his tnt! Claiming that Technoblade blew it all up is blatantly false," Tubbo announced confidently. Techno watched, still trying to process the fact that Tubbo was genuinely defending him. Maybe he'd had a change of heart when it came to government? It was the only thing that made sense.

"HOLD IT!" Quackity fired back. "Yes, it's true that Wilbur Soot detonated the tnt. But it was still Technoblade who summoned the withers, as those caused massive explosions in L'Manberg as well!"

~

"And that's why it's impossible for Technoblade to have planned with Wilbur to detonate the explosives!"

Quackity tsk-ed. "Tubbo, Tubbo. Clearly you haven't read the updated autopsy report!"

Techno frowned. "That doesn't even make sense! Wilbur died months ago!"

Niki rapped her gavel again. "Defendant, this is the sixth time you've interrupted. If you do so again in the next hour, Detective Awesamedude will be escorting you back to your cell."

Tubbo shot him a pleading glance, and Techno sighed. "This is a kangaroo court," he muttered to his lawyer. "The odds are not on our side."

Still, Tubbo looked determined. "We can do this, I know it! All we need is a good turnabout."

~

Three days later, Techno was escorted out of L'Manberg. Somehow, against all odds, they had won. It had been hard, with new autopsy reports and lying witnesses, and at one point Tubbo had been accused of treason himself! But they had done it, and now Techno was free to go home.

“I think we got you a great deal!” Tubbo said happily as they boated away. “As long as you stay in retirement, L’Manberg will leave you alone from now on.”

Indeed, that had been the resolution. Although Niki had also said that if he broke said resolution, he would be sent to “whiny baby jail”. She had said those words with such gravitas, and it was all Technoblade could’ve done to keep from laughing.

Now, he found himself genuinely smiling at Tubbo. “You could stay with me and Phil, you know. You’d do better away from that country, I think. Especially after they almost arrested you.”

Tubbo gave him a sad smile. “Maybe. But Wilbur made L’Manberg. It’s all we have left of him. So if I can preserve it, I will.”

“Hmm. Fine. Come to us when you change your mind.”

~

“That was new!” Tubbo said cheerfully, as he approached a now beardless Niki. “First time I’ve gotten a Techno who wasn’t my brother to like me while I was still the president.”

Niki smiled. “It was a lot of fun too! Even if it did take a lot of prep work. Tommy’s still laughing about the parrot bit.”

This loop, Tommy had wanted to try his hand at mass terraforming, like what the Hermits did. So Tubbo had “exiled” him, then immediately pointed out to Dream that he was under no obligation to follow Tommy to his exile. Tommy headed to a completely different area to terraform, and the other loopers and L’Manberg citizens constantly visited him and laughed as Dream searched fruitlessly for his target.

His sister’s smile faded a bit. “You know this Technoblade won’t really stay in retirement, right? These variants never do.”

“We can’t know that for sure,” Tubbo replied. “Besides, even if he does come back, we’ve got that covered. Sam was bored this loop and made a second prison. Whiny Baby Jail is a real thing, and it would be exactly what this Techno needs to start rethinking his stance on how he treats other people.”

9.3

“So I had an idea,” Sam said, looking up from his current tinkering. “I want to improve Pandora’s vault, seal off any potential weaknesses. It’s got anti-teleport charms, celestial bronze traps, and so much more now, but I don’t think it’s enough.”

Eret looked up from their newspaper curiously. “Sounds like more than enough to me. The prison works just fine in baseline without any additions.”

“Hey, extra precautions never hurt!” Tommy protested from next to Sam. This was another “Bad dad Philza” loop, as Tommy liked to call it, and as was increasingly common, Sam had adopted him as soon as possible. Niki suspected it wouldn’t be long before both of them realized they genuinely saw each other as family.

“This is more than a little though,” Tubbo pointed out. “What’s the problem you’re thinking of? Variant loops?”

“That’s part of it,” Sam agreed. “More than that, though, what if Dream one day starts looping?”

This sent the five loopers into an uneasy silence. Niki knew she wasn’t the only one to feel a shiver of fear run down her spine at the idea.

“So you want to make sure that Pandora’s vault is Dream-proof no matter what,” she ventured. “That’s a good idea!” The others quickly agreed.

“I was hoping you could help me with that,” Sam admitted. “See, the best way to figure out how to stop an escape attempt is to see one in action, right?”

Tubbo quickly caught on. “You want us to escape Pandora’s Vault.”

“Using all your looping abilities to do so,” Sam confirmed. “And maybe a couple times where you don’t if you’re willing. Just to cover all our bases.”

Eret looked excited. “I’m interested. We could call it Pandora’s Games.”

“Sounds fun!” Niki agreed. Tubbo nodded eagerly.

“Like an Escape Room, but a prison. I’m in.”

Tommy winced. “I’m not sure. It’s... the place doesn’t bring up good memories. I don’t like the idea of getting trapped there.”

“You don’t have to,” Sam assured him. “Would it be better if you helped me run the tests and look for those weak points from the outside?”

Tommy nodded, relieved. “Yeah, I can do that.”

~

The two of them stared at the hole in the prison wall.

“Looks like we win!” Tubbo cheered. Eret and Niki high fived.

Sam cleared his throat. “Alright, I’ve got a pretty good idea of what went wrong with the defense. We’re equipped for fire here, but not ice. That’s something I’ll be changing.” Eret nodded, snowflakes dancing around their hands. “Shoring up the tiny gaps as well, that smaller animals can run right through.” Niki smiled. “And also finding something stronger

for the walls. It's not going to be much of a challenge if Tubbo can just use his ender dragon abilities to break through."

9.4 (credit to acethesleepybunbun)

Eret Awoke as they woke up, which was definitely a weird feeling. Immediately, they noticed that they weren't wearing any of their usual outfits, and checked their loop memories.

Apparently, they were at some sort of orphanage with a bunch of other kids, no one older than the age of twelve. They had never left, they took tests all the time, and they all had numbers tattooed on their necks. Not a good sign.

And then... *Oh*. This was a farm. They were going to be fed to monsters. And they'd known about it for a long time.

They sent out a ping, and got one back in return. As everyone was heading towards the dining room, a girl with short orange hair bounded up to them, smiling. Emma, their memories supplied.

"Hey Eret! Are you alright?"

Eret nodded. "Just fine. Feeling a little loopy, is all. Just need to find an anchor to ground me is all."

Emma nodded, clearly having expected that answer. "Well, you found me. Keep up appearances until after everyone goes out to play tag, and we'll meet up in the woods to discuss."

~

"I have to ask," Eret said, when they met up later, "Do you all escape in baseline?"

Emma nodded. "We do. That doesn't always make it easier in the loops though. Mom's smart. Like, really smart. Unless we go guns blazing, she'll know that something is up."

"I'd have thought she'd figure it out that way as well," they noted, amused. Emma laughed sheepishly.

"Well yeah, but it doesn't really matter at that point. What we need to worry about is the tracking devices in our ears, training the other kids so that they can survive and escape better once we leave, and covering our tracks." Her expression darkened. "You're replacing Ray, so you know what's going on here already, and that helps. Norman's not awake this time, so he and I will be doing the thing in baseline that let us uncover what's happening." She grimaced.

"Connie," Eret guessed softly. They remembered that the little girl was being shipped out today.

Emma nodded somberly. “We can’t ever save her. Not if we want everyone else to survive. I don’t know what sick part of the loops decided a six year old had to die for our loop to progress, but I haven’t figured out how to change it yet.”

“That’s horrible,” was all Eret could manage to say. “I’m so sorry.”

Emma gave them a somber smile. “It’s alright. Well, it’s not, but we’ll figure something out eventually, I’m sure. Anyways, the loop lasts until we originally escaped, although I think we’re getting an expansion soon. I hope so, at least. The outside world keeps changing each loop, so it would be nice to have some stability.”

Eret felt a presence close by with the force, and Emma seemed to feel it too, as she suddenly stopped talking. “Looks like Norman found us. We’ll continue this discussion tomorrow, alright?”

“Fine by me.” The sooner they could get all the kids out of here, the better.

9.5

Tommy Awoke as normal, to the signing of the declaration of independence. There was a general buzz of cheerfulness in the air, and he was feeling pretty cheerful himself. In fact, he had a prank planned that he couldn’t wait to put into motion.

And then things went totally off the rails minutes later, when Dream came back with an agreement, allowing L’Manberg to become its own independent nation as long as Dream could put an embassy there.

Tommy and Tubbo watched, stunned, as Dream and Wilbur causally went over the details of the agreement. Eret leaned over to them. “Some variant loop, huh?”

“Maybe. That doesn’t feel right though,” Tubbo whispered back, and Tommy nodded. “Sam’s Awake, maybe he knows?”

~

“What, you made this happen?” Tommy repeated, a bit incredulous. “How?”

Sam smiled. “Well, this version of Dream is currently decent. I think it’s one of those loops where he spirals later on. So I just got a lot more involved. Tried to steer him away from such things. Looks like it worked out.” There was a look of relief in his eyes that Tommy didn’t miss.

“Was it fine? Dealing with him?” He wondered.

“It was,” Sam insisted. “I know what he became, but once upon a time, he was my friend. It’s not often I can save him from himself. When there’s a chance though, I have to try.”

9.6 (credit to BlueJayz)

Tubbo Awoke with his eyes closed. He opened them, found the action rather painful, and realized he still couldn't see anything.

Loop memories... ah. That explains it.

It seemed Technoblade had aimed a bit higher with the crossbow at the festival this loop, and now Tubbo was permanently blind. He was still president of New L'Manberg, though, so at least there was that.

And Tommy... Tommy had been deafened when Wilbur blew up L'Manberg.

Tubbo stretched out with the force, sensing as much as he could around him. Sent out a ping, and got one back in return - Tommy. Who was currently about to barge through the door - there he was. Tubbo managed not to jump back at the sudden noise.

<Tubbo! Please respond to this, I want to know if I can hear it.> He felt Tommy coming over, taking his hand.

<I can hear you, Toms. Can you hear me?>

Tommy breathed out a large sigh of relief. < Yeah. Okay, at least we've got this.>

<It won't be so bad,> Tubbo encouraged. <We can just stick together. You can warn me about things in my way, and I'll tell you what people are saying. We can make it work.>

A small pause, then <You're right.> Confidence slowly returned to Tommy's mental voice. <We can do this. We're gonna be fucking amazing.>

9.7

The moment Niki Awoke, she could feel *fear/desperation/hopelessness* rippling in waves through the force, and coming from both Tommy and Tubbo. Immediately, she reached out to try and find their location and followed the force to a small tree just inside the L'Manberg border.

Tommy was on the ground and shaking hard, trying to breathe. Tubbo was rubbing his back and talking to him quietly, his expression hollow.

Niki went and sat down on the other side of Tommy, and she could hear Tubbo muttering "You're out. You're safe, it's over. You're okay."

“I know,” Tommy said, his voice quivering. His breathing was evening out, but he was still shaking a bit.

Ender, how had she even thought about trying to hurt him in baseline? Had she been so twisted by trauma that her friends, her little brothers, didn't matter to her anymore?

She didn't voice that, instead settling for putting a steadying hand on Tommy's shoulder. “We're here for you. It's alright. It's going to be okay.”

“Is everything okay? What happened?” Niki looked up to see Eret and Sam running towards them, worry etched onto their faces.

“Maybe we could talk about this somewhere more private?” Tubbo suggested quietly. His voice sounded almost hoarse.

“We seem to have Awoken at the point in time where I'm already settled in, so we can go to my bake shop,” Niki offered.

Tubbo shot her a grateful look. “That would be awesome, thank you.”

Niki helped the two of them up, and Sam was right behind her, giving Tommy a steady hand. The five of them made their way to Niki's bakery, ignoring the curious stares of those around them.

It was only after copious amounts of blankets, cookies, and hot chocolate did Eret broach the topic. “Do either of you want to talk about what happened?” They asked gently.

Tommy frowned, but nodded slowly. “I dunno about Tubbo, but mine was a solo loop...” He trailed off, looking at Tubbo.

“So was mine,” admitted Tubbo. He gestured to Tommy. “You can go first, if you want.”

“...Yeah, okay.” He gripped the blankets, hands still quivering a bit. “So, yeah. It was a null loop. You know, the ones where you can't use any of your powers or access your pocket.” Niki nodded. She'd never liked those loops. “Well, I Awoke in exile. And I - I figured it would be fine anyways, right? I mean, I'm a lot more skilled than Dream now.”

“But- but this was some sort of variant, and he just - beat me down each time. I tried to escape like in baseline, and he kept me there. I couldn't fight back, I couldn't leave. It just kept going... eventually I - I just made a tower and jumped before he could stop me to end the loop.”

“Shit,” Eret said softly, before all of them were hugging Tommy. “I'm so sorry.”

“It's just, I thought I was over it. Tubbo and I are nearing ten thousand loops or something now, and I haven't had to deal with genuine exile in so long, and I can always beat Dream, but then this shit happens...”

“I'm so sorry,” Tubbo whispered hoarsely.

Tommy shook his head and rolled his eyes. “Not your fault. Again. Gonna say it until you believe it. Dream’s the one who did this to both of us.”

“Yeah. Sorry, I’m supposed to be comforting you, rather than the other way around.” A small burst of purple light, and Tubbo’s wings wrapped around Tommy like a hug. “We won’t let Dream near you this loop. Unless you want to kill him yourself.”

“Maybe later in the loop,” Tommy admitted. “I don’t really want to be near him right now.”

“Of course.” Sam ruffled his hair lightly. “Whatever you need, just ask.”

Tommy smiled, eyes watering. “Thanks, you guys. All of you. That means a lot to me.” He turned to Tubbo. “But, you said you had a solo loop as well?”

Tubbo shifted uncomfortably. “Yeah. Also a null loop. And a variant one.” He looked at their expecting faces, sighed, and continued. “In that loop, the egg was found in Manberg during, you know, Manberg. And a lot of the people got infected, including Schlatt.”

Eret winced. “That sounds like a mess.”

Tubbo smiled. There was no light in his eyes. “It was. Eventually they realized I was immune, so they pulled that whole “leave you in the egg until you love it” shtick that Bad enjoys. And so they left me in there. For weeks.” He sighed. “This was before the festival, too. So I starved to death twice before the loop ended.”

The four of them stared at him in absolute horror. Niki felt like she was going to throw up.

“Do you want a hug?” She asked tentatively.

“That would be nice, thank you.”

9.8

“So, where are we exactly? And why can Eret shoot hard light rainbows out of their hands?” Sam asked, as the five of them trekked around a beautiful garden with the loop anchor. They had run into her while making their way past the Ocean of Doubt and into the Fields of Inspiration. Currently they were walking through the Garden of Uden, which, according to their guide, showcased conflict on scales and times not familiar to humans.

“Ah, what Eret can do is called a Twist,” Alice explained. “It happens sometimes, when you spend long enough on the lower chessboards. As for where we are... I don’t suppose any of you have books on Wonderland in your loop?”

Tubbo’s eyes widened as he made the connection. “You’re that Alice! So this is some sort of Wonderland variation?”

Alice nodded, smiling, although she still looked a bit tense. “In a way. It’s not a variant loop, more just a different version of Wonderland that comes from the hub. It’s also much more dangerous than what you might be thinking of.”

What are we dealing with here, then?” Sam asked seriously.

“Think of these chessboards as layers of reality. Level Zero is our reality, and as the boards descend, the laws of Math and Physics get looser and looser. Almost everything here is out to kill you, and there are those called Caretakers on Chessboards five and Six who hate humanity, and each wants to do their own horrible thing to it. I’m just glad I found you before you all ended up there.”

“Sounds like a real mess,” Tommy winced. “What’s the goal here, then? How do we win?”

Alice smiled grimly. “By surviving, really. Technically, if you reach Chessboard Seven, you could ascend humanity into godhood, but that brings things a little too close to Ascension, so, not a good idea.”

Ascension with a capital A, Niki remembered, had only happened once, where apparently a girl named Madoka was tricked by her loop’s main villain into becoming an administrator, destroying her home loop in the process. Apparently someone else had attempted it, but didn’t follow through. It was still a scary thought.

She gestured to the garden in front of them. “We’ll follow your lead, then. No ascensions today.”

9.9

“Technoblade! Your delusions of anarchy end now!” From closeby on the obsidian grid, Techno turned to look at them, surprise written all over his face. Which made sense, considering they were there just as he and Dream and Phil had started to set up, rather than when they’d said they would destroy everything.

Still, he recovered quickly. “No, it’s your delusions that end now. You can’t stop us, even if you’re early.”

“That’s where you’re wrong.” Tubbo smiled. “You might be good at PvP, but together, we have a power you’ll never be able to match!”

Technoblade quirked an eyebrow. “Oh? And what kind of power is that?”

“I’m glad you asked.” And even more glad that apparently whenever someone made this speech, no one ever interrupted them. “There are six elements to this power, and we have them all right here.”

“Eret, who turned traitor in order to gain kingship before foregoing that and rejoining L’Manberg, represents the Element of Backstabbing!” Behind him, Eret held back a snort.

“Sam, who’s helped keep the SMP in line and even convinced more members to join L’Manberg, represents the Element of Diplomacy!”

“Karl, who created official offices that specific paperwork would have to get through in order to hold off the formation of an army, represents the Element of Bureaucracy!” A loop aware Karl tried and failed to hide a smile. (He’d been asked to join in on their prank, and had immediately said yes.)

“Niki, who provided wonderful baked goods that kept everyone going through tough nights, represents the Element of Working Class Dependency!”

“Tommy, who has continuously stood by the first and third presidents of L’Manberg, represents the Element of Unquestioning Loyalty!” Tommy stuck out his tongue at Techno while flipping Tubbo the bird. He tried not to laugh.

“Together, these elements combine to form the most powerful magic of all: the Magic of Government!”

“Bruh, what does that even mean-” And then Eret’s fiery rainbow beams hit him in the face.

Chapter End Notes

9.1 Sam the creeper man.

9.2 Phoenix Wright would be proud.

9.3 It's a legitimate concern and counterstrategy. And it keep's Sam's paranoia at bay.

9.4 The other side of the monster farm isn't nearly as fun. (The Promised Neverland)

9.5 Old friendships don't fade so easily, sometimes.

9.6 Dream assumed taking down L'Manberg with be easier with Tubbo in charge. He was very wrong.

9.7 Loops aren't always fun.

9.8 JAGS Wonderland is a terrifying place to be.

9.9 ...What do you mean that's not how it goes?

10.0

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay! We'll be back on schedule now with regular updates, and I decided this chapter would be a bit special. As a thanks for being patient. I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

10.1 (credit to SafraBerries)

“Purpled! There you are!”

Purpled groaned and looked up to see Tommy and Tubbo grinning at him. He'd thought they'd have drifted apart after the L'Manberg war started, and he was never really close to Tommy to begin with, but it seemed that they'd only gotten more insistent on him joining them.

“What do you want this time?” He asked, trying to put as much uninterest in his voice as he possibly could.

The two of them still didn't seem to notice. “We're making our own little drug cartel with Jack and Quackity,” Tommy informed him. “You should join us, man! We could use your skills.”

Purpled narrowed his eyes. “And if I say that I'm not interested?”

Tubbo simply grabbed his hand, faster than Purpled could snatch it away. “Well, then you're gonna be coming with us anyways. Us minors need to stick together, you know.”

Fantastic. Purpled didn't want to stick together with them. He wanted to do his own thing! Somehow though, the two of them seemed to have become so much more skilled during the short revolution that he couldn't put up much of a fight.

...Maybe if he did stick around, he could find out just how they did that, and learn a thing or two. Not for any other reason though.

~

“I can't believe you've done this to me,” Purpled groaned, slamming his head into his hands. Tubbo simply laughed as the two of them headed towards spawn.

Back when they'd first started insisting that he join them in their adventures, he'd thought it was going to be a once-or-twice type of thing. He didn't imagine that they'd be dragging him along through everything for almost an entire year!

Somehow he'd ended up living in L'Manberg, joining Pogtopia, being a cabinet member for the reconstructed nation, and fighting Technoblade, Dream, and Philza Minecraft during Doomsday. And those were just the big events. Never mind all the smaller shenanigans he'd been dragged into!

...He did have to admit that it was fun, though. And people certainly seemed to know and respect him more than if he'd left well alone like he'd intended.

"You're our friend, Purpled. Of course we did this to you!" Tubbo smiled, as though he wasn't just as chaotic as Tommy was under that veneer of innocence. "Besides, there's someone who heard about all our exploits, and now they want to meet you."

That got Purpled's attention. "Oh? And who is this person?"

"You'll see." They reached spawn, where someone seemed to be stepping out of the portal. They had a helmet on, so Purpled couldn't see their face, but they looked familiar, somehow.

"Purpled Bedwars?" They said, and Purpled jolted, because he recognized that voice. He would know it from anywhere.

No way. No fucking way.

"Hello?" He finally managed. "Yeah, that's me."

He was pretty sure the helmeted man smiled. "It's nice to meet you. I've heard a lot about you from Tommy and Tubbo. I'm Xisuma, inventor of Bedwars."

Next to him, Tubbo smiled, as if this was totally normal. As if knowing *Xisuma* was no big deal.

...Holy shit, Purpled was meeting Xisuma, inventor of Bedwars. He kind of wanted someone to pinch him.

Maybe being dragged along by those two all year was worth it after all.

10.2 (credit to Novadust)

Tommy Awoke while in some sort of row, a drill inspector moving from person to person, shouting insults at them. He seemed to be wearing some sort of tan jacket, and when he sent out a ping, he got four in return. Curiously, he checked his loop memories.

...Ah. This was the infamous Attack on Titan loop. He'd watched the show, of course. He'd wondered what it would be like to loop in here.

Kind of awful, was the answer. Apparently his entire village had been destroyed by titans when the wall fell. Him and Tubbo were the only survivors, with their older brother Techno

surviving due to already being in the Survey Corps.

When Shadis was grilling the recruits, he skipped right over both Tommy and Tubbo. Tommy understood why.

~

Later that night, they finally met one of the anchors for the loop, Armin Alert, who seemed as curious about them as they were about him.

“It’s unusual to have more than one anchor for a single time period,” Armin admitted. “There’s three of us here because our world’s code got damaged and all three of us were needed to stabilize it, but usually if a world has more than one anchor, it’s for different periods in time.”

“We’re not exactly sure why there’s two of us either,” Tubbo admitted. “Although our current best guess is that either one of us might’ve gone a little crazy if we had to spend too many loops alone.”

“I still don’t think you would’ve gone crazy,” Tommy refuted. “You’re not the type.”

Tubbo smiled. “Thanks for your confidence, really. But that is our best guess at the moment.”

Armin looked thoughtful. “That does make sense, in a way. After what happened with anchor’s like Naoki, the admins have been trying to keep their anchors from being pushed to insanity. Still, whatever the case, it is nice to meet some fellow co-anchors.” He sobered up. “There is something you should know, though. The titans we’re training to fight-”

“They’re really humans,” Tommy interrupted. “We know. We read, watch, and play as many stories as we can when we’re in the hub, so we won’t be as surprised when we loop in places. We also know that if we don’t fight them now, they’re going to kill us and everyone around us.”

Armin raised an eyebrow. “You’re taking this well.”

Tubbo shrugged. “We fight in wars every loop. It’s not as bad as yours, sure, but it still sucks. We’ll protect ourselves and our friends, even if it does suck.” He brightened. “I do have an idea to make things easier, though. What if we set up a spawn point?”

“Do you think you could do that?”

“We could try, at least. It would certainly prevent a lot of casualties.”

“Perks of Minecraft, I suppose.” Armin thought about it. “Sure, why not. Worst case scenario, it doesn’t work. Until we do start fighting though, try and go through training as normally as possible. You might be fighters, but you still need to learn how to use our gear.”

“Of course.”

10.3 (credit to Minty)

“What do you think?” Tubbo wondered, as he looked around where his new house was to be constructed. “Wood, stone, or other?”

“Why not a mix of all three?” Squeeks offered. “That would be very pretty!”

“Good idea.” Tubbo ruffled his fox’s fur, to Squeeks’ delight.

It seemed in this variant loop, everyone had one of their pets as a true companion, rather than a simple animal friend. Squeeks was fun-loving and crafty, Fungi was a sleepy cuddlebug, Henry was a giant sweetheart, and Fran was essentially a mom friend.

There were other sentient pets as well, of course. It seemed everyone who’d had a pet at some point had at least one. And even Sapnap didn’t kill those types of pets. But Squeeks, Fungi, Henry, and Fran were the only ones who knew about the loops.

And even if this was just one variant loop that wouldn’t last... Tubbo was really enjoying it.

(Almost as much as Niki was. Her absolute delight at finally having a loop where Fungi didn’t die could be felt in the force from anywhere in the SMP.)

10.4 (credit to AFriendlyGhost)

“This is so exciting!” Tubbo bounced on the tips of his toes, beaming up at the Captain. “I can’t believe we’re finally looping here!”

Jordan smiled and ruffled his duckling’s hair. “It’s exciting for me too. I can’t wait to show you all the things I’ve learned here.” He leaned in closer, a mischievous twinkle in his eyes. “Like how to become absolutely op in this server.”

“Don’t you dare!” Iskall snapped, from where they were talking to Stress and Ren. “One of you is enough!”

“And if you’re telling Tubbo, you’d better tell me too!” Tommy added, to Iskall’s obvious horror.

“Oh come on,” Jordan laughed. “We’re all op at this point anyways. And Ash and HBomb aren’t here, so it’s not like we need to pretend to be worse than we are. Why not go all out?”

“I’m also really excited for the biomes,” Tubbo admitted. “We’ve had the “Biomes ‘O Plenty” mod, but not “Oh the Biomes You’ll Go”. And new biomes are always really fun to explore.”

“And the new weapons! Don’t forget the new weapons,” Tommy added. I think we should bring a lot of these back to the others in the SMP. Niki would totally love the cutlass, ‘cause of Puffy. And Eret could always use some new daggers, and Sam could totally use that Gravity Hammer.”

“Don’t worry.” Jordan grinned. “You’ll be bringing home more than you can imagine.”

The two boys cheered, Stress and Ren laughed, and Iskall groaned with their head in their hands.

10.5 (credit to funtimesinfiction)

“You know, I didn’t imagine farming slimes could be this much fun,” Tommy admitted, as he shot more of the slimes into their new pen.

“It certainly helps that these aren’t anything like the slimes we’re used to,” Tubbo agreed. “And they’re very cute! With so many different kinds as well!”

“Not to mention this has been pretty relaxing.” Sam jogged over, having just upgraded their ranch. “Plus, I’m pretty sure one of those Quantum Slimes is Karl, considering it’s purple and green, and keeps sticking around me no matter what the other slimes are doing.”

“What exactly are those things?” George wondered, looking at the large ranch settled on the outskirts of L’Manberg.

“Slimes, duh.” Tubbo said, perched atop the tallest building in the ranch. “What, have you never seen these types of slimes before? You must not get out much.”

George decided not to rise to the bait. “And... why are you building a ranch with so many of them?” Next to him, Sapnap had a familiar glint in his eyes as he looked at the slimes, one that told George most of the cute creatures wouldn’t be surviving for much longer.

“Isn’t it obvious?” Tommy straightened up with a grin. “I’m the Slime Guardian, guardian of the slimes.”

“Sapnap quivers before him,” Sam added helpfully.

Tommy produced a giant frosty claymore from seemingly out of nowhere and charged at George’s friend. “*Fuck off!*”

10.6 (credit to BlueSheepy)

Eret sighed contentedly as they curled up in a patch of sunlight, tail wrapping around them. “You know? As weird as this was to begin with, I’m kind of enjoying it now.”

“As someone who’s used to turning into animals, all I can say is welcome to the club,” Niki teased, padding over. “Somehow I’m not surprised that you ended up as a cat.”

“Cats are wonderful, thank you,” They shot back. “I’m perfectly happy to be a cat. Honestly, you being a fox is more unexpected.”

“Hey, I can be very crafty!” She laid down next to her sibling. “You should see Tommy, though. He’s furious that he keeps ending up as a racoon in these types of loops.”

Eret snickered. “Of course. And Tubbo? Sam?”

“Sam seems to be a dog. No surprise there. And Tubbo-”

“Is da bee!” Tubbo cheered, landing on top of Niki. “Honestly it was only a matter of time. I’m so happy right now.”

What made it all even better was the fact that there were no wars, no fighting, this loop. Just a bunch of animals living together in harmony, and three siblings that could spend time together without the world trying to tear them apart.

10.7 (credit to YHN017 and GalaxyBreath)

“You know, when you invited me to join Business Bay, this wasn’t what I was expecting,” Deo admitted, looking up at the sprawling nation in front of him.

Tommy shrugged. “What did you expect then? The goal is to expand our land and build up our nation and such. And we have already taken over the Antarctic empire, as well as pretty much all of Europe, and a lot of Asia.”

“Hey no, it’s really cool! It’s just, you beat up *Technoblade*. Constantly.” Deo nudged him lightly. “Last time I saw you, we were in Hypixel, and you weren’t really close to that skill level.” He looked around again. “Or this terraforming level. I’m really impressed! No wonder so many people have joined your faction.” There was a strange pulse of sadness in the force. “I didn’t realize so much had changed.”

Tommy frowned. It wasn’t like it was Deo’s fault or anything. But although he would never say it out loud, the person Deo knew didn’t really... exist. At least not anymore.

SMP Earth was only an occasional variant, and even then, it was mostly just background in a realm or server-loop. Tommy hardly ever actually lived through the events of this realm, and when he did, it was just a prelude to his time in the Dream SMP.

He couldn't claim to be the Tommy Deo was friends with. He certainly didn't feel like the Tommy Deo was friends with.

He could try though. And Tubbo had contacted him, saying he was heading to the server soon and joining their faction, which meant the two could kill some gods together as they took over the world.

Not to mention beating up Phil and Techno without having to worry about any brotherly connection was massively cathartic.

It wouldn't be so bad, he told himself. At the very least, he could try.

10.8 (credit to Runic_Centra)

"Okay, crash course. This is sort of based around an otome game, and I was supposed to be the main villain, but obviously I didn't do that, and ended up sort of being the protagonist instead," Katarina informed the new looper, as they headed to class together. "The girl you're replacing, Maria, was the original protagonist."

"But I'm not now?" Niki stressed. Katarina nodded, and her new friend sighed with relief. "Thank Ender. I'm sure everyone is very nice and all, but I have a partner back home, and even though she's not looping, I'm not interested in anyone else."

Katarina smiled. "I totally understand. Maria and I actually started dating recently, so making sure to keep every other friendship strictly platonic when the others aren't awake has been my goal for a while. I hope your partner starts looping soon."

It had been a little complicated, when the others started looping. But thankfully, it had only deepened all their friendships in the end. Not to mention that they'd all been so excited when they started doing fused loops, improving and refining their magic.

"Thank you." Niki still looked relieved. "I'll follow your lead, then? You know your loop a lot better than I could, after all."

"Of course! You can count on me," Katarina promised.

10.9 (credit to xEverlee)

Tubbo Awoke in a bed of yellow flowers, looking up a distant sky. He sat up, stretched, and consulted his looping memories. Apparently, he had tripped and fallen down Mt. Ebott, having gone up to explore, even though he knew people disappeared from there.

That sounded like something he would do. Tubbo pushed himself to his feet, feeling sore all over, before pulling out a healing potion from his pocket and downing it, letting the bruises wash away. Then he headed for what seemed to be the only exit to the hole he found himself in.

He sent out a ping and got one back, sort of. It just seemed to rattle around in his head a bit.

~

After a strange encounter with a maniacal flower and a much sweeter meeting with Toriel, Tubbo finally discovered what was up with the ping.

He faced the Dummy as Toriel instructed, and - *Oh! You've encountered the Dummy!*

Tubbo blinked at the familiar voice. *Grian?*

Yeah, it's me! I'm sort of in your head? Or attached to your soul. Or something, I'm not sure. I'm basically just a narrating ghost. Don't mind me!

Tubbo couldn't help but smile. He'd had a variant loop with Watchers a little while back, and it was thanks to Grain that he'd made it through with his sanity intact. After that, he couldn't help but consider Grain like something of an older brother. *Alright then, narrate away.*

Why thank you!

10.10 (credit to kuragir_i)

"We've got a visitor," Sam informed them all, as the time when they would've had to rebuild a still standing L'Manberg had passed. "I wouldn't say they're unexpected, because really, we should've seen this coming, but still."

"Oh?" Tommy perked up. "Who is it?" Niki was the only one who wasn't awake this time, but he still missed having her around, and a different looper sounded exciting.

"Here, I'll show you. Follow me." Sam led Tommy out of his dirt house and down the road, towards where Connor usually resided.

Rather than the onesie-wearing man, an actual blue hedgehog was putting the finishing touches on his new house. He turned to them with a smile. "Hello! Sorry I haven't been introducing myself to everyone, I've been feeling a little loopy."

"Both of us have too, don't worry. I can anchor you, if you need." Tommy grinned, delighted. "I can see why Sam wasn't surprised that you ended up here."

Sonic looked amused. "He did mention that. Something about the person I'm replacing dressing like me. Is there anything in this world I should be on the lookout for?"

“Well, either Technoblade or Dream usually try to destroy L’Manberg,” Sam offered.
“Usually it’s both of them working together. We can always stop them, but we certainly wouldn’t mind the extra help.”

“It does sound fun,” Sonic agreed. “Alright. If it happens while I’m here, count me in.”

~

There was a brief moment of terror running through the defenders of L’Manberg, as the withers were being set to spawn, and tnt was starting to rain down on them.

And then people blinked, and the wither statues were all messed up, with their skulls cracked, and the redstone on the obsidian grid was dismantled. A flash of blue, and Dream and Techno were knocked out cold.

The current loopers laughed at everyone’s befuddlement, and Sonic appeared next to them again. “Alright, that was fun. ice cream, anyone?”

10.11 (credit to KiwiRen)

Niki had just finished knocking out Bowser when the wall with the locked door exploded, and two familiar figures ran into the room.

“Sorry we’re late,” Tubbo offered, dressed in all red and looking both amused and sheepish.

“You’re here early, actually,” Niki assured them. “I just decided I didn’t want to wait around anymore. You both look a little frazzled, though. Everything alright?”

Tommy huffed, looking pissed in all green. “I swear to fucking Ender, if I have to hear that “You’re sister’s in another castle” Bullshit one more *fucking* time-!”

“We’ve been through a lot of castles,” Tubbo explained. “Eventually we just locked onto your force signature and brought out the magic wrecking balls.”

10.12 (credit to MVickery)

“Alright gang!” Sam announced. “It’s time to see what’s inside this egg, so we can know what’s been controlling everything from the very beginning.”

The five of them huddled around as Sam took out his extremely enchanted pickaxe and broke down the outside of the egg.

Inside, they found a tiny control room, with screens and monitors everywhere, someone - *something*? Working at the controls.

“No way,” Tommy breathed. “Spirit? Dream’s horse? You were behind everything the whole time?”

Spirit turned to them with a horse-y scowl. “And I would’ve gotten away with it too, if it weren’t for you meddling players!”

Chapter End Notes

10.1 Freaking others out with their connections to famous people is a fun pastime. So is continuously bothering said others beforehand.

10.2 The truth is, it's a mix of Tubbo's theory, and straightening out a few glitches. Otherwise, they would've had one anchor.

10.3 The one loop where Fungi doesn't die.

10.4 Poor Iskall can't nerf his friends anymore.

10.5 Sapnap didn't manage to kill a single slime. Ponk killed one on accident and suffered Tommy's wrath.

10.6 Some good old relaxation.

10.7 SMP Earth is a bit awkward for everyone. It's hardest on Tommy, however.

10.8 A new friend!

10.9 They ran pacifist, of course. Might expand on the Watcher loop later.

10.10 Gotta go fast.

10.11 Next Level: Saving Eret from his castle.

10.12 Those meddling kids!

11.0

Chapter Notes

At this point I'm honestly thinking of adding the BAMF Tubbo and Tommy tags. For accuracy purposes.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

11.1

“So, you know Hermitcraft, right?”

Niki looked at Eret, amused. “Well, we’ve all met them plenty of times by now, so yeah, I’d say so.” And no, she wasn’t a bit sore that nearly all the current Hermits were now looping, no sir.

“Sometimes when I Wake during exile and run away, I find myself there for some reason,” Tommy added helpfully. “I usually just go and grab Tubbo then and we have a vacation loop.”

“Well, yeah.” Eret coughed awkwardly. “I was just thinking, all of their stuff is beautiful. And it’s only gotten more whimsical and wild since they started looping. Meanwhile, besides Pandora’s Vault and Foolish’s Builds and New L’Manberg and Snowchester, the Dream SMP is...”

“Ugly, and filled with creeper holes?” Tubbo offered.

Tommy pouted. “Don’t forget my cobblestone towers. They’re not ugly.”

“Honestly, I’m more disturbed that after thousands of loops, you still think of those cobblestone builds as good-looking,” Tubbo shot back lightly.

“Hey!” Tommy elbowed him hard, and Tubbo just laughed. They all knew Tommy had improved his builds in general, especially when he was going for something like the Big Innit Hotel. The sole exception was his refusal to part from cobblestone builds.

“Seriously though, I like the idea.” Tubbo grinned. “Let’s spiffy up the place. We’ve got a while before Wilbur and Techno are gonna try and blow it up.”

11.2

Tommy stared blankly at the scene in front of him.

He wouldn't say things played out as they did in baseline, because they always changed things up at least before exile, and usually earlier, but it was a near constant fact that Dream or Techno, usually both, would try and destroy L'Manberg. And it wasn't uncommon for Techno to bring a hound army with him.

It was just...

"Go, my feline army!" Techno laughed, as a massive swarm of cats jumped all over everyone. Tommy immediately sent out a blast of chain lightning (he'd learned to stop feeling so bad about Techno's pets after the first hundred times or so of being murdered by them), but Ender was it strange to see.

Especially since almost a third of the cats were just sitting there and lazing around, despite Techno's frustrated commands for them to get moving. Those, Tommy decided, he would very much leave alone.

On reflex, Eret pulled up a wall of ice to protect themselves, Niki, and Fundy from the stampede. That didn't mean they were any less confused. "But, how? And, *why*?"

The questions were directed at Technoblade's massive army of sheep, trampling over just about everything and headbutting people left and right.

Fundy twitched. "At least it's not foxes, I guess. Could be worse."

"Don't tempt him," Niki joked, although she looked just as confused as they were.

"*What the fuck is wrong with him!?*" Was a screech that could be heard throughout the battlefield.

Tubbo hovered above the ground, sending fireballs towards the creatures with his keyblade. <You know you could defeat them easily, Tommy.>

<Well excuse me for not being prepared for fucking *killer rabbits!*> Tommy snarked back, desperately swinging at the little creatures clawing up his legs.

"I'll admit," Sam huffed, cutting through another of Techno's army. "I'm kind of curious as to how he pulled this off."

Niki winced. "Loop variations don't make sense. That's the only way I see this working. She slid easily behind Sam, slicing through another enderman with her lightsaber. "I mean, an Enderman army? Totally shouldn't be possible. Also, totally cheating."

"You're a druid, right?" Sam said. "Do you think you could control the monsters?"

Niki's expression went from annoyed to thoughtful.

A minute later, Technoblade, Dream, and Philza were fleeing from L'Manberg, followed by a massive army of angry Endermen.

“What is it with Techno and his animals these past few loops?” Tommy sighed, sprawling out dramatically on Tubbo’s bed.

Tubbo sat down next to him, swinging his legs over the side. “You know, maybe we should fight fire with fire. Make our own animal army.”

Tommy looked up at him curiously. “You have any specific ideas in mind?”

Tubbo’s grin could almost be described as malicious. “Well, Doomsday is a beautiful day for Dream and Techno, yeah? So how about we get some horrible geese?”

11.3

“It’s super unpredictable,” Karl admitted, relaxing in Sam’s house. “I don’t choose when or where I time travel, it just sort of happens. And it’s usually not a very fun trip. For me, at least.” The mad town, the city of Mizu, the mansion... they still haunted Karl’s dreams sometimes.

Sam nodded. “It’s a bit different for us. There seems to be a set point in time we usually loop back from, although when we Awake in the past can differ a bit.”

And they got to keep their memories. Karl wished he wasn’t so jealous of that. It was terrifying, that he one day might forget who he was. That was one thing he couldn’t tell Sam about. Not yet.

“How about a story swap?” Sam offered. “You tell me about your adventures, and I’ll share some of mine?”

“That sounds fair to me.” Despite himself, Karl smiled. “Well, one of my time jumps landed me in this small village where everything went crazy...”

11.4 (credit to The_LiBEARian)

As was always the case when Sam Awoke in an unfamiliar place, his first order of business was to check his loop memoires.

Okay. 14 year old Demigod son of Hephaestus. Currently living full time at Camp Half Blood. This is his current father’s cabin. Interesting enough, and although Sam cringed a bit

at the memories explaining why he lived at camp all year-round, it wasn't anything new for him.

What was new was the bed, which had everything he could ever dream of and more, and apparently could lower into an underground room that was just for him. And his Unawake self had built all of it. Curiously, he sent out a ping, and got six responses, two close by.

Sam had a feeling he was going to learn a lot, this loop.

~

He was finishing climbing the lava wall (a rock climbing wall with lava that didn't really hurt. Could he make one of those back home?) When two young boys came running up to him from the direction of the Hermes Cabin.

One of them he recognized immediately. "Tubbo!"

Tubbo beamed and rushed to meet him. "Sam! This is Percy, he's the loop anchor."

"It's good to meet you," Percy said, holding out his hands. "Percy Jackson. Yet to be claimed son of Posiedon."

"Sam. Son of Hephaestus this time, usually not a demigod." They shook hands, and Sam turned to Tubbo. "Do you know...?"

"Yup. Son of Hecate. Probably because the whole boundaries and magic and such lines up at least a little with Ianite." Tubbo moved his fingers in a circular motion, and something seemed to shimmer around them. "It's very cool! I can't wait to get better at this type of magic. There isn't a cabin for her though, so I'm staying in the Hermes Cabin."

Percy winced. "Sorry about that. Cabins for minor gods don't usually get built until after the war with Kronos. Speaking of which," he looked at both of them. "In a few years, there's going to be a battle here at camp, and it's a pretty nasty one. We're at war with Kronos' forces for about a year after that, culminating in a massive battle for Manhattan. If you want to dip out to somewhere safer before then, let me know."

Tubbo shrugged. "I'm fine with staying. We fight in wars all the time at home."

"I'll stay as well," Sam decided. If nothing else, he wanted to look after Tubbo. And there were the other pings to think of as well.

~

They found the next two loopers a couple years later. Percy had gone on the past two quests with his normal crew, leaving Tubbo and Sam to do their own thing, but when Percy and his friends were called up to retrieve some new half bloods, Tubbo ended up joining in, his ability to manipulate the mist to a decent extent being useful there.

It was after they'd met and helped rescue the two siblings (although one didn't seem to need help, and it became clear fast that the boy, Nico, was looping,) and settled down in the camp

of the Hunters of Artemis for a moment did Tubbo find another of his home loopers.

“Tubbo!” Tubbo looked up from where he was sitting to find Niki, wearing a silver puffy vest and emitting that soft glow all the hunters had. “It’s great to see you!”

Tubbo jumped to his feet and hugged her. “You too! You’re a hunter this time?”

“Yeah. I Awoke as one. Mom is Demeter though, so that’s even more control over plants than I had before.” Niki smiled fondly. “It’s good to finally see another looper. I heard all the pings, but they were pretty faint.”

“Percy and Nico are looping,” Tubbo informed her, nodding towards where the two boys were in the tent with Artemis herself. “And Sam is back at Camp Half Blood. We haven’t found the other two yet though.”

Niki squeezed his hands. “I’m sure we will.”

~

The final two loopers were found in a rather unusual way.

Percy and Nico had told them about Camp Jupiter, of course, although they’d also told Tubbo, Sam, and Niki to keep quiet about it for now. Apparently the two camps weren’t supposed to meet until much later.

Then again, Tommy had never cared for the rules.

As Reyna and her fellow Praetor talked with Chiron and the camp counselors about plans for the final battles with Kronos, Eret and Tommy slid up to them in the back.

“Long time no see,” Tommy smirked, nudging Tubbo lightly. Eret squeezed Tubbo’s shoulder, and Sam pulled Tommy in for a quick hug.

“Long time no see,” Tubbo agreed. “You got the native loopers a bit confused. Apparently the “Jason” fellow you’re replacing should’ve been Praetor with Reyna by now.”

Tommy shrugged nonchalantly. “Never could follow the rules well enough for it. Also I did keep fighting people who called Eret two-faced because of their dad.”

“And I do appreciate it,” Eret said fondly. “We do have a war to win though. Will the hunters they mentioned be there?”

“They will,” Sam confirmed. “Niki told us via iris message. Although you two will be fighting in California while we’re in New York.”

Tommy waved that off. “We’ll see each other anyways afterwards, so it’s fine.”

Reyna and Annabeth shook hands. It was time to put everything they had learned in this loop to action.

11.5

It wasn't often, Eret mused, that Tommy and Tubbo looked so out of it at the beginning of a standard loop. He also couldn't help but notice that Tubbo was carefully avoiding Wilbur's eyes as he passed the declaration back to him.

"What happened to you two?" They asked, as soon as the three of them were out of the camarvan.

"Mule bits," Tubbo muttered unevenly. "So much mule - I'll never be able to look at a donkey again."

A long strangled sigh was Tommy's answer. "It's best you don't know. Trust me on that."

11.6 (credit to Hanayou343)

"So... where are we, exactly?"

Tubbo looked at the twilight-lit forest around them. "Loop memories say that we took a totally new portal to get here, and this place is called the Twilight Forest. I think it's probably a mod of some sort."

"That would make sense," Niki agreed. Next to her, Eret checked their inventory and pulled out their dual crossbows. "Think it'll be filled with next and exciting adventures?"

Tubbo smiled. "Only one way to find out, I think. Plus, the place is just really pretty in general. Might be a nice place to settle for a little while."

~

"You know, when we talked about settling for a little while, I didn't realize that meant taking over and remodeling the Litch Tower," Eret mused. "Not that I'm complaining."

"Says the one who always has to live in a castle of some sort," Niki ribbed.

Eret put their hands up in surrender. "That's why I said I wasn't complaining! Plus, turning that Naga courtyard into a wonderland-themed courtyard was really inspired, I have to say." Niki laughed and gave her sibling a mock-curtsey.

Tubbo checked their map. "Alright, after this is the swamps, I think. Then it looks like we'll be headed to the Dark Forest to fight some goblins, and after that we're headed to the Aurora Palace to fight the Snow Queen." He lowered the map. "Now *that* I'm looking forward to."

“Lets go get our Snow Palace again!” Niki cheered.

“Hey. Hey, Sam.”

Sam coughed. “Yes, Tommy?”

“Say someone said that Dream could only escape his prison when pigs fly-”

“Please don’t say that, Tommy.”

Tommy laughed, riding his newly tamed flying pig, and admiring his Phoenix Armor. Sam, decked out in Valkyrie armor, watched him from his spot next to their steadily improving home.

Who knew this Aether place could be so much fun?

11.7

“How do you manage it?”

“Hmm?” Sam looked over at Karl, who was absentmindedly flipping through one of his journals. “Manage what?”

“You know,” Karl waved an arm around. “All this. With me it’s - I go to places, and then I go somewhere in between time, and then I come back. But with you, you just relive the same time period over and over again. Don’t you ever feel trapped? How do you deal with the fact that nothing you do matters? Are we all just - Ender, we must be so boring to you guys.”

Sam frowned and quickly made his way over to his friend. “Hey, what’s this about? We don’t think any of you are boring. Sure, reliving the same events over and over gets repetitive kinda quickly, but the people don’t. Did one of us do something to make you feel that way?”

Karl blinked, then sighed, closing his book. “No, you didn’t. I’m sorry, I just - it’s hard, okay? Knowing that eventually time will reset, and I’m going to be doing the same things all over again. That I’ll figure out the time loop, but I won’t remember the past time loops. Knowing I’m going to forget everything in a few months is hard. We might’ve even had this conversation before, and I wouldn’t know it.” He paused. “Stop me if we’ve had this conversation before.”

“We haven’t,” Sam assured him. “I didn’t even think about that. About knowing of the loops but not remembering them. I’m so sorry, Karl.” He sighed. “I wish I could change this.”

“I’m already - it feels like I’m losing myself, with my time travel,” Karl whispered hoarsely, looking down at his book. “But I’m just going to forget everything. I won’t remember being with Sapnap and Quackity. Or my library, or the new friends I’ve made, or anything else.”

Sam pulled him into a hug. Karl stiffened, but leaned in after a moment. “I’m so sorry. I really am.” An idea struck him, then. “You know, there might be a way to make things easier.” He tapped Karl’s notebook. “If you give one of us a notebook before the loop ends, we can carry it over to the next one, and give it to you then. That way you can help your future self along.”

Karl slowly pulled away, eyes widening with hope. “That sounds amazing, actually. I’ll - I’ll get on that.”

11.8

“Tubbo! Big T, big man. You’re good at building and decorating things, right?”

Tubbo quirked an eyebrow at his best friend. “I’d say so, yeah. Why, need something built and decorated?”

Tommy nodded. “I’ll commission you for it, it’ll be great. I want it to look very cool.”

“Alright, okay,” Tubbo laughed, leaning back up against the wall of his jungle base. “What exactly am I getting for this “commission”, if you don’t mind me asking?”

Tommy tapped his chin in thought. “Four loops of relaxing while I take care of all the main issues for you.”

“Sounds like a deal to me.” Tubbo pulled himself to his feet. “So, what’s the project?”

One of the many differences between an inventory and a subspace pocket was that one could enter a subspace pocket. Tommy grabbed Tubbo’s hand and pulled him into his.

“I need something to store all my disks,” he explained, gesturing to the many disks laying around the pocket. “They’re all over the place. And sure, I can always summon them just fine, but it would be nice if they had a place to go when not in use.”

“Tommy...” Tubbo trailed off, looking around him. “Just how many disks do you have?”

“2,341 of Mellohi, 2,287 of Cat, 342 of Blocks, 219 of Pigstep, and about a hundred of everything else,” Tommy said promptly.

Tubbo took in a long breath. “Right. Okay. I’m gonna need five relaxation loops for this.”

“... Yeah, that’s fair.”

11.9 (credit to midnightspookers)

“At this point I think you’re just flexing on him,” Sam said quietly, amused, as Dream was forced to concede defeat for the seventh time. “He can definitely tell you’re toying with him, at least.”

“Oh, I know,” Tubbo assured him, resetting the chess pieces to their original places on the board. “Dream’s not like Techno, he’s not nearly as obsessed with symbolism, but breaking him through chess is still a good demoralizer, I’ve learned.”

Plus, he’s had thousands of years of practice. He’s been in plenty of chess tournaments and won many of them. And he knows Dream’s moves like the back of his hand. He could beat the other man in his sleep.

As Dream left, he turned to Sam with a grin. “Did I ever tell you about my favorite chess match with another looper? It was really recent, and I was totally crushed, but it was still a lot of fun. I learned more from him than I’ve learned from pretty much anyone else when it comes to chess.”

“You? Crushed?” Sam joked. “Well now I’m interested. Who was this mystery person?”

Tubbo grinned. “Well, he’s from the Gargoyle’s universe. And his name is David Xanatos.”

11.10

“You still haven’t told us where you’re taking us,” Phil said dryly, as Tommy pulled him, a still-alive Wilbur, and a grumpy Technoblade along.

“I thought of a great idea for a family activity,” Tommy chirped, putting on his most excited smile. “I was going over a few options, right? And this one seemed like it had the most potential to bring us all together after everything that happened.”

Techno raised an eyebrow. “You mean with Wilbur nearly spiraling into paranoia and never trusting me?”

“You mean how Techno set withers on L’Manberg, thus proving my suspicions correct?” Wilbur shot back.

“Boys,” Phil admonished, and they both huffed.

“All of that is what I mean,” Tommy agreed. Really, he’d been waiting a while for this - a solo-realm loop where they were all family, and cared at least enough about each other to listen. “Anyways, here we are!”

The others stopped dead in front of the building, mouths open wide with surprise. Tommy smirked. “See? An activity the whole family can do together.”

“Tommy, this is a therapist’s office.”

“And you fuckers need it!”

Chapter End Notes

11.1 They left Ninja's house as it was. Just to bother Iskall.

11.2 Defeating the Doomsday trio was remarkably easy. The hard part was getting the geese to leave L'Manberg alone afterwards.

11.3 Two different kinds of time travel.

11.4 Tommy would've had more fun replacing Jason if it didn't just feed into the whole "lightning" gag. (Percy Jackson)

11.5 Mule Bits.

11.6 Once royals of a snowy kingdom, always royals of a snowy kingdom.

11.7 Being loop aware can suck, sometimes.

11.8 He has loops where he just stuffs the disks in his pocket the moment he gets his hands on them.

11.9 Learning from the best. (Gargoyles)

11.10 He's not wrong, is he?

12.0

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

12.1

There was someone else, in the place of Dream. That was the first thing that Tommy noticed.

She was waiting outside the camarvan, in a cream-colored hoodie rather than a green one, long brown hair in a side ponytail, and no mask. Curious, Tommy sent out a ping, and received two in return - one from right next to him, Tubbo, and the other from just outside the camarvan.

The declaration was handed to her, and she looked it over for a moment, before giving Wilbur a sweet smile and handing it back. "I see. If you don't mind, I'd like to propose a meeting where we can discuss further details."

"That can easily be arranged," Wilbur agreed smoothly. There were a few minutes of the two of them hashing out the meeting plan, before everyone dispersed.

<Careful,> Tubbo said, as the two of them set out in the direction of the possible looper. <I've seen her in her baseline, I don't know what she's like now. Just, let's be cautious, alright?>

<If you say so.> Tommy was pretty sure he'd never seen her before, but he'd trust Tubbo's judgement.

They found her near the community house, and she gave them both a smile. "Hello! Sorry, just feeling a little loopy today. Luckily I'm pretty anchored now."

"Well, we've got three anchors now," Tommy said, and she instantly relaxed. "I'm Tommy, and this is Tubbo. We're the anchors for the Dream SMP, so if you have any questions, just ask us."

"Thank you." The girl hesitated for a moment. "I'm Monika, anchor of the Doki Doki Literature Club." She then seemed to wince ever so slightly as if expecting backlash from that.

"I've been there," Tubbo told her dryly, hands behind his back. This time Monika really did wince. "But I'm guessing you're not like that anymore, if you're an anchor."

Monika nodded sharply. "I'm not," she promised. "I haven't been like that since the very first loop. It's been millions of years since then. I'm so, so sorry that you had to deal with the actions of my Unawake self."

Tubbo gave her a small smile, although not much of it reached his eyes. "It's alright. I figured out what she was doing pretty quick and started countering it. We got into a hack-off of sorts

before she said she actually found me interesting.” He grimaced. “Which was... not very helpful in keeping everyone alive, in the long run.”

Tommy jolted at that last bit. *What kind of loop was Monika from?*

“I understand why you would have your reservations about me,” Monika admitted. “But please, I am being sincere when I say that I’m trying my hardest not to be that person anymore.”

“I get it,” Tubbo promised. “With the signing of the independence, the one you’re replacing went to war, and things got really messy. You don’t have to follow what they did. Like, at all.”

“They’re a bitch,” Tommy added helpfully. “Don’t be like them.”

“Fair enough.” Monika chuckled a little. “I was going to agree to accept - L’Manberg, right? - as an official nation anyways. But that’s really good to know.”

~

<So what kind of person is her unawake self?> Tommy asked, as the two of them headed back towards L’Manberg.

Tubbo frowned. <Well, think Dream, and his obsessions. Now imagine it’s a code-loop, and he’s got hacks, except not just normal hacks, but ones that can alter even the people on the server. Tweak their personalities, drive them into their own obsessions and despair.>

Tommy stopped walking and turned sharply to look at his best friend. <Seriously? And you just let her go like that?>

<She was being sincere when she said she had changed and was trying to do better. Couldn’t you feel it in the force?> Tubbo shrugged. <Besides, I don’t think there’s much we could do anyways. You heard her, she’s *millions* of years old. We’re what, ten thousand? Eleven thousand? Not even comparable.>

Tommy shuddered. After so long of him and Tubbo being the strongest in their loop, it was unnerving to remember that most loopers blew them out of the water in terms of skill and power.

<We’ll just have to keep getting better then,> He finally said, determined. <So we can defend our home from other loopers if we have to.>

Tubbo nodded.

Techno pressed the rocket launcher to Tubbo's head. "You guys listen to me! I did not spend weeks planning this revolution, getting you guys gear, for you guys to go in, and replace one tyrant with another!"

There was a moment of stunned silence, and then Eret laughed out loud. "I'm - I'm sorry, you just called *Tubbo* a *tyrant*. That's hilarious."

Niki put her hands on her hips and glared. "Yeah, what's your deal? You have a problem with him suggesting we take down the decorations you murdered him in?"

"Hey, hey yeah!" Quackity spoke up. "Dude, what's your problem with Tubbo, man?"

"You haven't even heard my plans for presidency," Tubbo, who seemed unconcerned with the position he was in, pointed out. "I'm gonna hold a genuine election as soon as the country is stable enough to have one. No last minute runners, no voting fraud, a genuine democracy. I'm just president-elect!"

"That's not the point!" Techno insisted. "You think Schlatt was the cause of your problems? No, the government is! That's the issue! You think putting another person in charge, and then having *another* election will change the outcome of things?"

"I mean, yeah. If you don't like it, you don't have to live here," Sam pointed out dryly.

"Hey, bitch, we literally told you we were gonna reclaim L'Manberg! And you were all "*Bruh, we'll burn that bridge when we get there.*" Tommy scoffed. "Don't act like we're the ones who suddenly turned on you. You didn't have to come."

Technoblade seemed to fixate on Tommy then. "You literally just did a coup against a democratically elected leader, and then installed your best friend as the President! You think this place is righteous? You think you're a hero?"

"Oi, Wilbur was the one who put Tubbo in charge, you know. Go find him instead!" Fundy pointed out. Eret took that as a cue and disappeared, presumably to stop Wilbur before he blew it all up.

"Also, Schlatt called himself an emperor and jailed anyone who disagreed with him, like me!" Niki snapped. "No one in L'Manberg is upset about him being overthrown!"

"And you've got that last bit wrong," Tommy said with a smirk, idly swinging his sword. "I don't think I'm a hero. Tubbo's a hero though. Show him, Tubbo!"

Tubbo smiled indulgently. "If you all say so." Technoblade's rocket launcher went flying out of his hands, and Tubbo sliced it in half with one of his lightsabers. He then shoved Techno into a nearby wall with the force, hard enough to actually knock the man out without killing him. "Anyways. I'll just take him out of L'Manberg now. Sam, you got Pandora ready, in case he tries something again?"

"As always."

12.3

“So, are there any plans for this loop?” Niki wondered, as everyone relaxed in her bakery. “If not, I have a lot of recipes from different loops that I’d like to try out.”

“I’m good with that,” Tubbo offered. There was a murmur of agreement from the others.

“It says here that your cakes are better than anyone else’s in the Minecraft branch,” Karl noted, looking in his journal. “I know I’ve had them before, since I wrote this, but I don’t remember having them, so maybe...?”

Niki smiled at him. “Of course. We can start with cakes, as a matter of fact.”

A sly grin appeared on Tommy’s face. “You know, I wonder if we can weaponize Niki’s inhuman pastry-making skills.”

Eret raised an eyebrow. “And how do you suppose we do that?”

“This is a solo-realm loop,” Tubbo pointed out. “I’m pretty sure we could crash the SMP economy with cakes if we tried hard enough. Make them super dependent on our baked goods.”

“I was thinking we trick Dream and Techno into overeating so much they can’t fight, but that works too.”

12.4

The group stood outside Pandora’s Vault. Sam hummed, tapping his clipboard. “Okay, please explain that one to me, because I’m not sure how you guys did that.”

Tubbo grinned. “No problem. See, you weren’t Awake for it, but last loop, the four of us were the four elements. Niki was earth, I was air, and Eret was water.”

“I was fire,” Tommy added, from next to Sam.

“Yup. Not much of it carried over, but there’s still a little bit of that power left. So I just sort of breezed on out, you know?”

Up from the grass sprang Niki. “Yeah, I just sunk down and came back up here.”

“Slipped through the crying obsidian,” Eret explained.

Sam rubbed his temples. “Okay. Not sure how we’re going to deal with someone literally becoming an element. I’m going to need to think on this one.”

12.5 (credit to kuragir_i)

Tubbo Awoke just as he was waking up, which was still a weird sensation. Checking around him, he seemed to be in a small sort of room, with lots of different paintings and gadgets around him. It looked cozy, but he'd certainly never been here before. Curious, he checked his loop memories, and frowned at what he saw.

Either I just have a really controlling older brother this loop, or this is a Rapunzel variant. I'm inclined to believe the latter.

Especially considering he was naturally a dragon hybrid, and his memories told him (or at least, his memories said Dream told him) that dragon hybrids were hunted and shunned for their power. Which was why he needed to be kept safe in this tower.

...Yeah, definitely a Rapunzel variant. He sent out a ping, and got one back. A check in the force showed that it was Tommy.

<You doing well, big man?> He sent out.

<Oh, I'm great! Stole a crown, feeling good. Think we're going to meet up soon?>

<Yeah. I bet we will.> If anything, the absolute chaos they could cause for this Dream sounded like a lot of fun.

12.6

"If you don't mind me asking..." Eret sighed, looking at the man across the room from them. "How do you deal with it? The terrible things you did in baseline?"

It was one of those brief moments of peace during the clone wars, and they were on the *Resolute*, heading towards their next battle. At some point, Anakin had seemed to realize Eret was wanting to ask him questions, so he had pulled them into an empty room for them to talk.

"It's...hard," Anakin admitted. "Hard to say I regretted some of it at first. Hard to know my baseline self did it soon after. Now, I Awake while already Darth Vader quite often, so I still have to deal with the consequences of my old choices. And of course, it's doubtful my daughter will ever completely forgive me. Nor would I expect her too."

He sighed, staring at his hands in contemplation. "I think, if you're struggling with something you did, the first step is to acknowledge that forgiveness isn't the end all be all of redemption. Whether you earn the forgiveness of those you did wrong or not, the most important thing is that you continue to try and do good anyways. Being good is a process, and it's one that

never truly ends. But you have to continue forwards no matter what.” Anakin looked up. “Is that the answer you’re looking for?”

Eret nodded. “Thank you, I think that does help.” They smiled sadly. “It’s - they’re forgiven me. Tommy and Tubbo, I mean. They forgave me even before we started looping. And it was such a relief - but it’s always haunted me, even after they both accepted me. Especially when I Awake after already betraying them, like you said.”

Anakin raised a questioning eyebrow, but didn’t comment. “Alright then, I won’t pry. I’m glad I could help you. But I think forgiving yourself might be what you need to work on the most.”

12.7 (Credi to Hoples)

Phil had just finished brewing his morning coffee when there was a knock on the door. Surprised that anyone besides him even knew where Techno’s house was (and it wasn’t Techno behind the door, he’d have no reason to knock), he went to open it.

Standing on the other side was Sam, looking unusually formal with a straight-laced expression. Phil didn’t exactly know the man - for all he knew Sam might just be a serious person - but it did seem a little off.

“Can I help you?” Phil asked, mentally trying to determine whether he should contact Techno sooner or later. Sam wasn’t from L’Manberg, that he knew, but that didn’t mean he wasn’t here on an agenda.

“Yes, actually,” Sam agreed. He held out some papers, and Phil automatically took them. “I need you to sign these.”

Phil looked down at the papers and frowned. “...Adoption papers?”

“For Tommy, yes. We were hoping to make it official.”

Phil wasn’t sure whether he should be offended or not. Mostly, he was just confused. He looked back up at Sam. “You do realize he’s not up for adoption in the first place, right?”

“And yet, here you are in the Tundra, rather than spending any amount of time with him after you killed his brother.” Phil did his best not to flinch. Sam’s expression didn’t change. “Come now. You’re hardly his parent in anything but name anyways. Surely you can muster up enough fatherly love to sign some papers.”

Was he really that bad? Phil thought for a moment, and tried to hide his wince, because fuck. He couldn’t even remember the last time he spent any quality time with Tommy.

Maybe this would be good for the kid. Phil signed the papers and handed them back to Sam.

For the first time, Sam smiled. “Thank you very much! Peace out.” And then the door slammed in his face, leaving Phil to wonder what had just happened.

12.8

“Happy Birthday!”

Tubbo groaned. “Guys, please. This really isn’t that big of a deal.”

“What are you talking about?” Tommy looped an arm around his shoulder with a smirk. “You’re seventeen now! You’re a big man!”

“Tommy, I’m literally... fuck, I don’t know anymore.”

Eret gasped dramatically. “He’s lost count! Tubbo’s finally lost count! We’re really in for the long haul now. God, we’re so old.” Sam muttered something that sounded suspiciously like *“speak for yourself,”* even though he was probably only a couple thousand years younger.

“I haven’t totally lost count!” Tubbo protested. “I’m sure we haven’t reached twenty thousand yet. Probably.”

“That’s - that’s so old, man. Big T, we’re ancient. We make Philza Minecraft look like a fucking child! A toddler!”

“That’s why it’s not a big deal.” Tubbo brushed Tommy’s arm off him lightly. “I don’t even really care about my birthday anymore. It’s not even mine, technically - it’s someone else’s. If it were mine, I would’ve, I just spent it mostly alone, in baseline. That doesn’t really seem-” He paused. “No, that seems accurate to me at that time in baseline. Nevermind.”

They all contemplated this for a moment.

Sam looked at him, concerned. “I didn’t know you felt that way.” Tubbo shrugged, taking in his family’s guilty faces and wincing.

“It’s just not something I ever really felt like talking about, I guess.”

“Do you *want* this to be your birthday?” Niki asked.

Tubbo pondered this. “I dunno. I always consider the start of the loop to be “a year older” for me, I guess. Maybe put a pin in that question? Ask me again later.”

“Fair enough.”

“Still, we did have a bunch of activities planned,” Tommy insisted. “They can just be fun activities rather than birthday activities.”

Tubbo smiled. “That sounds great. Thanks guys.”

12.9

“What are you doing this time?” Tubbo wondered, leaning up against the counter in Niki’s kitchen. “This all looks really new.”

“Oh, these are prank products from those Weasley twins!” Niki explained cheerfully, mixing up what seemed to be a small potion. “I was thinking we could use them for more pranking potential. And if I get to bake at the same time, even better. Think we should use the tongue-tying-taffy on Dream or Schlatt?”

“Schlatt,” Tubbo decided, after a moment. “Mind if I help you?”

“Not at all! Here, if you could mix this up for me...”

~

“Niki?”

Niki smiled innocently. “Yes, Quackity?”

Quackity gulped. “Um, could you please turn Schlatt back? Please?”

The giant canary next to him squawked indignantly. Niki fought down a snicker.

“Maybe tomorrow,” she said, before skipping out of the White House, ignoring the shouts and squawks behind her.

No need to tell them it would wear off in about an hour. And she’d be on her way to Pogtopia by then.

12.10

Karl closed his eyes in Billiam’s egg room, and opened his eyes to the In Between. All the white, his clothing changing color - this must be the place Tommy had told him about. The place a past him had mentioned in the notebook. He wandered through the white halls, reading the notes left for him in certain spaces. He sat on the swing in the small courtyard, wondering what to do next. If he explored more and wrote about it, maybe he could also pass the information onto next loop’s Karl, right?

And there - movement? Someone coming towards him? This hadn’t been mentioned.

From behind a pillar stepped a boy Karl had never seen before, with brown hair, blue eyes, and a white button down shirt. “Karl! There you are, I was waiting for you.” He seemed to notice Karl’s confusion, because he added, “I’m Tubbo. Usually I’m in the SMP with you guys, not the In Between.”

“Oh, *you’re* Tubbo! Tommy was wondering!” Tommy had mentioned that he usually had a best friend that wasn’t there this time, that no one else seemed to remember. He’d looked really distraught when he said that.

Tubbo winced. “Yeah, I couldn’t send him my ping - a notice that I was Awake, by the way - since we’re sort of out of time itself here. This loop, I’m some sort of archivist for the In Between, although I’m not really supposed to go many places.”

“Have you been going anyways?” Karl wondered.

Tubbo grinned. “Naturally. I’ll show you around, and you can mark it down.” Karl got up from the swings and followed the teenager out of the courtyard.

They meandered around the In Between, Tubbo pointing out certain locations, and Karl marking them down in his book. Eventually, though, he noticed that Tubbo seemed to be leading him somewhere, deeper and lower into the castle. “Where are we going?”

“So, all of this place is very white and clean and funny, right?” Tubbo started, as they approached another set of white doors. “Well, that’s true for all but this one place. He opened the doors, and Karl immediately noticed the shift from white to grey. “I figure, if we’re looking for something different to help with your memory problems, this would be the best place to start. I’m totally not supposed to be here, by the way.”

“Right. That makes sense.” They headed down the hallway, passing by empty photo frames with blank white backdrops slowly fading into something that looked like static. “Okay, gonna admit, this is a little creepy.”

The walls themselves seemed to be getting darker as well, the further they went down, from a light gray to an almost-black. Karl and Tubbo’s white clothing really stood out against everything around them.

Eventually, they found themselves at another set of doors. “I can’t seem to open these,” Tubbo admitted. “Maybe you could, though?”

“I can try.” Karl put his hand on the door handle, and pulled. The door opened easily.

What was beyond was something that could only be described as a void. Blacker than black, darker than anything Karl had imagined, with constant flashes of static running across it. Curious, Karl reached out.

“Well that’s something,” Tubbo muttered. “Karl- wait, Karl!” Karl’s hand touched the void just as another flash of static rolled across it, there was so much, *he couldn’t think, there was so much-!*

Karl opened his eyes. He was at home. Not in his library. He always ended up in his library.

Hesitantly, he got up. Checked the date. Blink. Checked the date again.

There was no way. This was-!

He felt for his journal. It was gone, he didn't have any of the items he was carrying before on him. But he was sure this was the day Tommy had told him. The start of L'Manberg's revolution.

He had to know.

Karl ran out of his home, tore across the SMP and towards L'Manberg. Went through the break in the walls. Looked for Tommy and Tubbo.

There, by the wall, talking to Sam and Eret-

"Guys!" He called out, and they all turned to him.

"You broke the loop!" Tommy huffed. Then his eyes widened. "Oh, I mean, if you didn't know yet-"

"No, no, I remember," Karl insisted. "Before. Time Travelling, the In Between, breaking the loop, I remember. And the time before that, when Tubbo was here, I remember that too! And I didn't before!" He sank to his knees, distantly hearing footsteps running towards him. "I remember," he choked.

Sam's arms wrapped around him tightly. Three more sets of arms followed suit.

Chapter End Notes

12.1 Ddlc is a nice enough place to loop into when its anchor is awake. When she's not, though...

12.2 You can't just say these things and expect people to believe you, Techno!

12.3 When your friend has god-tier baking skills.

12.4 The complications of being a looping warden.

12.5 Dream was utterly baffled. Right up until he was dead.

12.6 Forgiveness.

12.7 A necessary transaction.

12.8 The complications surrounding birthdays are fun, aren't they?

12.9 Niki has her own ideas on how to weaponize her baking.

12.10 When you're so frustrated with your Loop Aware status you bump yourself up on accident. Welcome to the loops, Karl!

13.0

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

13.1

“Hello everyone! I’m Tubbo, this is Tommy and Ranboo, and today, we’re going to be finding out what happens when you heat up a nether star and put it in a potion with golden apples and gunpowder!”

“Tubbo, this is a terrible idea-”

“Tubbo, we’re literally all gonna die-”

“No, it’s gonna be fine, I promise! Ready-”

Tommy stared him down. “Tubbo?”

Tubbo swung his legs as they dangled over the edge of the Farlands. “Yeah?”

“We’re not fucking doing that again.”

“...Yeah, that’s fair.”

13.2

“I’m sorry it took so long for me to meet you,” the woman was saying. “We had a bit of a problem with a glitch somewhere else, and they needed as many helpers as possible.”

Tubbo nodded mutely. Next to him, he could see the others doing the same.

Sure, he had known that their world had an administrator. He just hadn’t expected to actually meet said admin.

Calliope, the head Muse and patron of Epic Poetry, was a short woman with green, blue, and gold hair that faded into actual light as it went down, and an energetic smile.

“It’s um, nice to meet you anyways,” Eret offered. “If you don’t mind me asking, why...?”

Calliope smiled. “I just wanted to speak with you, let you know who I was, answer some questions that you might have.”

“Pog,” Tommy managed. “Actually, I do have a question, if you don’t mind. With people like Technoblade and Dream... Is there any chance they would start looping?”

Calliope tapped her chin lightly. “There is a chance that Technoblade could loop,” she admitted. “All sorts of people, even full on villains in baseline, have begun looping, after all, and Technoblade is more morally-grey than many of them. But whether or not it would happen, especially any time soon, is hard to predict. Usually those who are close to their anchors will start looping first, but there have been many exceptions to that generalization. So for him, yes, there is a chance, but it’s not a certain one.”

The six loopers each nodded, with varying stages of acceptance. “And Dream?” Sam ventured.

“He won’t be looping,” Calliope said firmly. “Us administrators can sometimes direct what sort of loops those under our care will come from - Niki had her first loop as a variant loop for a reason.” She nodded at Niki, who made a small “oh”. “But with Dream, he’s such a wildcard, and occasionally extremely powerful, that starting him looping would be like playing Russian roulette. You might get a kind variant, or you might get a potential MLE.”

Everyone shuddered at that idea.

Calliope nodded at their reactions. “Exactly. Therefore, until we can calm down his code enough that the potential for the latter scenario is gone, he has been locked out of being a potential looper.”

She smiled. “Still, if there are any other questions, I’d be happy to answer. And if you need to contact me again, gold coins in a rainbow works well. I am very busy, so I might not be able to respond immediately, unless it’s an emergency, but I will do my best.”

13.3

The place where Niki awoke was... unusual, to say the least.

The ground around her looked as though it had gone through a nuclear winter, if the bombs were made of wither skulls. There were lava and lava casts as far as the eye could see. And when Niki reached out through the earth, it seemed like it went all the way down to bedrock.

“This is new,” she murmured. Then the loop memories hit, and she winced.

“Looks like we’ve all been kicked out by Dream, then?” Karl ventured. He sent a tentative ping, and the rest of them echoed back. “And this place that we’ve been sent to is called 2b2t?”

“Yeah.” Niki looked up to see Tubbo placing obsidian blocks around the six of them. “Okay, crash course. I’ve had loops where this was my home before I met Phil and Tommy and Wilbur and such, so I know a bit about the place. It’s the oldest anarchy server in Minecraft,

where grieving, looting, murdering are all totally acceptable, and pretty much encouraged by those living here. It's Technoblade's idea of anarchy, but on a server-wide scale."

"You had me hating it at 'anarchy server', not gonna lie." Tommy stretched and stood up. "Okay, you're the veteran here, big T. What do you think we should do?"

Tubbo frowned in thought. "Well, it seems like we're here around the start of the Rusher Invasion, which means that spawn is going to be flooded with invaders and veterans alike. We could escape spawn and just go make ourselves a home and never get involved. We could also just go ham and use our looping abilities to take people out, because honestly, most of them deserve it. Up to you guys."

There was the sound of shouting, swords clashing, and wither skulls exploding outside their small obsidian cover.

Eret smiled. "You know, it's been a long time since any of us could really let loose. Why not go ham fighting our way out of spawn, and then decide from there?"

Sam looked intrigued by the idea. "I do have some new looping abilities that would be fun to try out. I'm in."

"It sounds exciting!" Niki agreed.

Karl looked hesitant. "You guys are a lot more experienced than I am with this. I don't think I could keep up with you."

"We'll cover your back," Tommy assured him. "Plus, it'll be good practice! You can only fight the same people so many times, you gotta branch out!" Karl still seemed a bit nervous, but nodded resolutely.

"Looks like we're in agreement, then!" The sound of fighting drew nearer, and Tubbo blasted down the obsidian, wings appearing with a flash of purple. "This should be exciting!"

13.4 (credit to MinteaMintrix)

Tommy looked himself over curiously. Apparently in this loop, he was some sort of living gem called a Lustrous. And not in the way of the Steven Universe gems. It seemed his entire body was made out of Ruby.

After taking in the loop memories, he sent out a ping, and received one from Tubbo. <You good?>

<This is weird,> Tubbo admitted. <Even more than when I was half-gem. But I can manage. How bad could this loop be?>

13.5

“You look exhausted,” Sam, second year Ravenclaw at Hogwarts School for Witchcraft and Wizardry, noted, as Eret slumped down next to him with a sigh.

“Just a bit. It’s been a while since I’ve been at Hogwarts. I forgot how tiring some of the Slytherins could be.” They unconsciously adjusted their green and silver tie. “How are you settling in?”

Sam smiled. “Pretty good! The Ravenclaws are all very interesting. I’ve never seen so many group projects on the strangest topics in one place before. I think I’m going to like it a lot here. And there’s so much to learn and take home!”

“I know, right?” First year Ravenclaw Tubbo plopped down next to him, followed by a girl with silvery blonde hair. “This is Luna, by the way, and she’s awake. She’s very cool!”

Luna smiled. “It’s nice to meet you. We get new loopers coming here all the time, so you’re not exactly uncommon, but welcome all the same.”

Sam blinked. “Um, sure. Thanks.”

“So this is where you guys are!” Niki had wandered over, black and yellow tie hanging loosely around her neck. “I had wondered. Hello Luna.”

“Hullo Niki.”

“So, are we changing anything this loop?” Sam wondered. “Or are we just gonna live through our Hogwarts lives? I mean, none of us are replacing anyone, so we don’t have to get involved.”

“Tommy might be involved. I can’t find him though, he’s not responding. I was sure I felt him...” Tubbo frowned. Then he brightened. “Maybe we just get rid of all the horcruxes now, and then learn magic the rest of the loop? I never really thought of magic as my “thing”, but I’ve had so many loops with it that it’s sort of become that.”

“Harry is a horcrux, if you’ll remember,” Luna pointed out gently. “I hope you’re not “getting rid” of him?”

“We’ve actually got an easy solution for that.” Eret pulled a Totem of Undying out of their pocket. “With this, you can die and still survive.”

Luna eyed it for a moment, before nodding. “That would do the trick. I don’t suppose I could save a couple for Harry?”

“No problem.”

“And a dispel magic would stop Pettigrew in his tracks,” Niki mused, before sipping her pumpkin juice. “So that would take care of that.”

“We’ve got a plan then,” Sam summarized.

“Looks like it.” Tubbo still looked contemplative. “But really, where do you think Tommy is?”

~

Tommy fucking hated this.

Everyone else was out and about, learning more magic, and he was stuck as Dumbledore’s *fucking pet bird!*

“Come now,” an awake Dumbledore said, eyes twinkling. “It can’t be that bad, can it?”

Tommy the phoenix gave the man the most scathing glare he could manage. At least later in the year he’d get to peck a giant snake’s eyes out, or something.

13.6

<Tubbo?>

<Yes, Tommy?>

<Potions are actually addictive in this loop.>

<That is true, they are addictive.>

<And Wilbur was a schoolteacher, but figured out how to make extra potent potions that are even more addictive than most.>

<Indeed, he has.>

<Since this is a solo-realm loop, our drug empire has taken over the entire SMP.>

<Really quickly, in fact. It was almost a little surprising. Then again, everyone does use potions.>

<And we just watched Wilbur do that whole “Say my name,” bit right in front of us.>

<Tommy, are you just going to repeat everything that’s happened in this loop, or is there a point to this?>

<*I don’t want to be a side character in fucking Breaking Bad, Tubbo!*>

13.7 (credit to midnightspookers and WriteItRight2)

Tubbo awoke in Logstedshire, of all places. He blinked, figuring it was some sort of variant loop, and checked his loop memories.

He promptly did his best not to throw up on the ground in front of him. *Fuck. Endering fuck, of course it would happen eventually-*

“What now?” The uneasy and defiant voice of a younger Dream breached through the horror that was clouding his mind. “What more do you even want?”

“I - nothing,” Tubbo choked out. “Nothing, you’re free to go. I’ll get the exile removed. Just - wherever you want to go, whatever you want to do, you can do it. You can leave. I’ll be leaving.”

He sent out a ping, only getting one back. A check in the force showed it to be Tommy. With that, he teleported away.

~

Tommy frowned. “So. Dream is me, I’m Quackity, Quackity is Karl, Karl is Eret, Eret is Sapnap, Sapnap is Niki, Niki is Fundy, Fundy is Puffy, Puffy is Philza, Philza is George, George is Wilbur, Wilbur is Technoblade, Techno is you, and you’re-”

“Dream, yeah,” Tubbo finished morosely. Tommy winced in sympathy. “I went back and officially revoked Dream’s exile, but... this is so fucked up.”

“Yeah.” Tommy held Tubbo’s hand. “What do you say we just run away now? Not deal with this confusing mess?”

“And they won’t have to deal with me again,” Tubbo added. “Yeah, that sounds like a good idea.”

13.8

“Goddamnit, Tubbo.” Karl pinched the bridge of his nose as they all appeared back in the launch room. “You saw him do it! You saw him kill me! And you walked away!”

Tubbo tilted his head. “I don’t know what you mean? The Captain would never do such a thing!”

“Karl, he’s always going to vouch for the Captain.” Tommy rolled his eyes. “He follows the guy everywhere and then doesn’t rat him out. You just get used to it.”

Jordan smiled smugly. “Come on Karl, it’s all fun and games!”

Karl made an inhuman noise and slammed his head into his hands.

Joe finished chuckling and pressed the button for a new game. “It’s not so bad. Just hope Jordan doesn’t get imposter again, and you’ll be fine.”

Next to him, Impulse muttered something along the lines of “*I swear, if he gets imposter again...*”

~

“I wasn’t with Honeydew, I swear!” Tommy insisted. “I was doing bio with Sonja! She saw me do bio!” He turned to the woman with a pleading look. “Tell them!”

Sonja smiled indulgently. “It’s true, I did see him do bio.”

“Well then, who was closest to Honeydew before he was found?” Xephos wondered. “Wait, are there vents in the tree room? Could someone have gone through them?”

“Even if there were vents, why would anyone reveal they knew that?” Jordan pointed out reasonably.

Tubbo hummed thoughtfully. “I’m gonna use my third eye-”

“Tubbo, enough with the third eye!”

“But I’m sure it’s Impulse!”

“You know what, I’m just voting for Tubbo so he stops talking about this ‘Third Eye’ business.”

“Hey!”

~

Tubbo floated up to Honeydew as they watched the remaining crew members and imposters go about their various tasks. “So,” the dwarf said. “You were a crewmate?”

“Yup,” Tubbo confirmed, adjusting the yellow crown on his head. “And Impulse killed you?”

“Got it in one, kid.”

Close by, a very ghostly Scar was still raging to himself. “Every time, every time! I’m always the first to be killed! I’m always stuck in those Final Destination Loops. I’m always looping into characters played by Sean Bean. Yggdrasil has a sick sense of humor!”

Rarity Awoke as she normally did, preparing for the Summer Sun celebration. She sent out a ping, and got a few in response, including one from Sweetie's room. It seemed that at least one of every element was awake, as well as two kindnesses, and three for magic. Should be interesting enough. She wondered if the others had anything planned.

Loop memories kicked in. Rarity's eyes widened, and she headed upstairs to her brother's room.

Inside was her little brother in this loop, a green colt with a purple computer grid in the shape of a bee for his cutie mark, and a thousand yard stare as he looked out at nothing.

Rarity cleared her throat quietly, and he jerked to his feet, looking at her with wide eyes. "Oh, sorry about that, Allium, I would never mean to scare you. I was just feeling a little loopy, is all."

"Well, I can anchor you, if you need." Allium Grid said quietly. He stepped towards her and stumbled a bit. "Sorry. Haven't been a pony before, still getting used to it. I heard from other loopers - Equestria is a sanctuary loop?"

"That's right, darling," Rarity confirmed. "Sweetie Bell, my sister, has school, of course, but we can just as easily request for you to be "homeschooled". Although if her friends are awake, maybe you'd want to meet them?"

"Maybe. Scootaloo and Apple Bloom, right? I've seen the show."

"Diamond Tiara and Silver Spoon are also loopers, but yes," Rarity agreed. "I find myself at a bit of a disadvantage. If you don't mind me asking, what loop are you from?"

"Um. My real name is Tubbo, and I'm from Dream SMP. It's really new, and on the Minecraft rp branch rather than an entirely separate one, so I'm not surprised you wouldn't know."

Rarity tutted. "Just because I'm unfamiliar with it, doesn't mean everyone here is, dear." Still, the more she looked him over, the more haggard the poor colt looked. "Hey, why don't we see if Big Mac is awake? You look as though you could use a bit of a pick-me-up. Oh, and would you prefer to be called Tubbo or Allium?"

"Tubbo please. And, sure. Your loop, your rules." Rarity frowned, but he seemed as though he still had more to say. Tubbo pawed the ground for a moment before continuing. "I'm not sure why I'm here, actually. Thought I'd get a punishment loop for ending my last loop early."

She winced. "Maybe your admin thought you needed the break, dear. We get quite a few like that sent our way. Come now, I'll teach you how to walk properly, and we can see who else is awake!"

~

Big Macintosh was, in fact, awake, and so were the Cutie Mark Crusaders. They, Fluttershy, Dash, and Twilight relaxed in the bar, Fluttershy and Silver Spoon hovering nearby their guest looper.

Big Mac regarded said looper for a moment, then asked, “You want something strong? We’ve got just about everything here.”

Tubbo shook his head. “I’m only sixteen in my loop. And I spend so much time around an abusive drunk in baseline it’s permanently turned me off alcohol anyways.”

Big Mac winced with sympathy and nodded. “We’ve got non-alcoholic beverages as well, if yah do want something to drink.”

Tubbo contemplated this. “Strawberry milkshake?” Mac passed one to him without question.

“You don’t have to talk about it if you don’t want to,” Silver said, “But it might feel good to get it off your chest.”

“We’re one of the oldest looping worlds out there, aside from the big seven,” Twilight added. “Whatever it is, we’ve most likely already seen it, and can help you through it.”

Tubbo nodded absentmindedly, tapping the compass he’d taken out of his pocket. “Yeah, sure. It’s - well. In our loop, we’ve got this thing we call the egg, or the Crimson, and it’s basically this eldritch thing that mind controls people and tries to take over our world. Usually we can stop it before it gets too powerful.” Tubbo took a shaky breath. “Last loop, it was replaced with Lovecraft stuff. Which would be fine, except I was the only one awake, and most of my abilities were blocked so I couldn’t do anything against it. It took over almost everyone, and killed the rest. And then it got Tommy. The other anchor, although he wasn’t awake at the time.”

“It shredded his mind, and then-” Tubbo broke off, shuddering, and Rarity wrapped a hoof around him. “And I couldn’t - I couldn’t save him. I was all alone, everyone else was gone, and I couldn’t - I jumped and ended the loop. And then I ended up here.”

There was a moment of somber silence. Tubbo set down his milkshake. “I know you guys probably could’ve handled it, but I just... I wasn’t able to. I couldn’t protect *anyone*.”

Twilight took a deep breath. “Well, like Rarity told you, Equestria is a sanctuary loop, and one that lasts quite a few years. Whatever you think you need to do, we’ll help. If you want to beat up our monsters or just avoid it all, we completely understand.”

~

“You seem really worried about him,” Rainbow Dash said, about two months into the loop.

“Just a bit. From what I can gather, it’s more than he let on. He seems worryingly codependent on his other anchor.” Rarity sighed. “It turns out Apple Bloom has seen his loop in the Hub, which stood out to her because he made nuclear weapons in his baseline. It’s not a very pretty or safe loop, to say the least.”

“Yikes.” Dash sat down next to her.

“Yikes indeed. He isn’t Sweetie Belle, but he is still my brother for the loop, and I worry. At least he’s finally agreed to try hanging out with the crusaders.”

~

“Y’know, I’m not totally sure I get it,” Apple Bloom admitted, as they sat in the treehouse. “You made nukes in a vanilla Minecraft baseline! But you’re always comparing yourself to everyone else. If I’m bein’ completely honest, it’s like you can’t decide whether you wanna stand out or not.”

Tubbo shrugged. “It’s complicated, I guess? You’ve seen our world. You know the one time I tried to stand my ground on something, it backfired so horribly, and I hurt my best friend so much... It’s just, that’s who I always was, I guess. The follower, the yes-man, the pawn. It’s all I was good for. So being in loops, and ones without even Tommy entirely, are weird.”

“Yeh say all that, but you’re an anchor,” Apple Bloom pointed out.

“One of two.”

She shook her head at that. “Try thinkin’ of it a different way. All those people who called you all those things, none of them are even looping yet, right?”

“I guess.”

“An’ maybe you just need something different. Something to establish yourself as an anchor in your own right, outside of Tommy,” She encouraged. “Can you think of anything you’d wanna do that has nothin’ to do with your baseline that you might wanna try?”

For the first time, Tubbo seemed genuinely thoughtful. “Well, it’s sort of weird, but I keep ending up as magical in a bunch of loops, although I wasn’t magical in baseline. Or at least, I don’t think I was.” He seemed to consider this. “I kind of like it. Learning different types of magic. It’s... different. Like you said.”

“Then you should go with that!” Apple Bloom encouraged. “Maybe talk to Twilight? She’s one of the best mages in the loops. I’m sure she’d help you out!”

Still, Tubbo hesitated. “I don’t want to impose-”

“Yeh won’t be, trust me.” She nudged him towards the treehouse door.

~

“You want me to teach you magic?” Twilight repeated.

Tubbo looked away nervously. “Um, yeah. Not that you have to, or anything! I just thought - well, Apple Bloom said it - that if I had something of my own that my baseline self didn’t have, maybe I could, I dunno, work on seeing myself in a better light? And magic seems to

be that thing, and I really like it, and she said you could help, so I was wondering if you could help?”

Twilight nodded thoughtfully. “Well, I’m never one to discourage an interest in magic, quite the opposite. And Pinkie Pie did take Sayori on as an apprentice, so it’s not unheard of for us to take a student from another loop on. Here, follow me.” Tubbo let her lead the way to her library. “Our loop goes on much longer than yours, but there’s only so much I can teach you in so many years.”

“That’s alright. I’ll learn whatever I can before it’s up.”

“Alright then. We’ll start with the basics, to see how much you already know, then work our way up.” She chuckled. “Pinkie’s going to be upset she wasn’t awake for your first loop here. Be prepared for an extra big “Welcome New Looper” Party next time around.”

For the first time in a *very* long while, Tubbo’s smile finally reached his eyes.

Chapter End Notes

13.1 SCIENCE!

13.2 Meet Calliope, Head Muse, Muse of Epic Poetry, and administrator of the Minecraft Roleplay Branch!

13.3 What will they do on the Oldest Anarchy Server in Minecraft?

13.4 Never say those words.

13.5 PhoenixInnit strikes again. At least this wasn't his only Hogwarts loop.

13.6 Rather than Blue Sky, it's just Blue.

13.7 Some wild switch-ups.

13.8 Poor Scar.

13.9 Not what you were expecting from an mlp loop. How long has Tubbo been dealing with these feelings? Since 1.1, as a matter of fact!

14.0

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

14.1

They had expected it to be easy. Set up the obsidian grid, release the hounds, withers, and duplicated tnt, destroy L'Manberg down to bedrock. All in a day's work.

What Dream, Technoblade, and Philza hadn't expected was for Tommy to appear in a flash of lightning, electrocute all three of them at the same time, and then rip up the obsidian grid with his bare hands. Nor had they expected to keep tripping and falling to their deaths as they tried to stop him, wasting every one of their totems.

By the time Phil had even slightly recovered, he looked out to see that the dogs were all happily being led out of the city, and that the withers were already gone.

They had expected it to be easy. Set up the obsidian grid, release the hounds, withers, and duplicated tnt, destroy L'Manberg down to bedrock. All in a day's work.

What Dream, Technoblade, and Philza hadn't expected was for the obsidian itself to turn against them, twisting into cages and exploding all of the tnt inside said cages. Phil found himself pulled out of his personal cage once all his totems were gone but before he lost his only life - and he was promptly sat on by an elephant, knocking him out. Niki transformed back and carried him off, smiling all the way.

"What do you want to do with him?" She called out to Tommy. "He is your dad this loop."

Tommy grinned. "Force him into therapy with Puffy until he cracks!"

They had expected it to be easy. Set up the obsidian grid, release the hounds, withers, and duplicated tnt, destroy L'Manberg down to bedrock. All in a day's work.

What Dream, Technoblade, and Philza hadn't expected was to each be silently taken out, by spells and daggers and ice, before they could get any of their plans in place.

"Phil had more than one life this loop, so it was fine," Eret explained later, as Tubbo set up a massive magical shield around L'Manberg. "Now that they've gotten a scare, we can settle this through some good old-fashioned diplomacy."

They had expected it to be easy. Set up the obsidian grid, release the hounds, withers, and duplicated tnt, destroy L'Manberg down to bedrock. All in a day's work.

What Dream, Technoblade, and Philza hadn't expected was for everything to keep going wrong. The dogs all escaped and left. All their wither skulls crumbled, and their soul sand was stolen. The obsidian grid wouldn't work properly. The citizens of L'Manberg gathered together with everyone else in the SMP, and the three were soundly defeated.

"Creeper's curse of bad luck. It's from a variant loop," Sam explained to his fellow loopers.

They had expected it to be easy. Set up the obsidian grid, release the hounds, withers, and duplicated tnt, destroy L'Manberg down to bedrock. All in a day's work.

What Dream, Technoblade, and Philza hadn't expected was to wake up and find two and a half months had passed.

"Do you think it'll hold?" Niki asked, two and a half months earlier, as everyone in L'Manberg laughed about how the trio had failed to even show up.

"Sleeping potion, extra strength, and a bit of altering their perception of time," Karl said confidently. "By the time they wake up, the loop will be just about over."

They had expected it to be easy. Set up the obsidian grid, release the hounds, withers, and duplicated tnt, destroy L'Manberg down to bedrock. All in a day's work.

What Dream, Technoblade, and Philza hadn't expected was for L'Manberg to not *be there anymore*. The entire land had seemed to revert back to its original state of trees and grass and not much else. No matter how much they looked, it had simply vanished off the map.

"So, they're in some sort of sub dimension?" Tommy summarized. Tubbo nodded.

"To them, they'll only ever see and enter that little space of altered reality when they pass through here," he confirmed. "And nothing they do to that space will affect the real L'Manberg."

"Holy shit." He leaned back in his seat on the pier. "That's scary, man."

Tubbo smiled.

14.2

"Hey, Niki?"

"Yeah?"

Karl looked up from where he was writing in his journal. Even though he was looping now, he still liked to keep at least a few on him, just to make sure he never forgot anything. "Why

do you think we prank Technoblade more than we do Dream and Schlatt? And we prank Dream more than we do Schlatt as well. Why that order?”

Niki considered this. “Well, I hadn’t thought about it much. But I think it’s because Schlatt can’t fight back like Dream or Techno can? Beating him would be a lot more boring because it’s so one-sided. And Techno can get a hit in even on a looper sometimes. It just feels more fair, I suppose.”

“Huh. That makes sense.”

14.3 (credit to BlueSheepy)

It had been immediately apparent that this loop was a variant loop, with the slight increase in technology, the tight-knit families, the fancy suits, and, of course, the fact that they were all in the Mafia.

A real classic version of the mafia too. It was kind of fun, actually.

Still, there was one thing Tommy was a bit confused about. He turned to the boy he was sworn to bodyguard. “Hey, Tubbo? Why are you of all people the leader of the Mafia?”

Tubbo smirked. “Big Crime. Duh.”

This variant loop was *weird*. Bees could sing songs, trees turned purple whenever they felt like it, the camarvan seemed almost alive, and no revolution happened, because apparently there were laws against stopping independent countries from forming that Dream actually respected.

“Seriously, what is this all about?” Tommy wondered. “It’s so strange.”

Next to him, Tubbo smiled brightly. “These are the laws, big T. The laws I made. ‘Cause I’m a lawyer.”

“Tubbo, that’s not how laws work! You can’t just alter reality! And we both know lawyers don’t make laws.”

“That’s how it works in this world!”

Tommy was silent for half a minute, staring at his best friend.

<Don’t you dare->

He couldn’t hold it in anymore. Tommy broke down laughing, holding his stomach as he doubled over. “*This is brilliant! You’re Tubboat! Tubbo in a boat! Tubbo is a boat!*”

The boat made of dark wood that also happened to be an anchor let out the equivalent of a mental sigh. That seemed to be the only way he could communicate in this loop. <Fine, laugh it up. I'm going to the camarvan.> With that, he levitated himself up and started flying towards home.

~

"Hang on," Dream frowned, as the two sides faced each other down in battle. "What's with the boat?"

"How dare you!" Tommy shouted back, from on top of the wall. "Tubboat is an important member of the revolution!"

Next to him, Sapnap and George snorted with laughter, while Punz rolled his eyes. Dream found it difficult to hold back his own snicker. "You're really stretching it in ways to try and outnumber us, aren't you?"

The next thing he knew, the boat was shooting towards them like a rocket. Then everything went dark.

"You know," Eret mused. "For all those loops that lean into Tubbo's different skits, I don't think we've ever had a loop where Toob was a big thing that altered events."

"No," Tommy corrected, sounding immensely tired. "We have. Trust me. Big glad you weren't there for it."

Tubbo smiled.

14.4

"That's an interesting face you're making." Tommy grinned as Tubbo made another face at his words. "Care to share?"

"Loop memories," Tubbo admitted. "Apparently in this loop, I'm the reincarnation of Robin, from the 'Tales of the SMP' bit. It's-" he shuddered a little. "Well, I mean, I was an orphan who lost my parents in a war. And then my adopted dads died, and then I died. It's a lot to take in."

Tommy nodded. "Yeah. Lucky me, I don't have to deal with that, 'cause my streamer never was in Tales." Tubbo stuck out his tongue at him. "Think that it's gonna impact the loop in any way?"

Tubbo hesitated, before nodding. "Dream is an immortal Cornelius. Not sure if that means he'll be better than baseline or not."

“We could find out?” Tommy offered. “If you want to.”

Tubbo contemplated this for a moment. “You know what? Yeah. Let’s see where this goes.”

~

They waited until Pogtopia to make their move, when Dream was pretending to be on their side. Tubbo found the man looking out over the safety rails, and headed over.

“So, you’re fighting with us, right?” He asked, making sure to sound cautiously optimistic.

Dream nodded. “I am. I would rather have Wilbur as president of L’Manberg than Schlatt, at least.”

Tubbo took a deep breath. If this went wrong, he was more than capable of defending himself. If it went right, he wouldn’t need to. “Right. I, um. Was wondering if I could ask you something? Because I’m not sure anyone else would get it, at least I don’t think so.”

He could practically sense Dream quirking an eyebrow, intrigued. “Alright. I mean, I can try to answer you. No promises though. What’s up?”

“Would - would you happen to remember a sort of - past life, I guess?” Tubbo fidgeted.

“Where you were named Cornelius, and you were partners with Cat, and I was your - um. Just, do you remember anything like that?”

Dream was silent for a minute. Tubbo decided to backtrack. “Maybe I just imagined things! Maybe-”

He tried not to flinch as Dream pulled him forwards and wrapped him in a tight hug.

“Robin?” Dream rasped disbelievingly.

Tubbo took a leap of faith and hugged back. “It is you! Oh Ender, I was scared for a second that I was just imagining things and you would think I was crazy.”

“No - no I remember. I just - I can’t believe it! You’re Robin, you’re Tubbo...” Dream trailed off. “I thought you both were gone forever. When did you remember?”

“Last time I was in Manberg,” Tubbo told him, reciting what he had planned. “Schlatt’s a pretty angry drunk, and he threw a bottle at my head, and then the next thing I know, I’m waking up with another lifetime of memories. It’s pretty weird, I’m still getting used to it.”

Dream’s grip on him tightened, and *wow that’s a lot of anger in the force*. “We’re going to take Schlatt down,” Dream said harshly. “I *promise*.”

“Yeah! It’s gonna be great.” Hopefully. He’d see where the rest of the loop went.

~

“Well this is definitely a change,” Karl mused, as the three awake loopers took a break from killing withers to look up and Dream dueling Technoblade. “Never thought I’d see the day

when Dream fought *for* L'Manberg.”

“It’s happened before,” Tubbo informed him. “Usually when he’s possessed rather than evil, since we exorcise him as soon as possible. But yeah, it’s still pretty uncommon.”

“Wish there was a way we could make it more common,” Tommy admitted. “As fun as fighting him is, not having to work around being hurt by him at all is even better.”

14.5 (credit to Thinker109 and lizbethen)

“So, you guys basically have a loop adventure every single day?” Tommy said, looking somewhat impressed. “That’s a lot of wild ideas.”

“Sort of,” Phineas agreed. “In our baseline, we decided to try and do something new and different for every day of summer vacation. Now that we’re in the loops, we still try and switch things up a lot. Sometimes we go back to the classics for nostalgic purposes, but usually we try our hands at new things.” Ferb nodded in agreement.

“We do always get Love Handel back together,” Isabella pointed out.

“That’s a bit different, that’s for our parents.” Phineas turned back to the two boys who had joined them. “So, do you wanna join us?”

“Of course!” Tubbo shook his hand. “It sounds like a lot of fun.” In this loop, it seemed they had ended up as neighbors of the Flynn-Fletchers. They were adopted sons of Phil, and Wilbur and Techno were their older brothers. “Heads up though, Techno will probably join Candace in the whole “Busting” thing.”

“That’s alright. She’s much calmer when she’s Awake, but we don’t mind even when she isn’t.”

“Not Wilbur?” Ferb wondered.

Tommy grinned. “Nah. He’s probably going to join in a few times. Mark my words.”

“Sounds awesome.” Phineas smiled, and turned to Tubbo. “Anyways, I heard you made nuclear weapons in your baseline. What do you say we figure out a way to change that into something fun and nonthreatening?”

“I’m listening!”

14.6

There was a large rumbling sound, coming closer and closer and closer, and then the wall broke through. Sir Billiam the third was crushed by the flying metal box, which kept moving forwards until it rammed into the egg he kept in his secret room, imploding the thing.

The egg withered and died, and with it, so did Sir Billiam, although his death was less from withering and more from internal bleeding.

The man's butler, who had been serving the billionaire for so long he'd forgotten his name, looked on in shock as Karl backed off the now-destroyed egg before stepping out of his new flying DeLorean and surveying the damage with unmistakable satisfaction, relief, and glee. "Hell yes!" He crowed. "Take *that you son of a hog! You one percent asshole! You wanted a Modest Proposal? You've got one!*"

The butler did the smart thing and backed away. With Sir Billiam gone, he was finally free to leave, and he wasn't going to throw that away to risk this strange man's wrath.

The man had given him freedom though, and he would never forget that.

~

"-And so that's why there's a religion around you where people invoke your name against their oppressors? Because you killed this Billiam guy?" Sam struggled to hold back his smile.

Karl groaned into his hands. "I didn't even get it until after I went back in time! Do you know how weird it is to hear L'Manberg invoking my name in their revolution?"

Sam couldn't hold his laugh back anymore.

14.7 (credit to OnlyRoomForHope)

"You know, these are some of my favorite loops," Niki confessed, as she tied up her laces.

Sam smiled. "Oh?"

"Yeah. No wars, no fighting mobs, no trauma. Just a bunch of fun and games. And ice skating, in this particular case."

"A little help here!" They both looked onto the rink to see Karl wobbling on his skates. "I thought this would be like frostwalking boots, but it's really not like frostwalking boots."

Tommy laughed as he skated up to Karl. "Hang on to the side if you're having that much trouble."

"I'm not close enough to the side! How do I get there!?"

“I think I’ll go and help him out.” With a small chuckle, Sam stepped onto the ice and skated over to Karl. Niki finished her laces and entered the rink as well, skating over to Tubbo.

“You seem to be having fun,” she noted lightly.

Tubbo grinned. “Watching Karl wobble like the rest of us did when we first started is kind of amusing. Almost as fun as watching Eret go.” In the corner of her eye, Niki noticed Eret twirling in the air and sticking the landing. “If only the rest of us could have that natural talent.”

“Very true.”

14.8

“So this is L’Manberg?” Weiss looked around at the pretty wooden buildings, the Chinese lanterns floating in the air, the general good cheer the populace was giving off. “It’s very pretty. Is this where you spend most of your loop?”

“In a sense,” Niki agreed. “It’s a little complicated.” She gestured in front of her. “Our loop kicks off with the revolution for L’Manberg’s independence, most of the time, and ends about two and a half months after it was destroyed for good in our baseline.” She shrugged. “We never let that happen. Someone almost always tries to destroy L’Manberg at some point, but we can stop them. We don’t let most of the later events of our loop happen, actually.”

“We’re similar, then.” Weiss thought about her world’s own war on their baseline. “Just be careful, alright? We’ve seen how fighting baseline can end up. It can really hurt you, if you get too obsessed with it.”

“Oh, we’re not obsessed,” Niki reassured her. “It’s that one of our anchors was isolated and horribly abused to the point of considering suicide in baseline, and our other anchor was broken down to the point of not caring about his own death. Our home is destroyed, everything is in tatters, in solo-realm loops, hundreds to thousands of people die, and we’re all just feeling really awful until about a month before the loop ends, and even then, it’s not fantastic. So we try and avoid that, as anyone would.”

She sighed. “They’re so much older than us, our anchors. But they’ll always be my little brothers. They’re the youngest in our small family. I’ll always do whatever I can to spare them that pain. Maybe they can take it, but they shouldn’t have to.”

Weiss hesitated, before nodding. “I understand. When our friend died in baseline... we were all messed up after that. And that was just the beginning.” She looked out at L’Manberg, tried to imagine it burned down, and decided she didn’t like the image. “Have you tried using something other than wood?”

“Wouldn’t matter what kind of material it’s made of when they bring out the tnt and withers.” Despite the grim words, Niki smiled. “We’ve found more loop friendly ways to protect our home. When we really don’t want to deal with our baddies, Tubbo just makes it so they can’t see L’Manberg, much less enter it. Something about overlaying two realities and forcing them to walk through the L’Manberg-less one or something.”

“I see.” Everything seemed so peaceful, as they walked among the shops. Weiss smiled. “Well, since you’ve spoken so much about your anchors, maybe I could meet them?”

“Of course! Right this way.”

14.9 (credit to SeCrFiDr)

Tommy rubbed his forehead, trying to stall the oncoming headache. <Okay, right. Makes sense that this would happen. This is also fucking ridiculous, why are they all taking it so seriously?>

Tubbo shrugged. <That’s just how it is in this world. They don’t know any different.>

<Yeah, but this is fucking weird! You’ve seen how Techno and Wilbur treat him! I’d get it if he acted like a person in a bird’s body, but he’s just a fucking crow! There’s nothing remotely unique about him!>

<Sometimes you’ve just got to go with these things, Tommy.> Tubbo stroked said bird’s feathers.

Birdza let out a happy chirp.

14.10

“Ender.” Tubbo grinned in unrestrained delight. “Ender this is brilliant.”

<Of course you’d say that,> Tommy huffs. Buzzes. Whatever. <Two of your favorite things combined into one. Why wouldn’t you be excited? This is gonna be a long fucking loop.>

“Aww, don’t *bee* mad, Tombee!”

<That’s Tom-BeeInnit to you, asshole!>

14.11

Karl woke up in a bed that definitely wasn't his normal one. *Loop memories, right.*

19, worked at a department store, lived with a single parent in London... *wait a minute.*

After the Back to the Future loop, he was pretty sure he knew where he was. Excitement bubbled up in his chest, and it took all of his somewhat limited acting skills to pretend like nothing out of the ordinary was happening. He sent out a ping, and got one in return.

He managed until the manikins started moving, and a man with big ears and a leather jacket showed up.

Karl bit his lip to hide his grin. "Hello! I'm Karl Jacobs, and I'm feeling pretty loopy. I was hoping for an anchor."

The Doctor didn't hide his own smile. "Hello Karl, I'm the Doctor, I'm the anchor, and we need to run." Karl let the man lead him out, trying not to let the man see just how relieved he was.

~

"You know," the Doctor said, as they entered the Tardis, ready to explore the universe. "I'm at a bit of a disadvantage here. You know me, but I don't think I've heard of you before. Mind telling me where you're from?"

"It's no problem," Karl agreed, still looking around in awe. "We're pretty new and obscure, so I'm not surprised. Our loop is called the Dream SMP, it's a Minecraft Roleplay. I'm pretty sure I'm just going around meeting the different time travelers of the multiverse, so I'm not surprised I'm the first one of us you've met."

That seemed to pique the Doctor's interest. "That so? I think a lot of us can say the same. But you're a time traveler?"

"I am. A different kind than you, though, I don't have a spaceship or device or anything, I just sort of get dragged through time on occasion. And then I end up in this space called the In Between, which is out of time, and sometimes kind of evil." Karl frowned. "I don't suppose you know of anything like that?"

"Not off the top of my head," the Doctor admitted. "I'll look into it though. Time travel isn't exactly the most consistent thing between worlds."

"I know," Karl admitted. "Just figured it couldn't hurt to ask."

"It can never hurt to ask," the Doctor agreed. "Now, Karl Jacobs, would you like to go on an adventure?"

Karl grinned.

Chapter End Notes

- 14.1 When the loopers don't feel like Doomsday, there is no Doomsday.
- 14.2 Beating up a drunk and dying man isn't fun. Ruining his plans, yes. Beating him up? Not as much.
- 14.3 TOOB
- 14.4 Reincarnation pog?
- 14.5 Party Nukes. 'Nough said.
- 14.6 Pretty sure that's not what a Modest Proposal is about, Karl.
- 14.7 Technoblade was a ruthless professional hockey player. Dream was a speedskater.
- 14.8 RWBY has their own... issues, with their baseline.
- 14.9 When Techno attempted Doomsday, Birdza was perched on his shoulder the whole time.
- 14.10 BeeInnit.
- 14.11 And so Karl finally meets him!

15.0

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

15.1

Eret looked around at the scenery in awe. “Is this what I think it is?”

“Definitely,” Tubbo confirmed. “It looks just like what we saw when we accidentally updated the server.”

“When we accidentally *exploded* the server,” Tommy corrected absentmindedly.

“Well, it looks like we did it again,” Sam said dryly, walking up to them. “Check your loop memories.”

They did. Apparently in this loop, Techno and Phil had stolen two nukes, Tubbo had made more nukes in response, and the three of them had utterly decimated the server and sent them into the new update. Eret looked at Tubbo, amused at the awkward look on their little brother’s face.

“Whoops?” Tubbo offered.

“Hey, at least it’s just loop memories.” Tommy knocked his shoulder lightly. “Since we’re here, what do you say we go explore shit? I mean, we know about the caves and cliffs update, but it’ll be different to experience it ourselves.”

A thought struck Eret, and they immediately perked up. “You know, this means we can actually meet those axolotls, finally.” Tubbo gasped in delight.

“And the warden.” Sam looked mischievous. “Certain mobs can be carried in our subspace, but we’ve never had a reason to put them there before. What I’m wondering is, how good would a warden be at warding a prison? This calls for tests.”

“I’m going to make so many friends,” Tubbo muttered to himself, clearly still stuck on the axolotls.

Tommy laughed at his friend fondly. “Of course you are.” Then he furrowed his brows. “Hey, where’s Niki? I totally felt her in the force, and we got her ping.”

“Good question.” Eret sent out a mental poke. The responding mental squee was enough to force them to step back. “Looks like she’s ahead of the game. We might want to find some axolotls before she befriends all of them herself.”

Tubbo’s affronted gasp was priceless.

15.2

“You look tired.” Robert Hogan mused, as he leaned up against the side of the building with the new looper. “If it helps, despite what it looks like, this is actually a generally lighthearted loop.”

“I know,” Sam told him, a note of quiet defeat in his tone. “I’ve looked up as many prison related stories as I can, because I always end up looping into one. Last time it was Deadman Wonderland.”

Hogan winced with sympathy. “Get locked up in your loop at some point?”

“No, I’m the warden.” Sam rolled his shoulders. “You put away one megalomaniacal monster with a god-complex, and suddenly prison is your “thing”, apparently.”

“Ouch. It sounds like you’ve done a good thing in your baseline though.” Hogan put a hand on his shoulder. “If you want, we can help you simply escape from here. Or you can stick around and help us sabotage some Nazi weapons. Whatever you want.”

Sam considered this. “Not often I get to do the latter. Count me in.”

“So eventually we’re going to find your family’s treasure?”

“Yup,” Stanley said, popping the ‘p’. “The guy you’re replacing, Zero, and I also end up in the desert for a little while, but we’ve found ways to make it through that pretty easily. Just be careful around Mr. Sir, Mr. Pendanski, and the Warden. They’re all pretty nasty people, and we try and get them arrested as soon as possible.”

Sam groaned. “What is it with all these evil wardens?”

Sam collapsed up against the camarvan, looking slightly ill.

Tommy immediately rushed over. “Sam! Are you alright? You don’t feel alright, what happened?”

“Bad loop,” Sam managed. “Was stuck being the Warden for this prison called ‘Oz’. Ender, was that fucked. It was so fucked up.” Tommy paled, and Sam remembered that the kid had watched tons of prison stories in order to see where Sam might be going once they had figured out the pattern. He shook his head and pushed himself to his feet. “It’s fine, I’ll be fine-”

“Relax, Sam,” Eret, who had walked over to see what was happening, said. “We can take care of Dream this loop.”

“But-”

“Take a break, Sam,” Tommy insisted. “You deserve one.”

But what if Dream hurts you again? If I take a break, I can't protect you from him.

“I’ll be fine,” Tommy replied, and Sam belatedly remembered that he could read emotions through the force. “We’ll come up with something else to deal with Dream.”

“We can get creative,” Eret added.

Sam hesitated a moment more, before nodding, and sliding back down to the ground. Tommy sat down next to him and leaned up against him slightly, while Eret made themselves comfortable on the other side of him.

He was going to be okay.

15.3 (credit to 11_Wonders_Asunder)

There was a mountain in the distance.

Tubbo adjusted his red cloak and felt for his long scarf. Next to him, Tommy shook out his shoes and muttered about all the horrible things he wished he could do to sand.

<You might need to ask Anakin about that,> Tubbo said dryly. It seemed they couldn’t speak with words this loop, only music notes.

<Maybe I fucking will,> Tommy grumbled. <Anyways. This is Journey, right? We gotta make it to the top of the mountain? And see all the pretty sights as we go?>

<Yup.> Tubbo ran forward, leapt high into the air, and then landed and slid down the sand dune as though he was on a snowboard. <Last one there’s a rotten carrot!>

<You Bitch! You can’t just say that *after* you take off!>

“So you say this is familiar?” Eret repeated, as the four of them sailed through the air.

“We just had a Journey loop,” Tubbo informed them. “And now we’ve got another loop like that, with this one. Not that I’m complaining, it was a ton of fun.”

“And he was super smug that he won, even if he totally cheated.” Tommy grumbled, cloak spread out like wings. “Not going to happen again. You’re so going down this time.”

Niki looked amused. “I don’t think the point of this is to win anything. There isn’t exactly a competition here.”

“Not with that attitude.”

Tubbo laughed. For all their jokes, there was something wonderful about soaring above the clouds in this world. If Tommy wanted to win, he could. Tubbo was going to take his own sweet time.

<Okay, we've had sand, sky, and now water. Are we gonna get some sort of fire adventure like these ones?>

<I don't know. Is there any game like this based around fire? Did the last one count with its candles and stars?> Tubbo patted his new friend. <And, even better question, does it matter? When's the next time we're going to ride Orcas?>

<Okay, fair. But I'm just saying.> Tommy noted, as he floated lazily in the water. <It would feel more complete that way.>

15.4

"I've wanted to ask for a while, but how are you doing?" Karl looked up to see Niki sitting down next to him. "With Quackity and Sapnap, I mean. I know how hard it is, not having your partners looping."

The words caught in Karl's throat, because that was right - Puffy wasn't looping either, which meant Niki was going through the same thing. "It's - difficult," he managed. "It's hard - I keep falling for them. I love them so much. And then, they don't remember again."

Niki reached out and pulled him into a side hug, and Karl complied, hugging her back. "I thought it was going to be the other way around," he admitted. "I thought I was going to be the one to forget them. I talked with Calliope, she said the reason I'm not forgetting more is because the positive effects of looping are overriding the negative effects of the In Between, but I still forget some things. I remember myself though. And they don't remember anything, every time."

"I know. It's hard, it's really hard." Niki murmured, head against his shoulder. "I usually don't get together with Puffy, even though I always feel the same way about her. I just can't take the pain. Sometimes I do though, and I'm so happy... until the next loop comes around."

Despite himself, Karl feels a small chuckle make its way out of his throat. "We're both hopeless sops, aren't we?"

That seemed to startle a giggle out of Niki. "... Yeah, we really are. Just two loopers, hopelessly in love with our partners, waiting for the day they can join us in eternal boredom."

"I haven't found the loops boring," Karl admitted. "I know I'm newer than you guys, but I have done at least a few thousand. Maybe it's because I feel a lot more stable than I did in baseline. Less existential crises."

“Makes sense. I was kinda messed up at the end of baseline, but it was nothing like that.” She shifted. “I guess all we can do is hope they start looping soon. We do have an eternity to wait, after all.”

15.5 (credit to Travellers_of_Void and funtimesinfiction)

It was just after the Manberg/Pogtopia war, and everyone was recovering. Tubbo had gone through a stressful loop before the current one, and so Tommy handed the Presidency to Eret instead of Wilbur. Technoblade was easily subdued before he could summon the withers.

But Wilbur hadn't been doing as well as they thought he was. He still blew up L'Manberg. And Phil still killed him.

It was another Bad dad Phil loop as well. One where Techno was their brother, and Phil had favored him over Tommy and Wilbur, leaving for months on end with the piglin hybrid while Wilbur took care of him. And he'd killed Wilbur again, before they could try and help him.

Tommy wouldn't say he hated these loops, because he'd seen some real horrific shit at this point, but he definitely didn't like them.

Still, as Phil walked past him through New L'Manberg, Tommy couldn't help but reach out. “Hey, Phil?”

Phil turned, looking distracted. “Yeah? Listen Tommy, I've got something I was about to get to-”

“You can spare a few minutes, I think.” Tommy nearly jumped, and turned to see Sam striding towards them. “You must be Philza. Tommy's told me a lot about you.”

Tommy smiled. It was funny, how much easier things felt with Sam around.

“Is that so?” Phil didn't seem too interested. “Well, nice to meet you, I guess.”

“Right. Nice isn't the word I would use.” Sam narrowed his eyes. “Especially considering you just murdered one of your sons. And from what Tommy has said, you never spent much time with either of them. I'm not sure how safe I feel, leaving Tommy with you.”

That got Phil's attention. “Excuse me? You think you could've done better? You weren't in the position I was in! You think I wanted to kill my son? Wilbur was already dead by the time I got there.”

“I *could've* done better,” Sam practically growled, “By subduing without killing, by getting him help, by not giving up on him after only seconds. Wilbur wasn't dead before you got there, because being mentally ill isn't equivalent to death! If you think that it is, then you're unfit to be a father.”

Sam summoned his netherite sword. “Where I’m from, if custody is to be exchanged, a duel is in order. Philza Minecraft, I’m challenging you for custody of Tommy.”

There was something warm in Tommy’s chest, and behind his eyes as he watched this. He smiled and stepped behind Sam, as the curious crowd started to gather around them.

Philza’s eyes narrowed. “Fine. Since you’re so insistent. But when I win, don’t you dare speak to me about Wilbur again.”

Sam clearly held back a snort. “If you win, then fine.”

Quackity, never one to miss a fight, popped up from the crowd. “Ready, set, go!”

Phil wasn’t Schlatt. He was an expert duelist, a veteran fighter. But Sam was a looper, one who’d lived well over twenty-five thousand years, one who’d fought in wars that Phil couldn’t even imagine.

<You think Jordan will be pissed that Sam stole his shtick?> Tommy wondered, as Tubbo slipped through the crowd and stopped next to him.

<I think he suggested it, actually,> Tubbo admitted. <I mean, Sam really loves you, you know. I think this is cathartic for him as well.>

Sam loves him. Sam loves him, really. For the first time in a while, Tommy found he couldn’t speak. In front of them, Sam decided to stop drawing out the fight, and won with ease. He helped Phil to his feet, and then he walked over to Tommy without looking back.

“Hope you didn’t mind the show,” Sam said with a grin. “I’ll admit, I’ve been waiting to do that for a while.”

“You really want me?” Tommy hated that his voice was as small as it was.

“Always,” Sam promised. “No matter what happens in the loops, no matter what happens in baseline, I’ll always want you.” He opened his arms, and Tommy barreled in for a hug.

Phil might be his dad a lot. Sometimes he was even a really good dad. But Sam was also his dad, and Tommy chose him, and he chose Tommy. And that made it feel so much more wonderful.

15.6

Tommy stood on the stage of L’Manberg, watching Wilbur go through his speeches. They’d gone baseline so far, with the exception of Eret not going traitor and Tommy winning the bow duel, and now was the time that Schlatt would be entering the scene once again.

This was going to be the exciting part of the loop, because their plans this time around mostly involved Schlatt. Ones that involved Tommy sticking around with lots of invisibility potions.

“And we’ve got another person to vouch for us, a person plenty of you have heard of, although you might not know him.” That got Tommy’s attention, because that wasn’t part of the usual script. A fused or variant loop?

“Welcome to the Dream SMP, GoodTimesWithScar!” Everyone applauded lightly as Scar sauntered up to the stage, sending them a ping and a wink as he went.

<Bastard didn’t ping us before!> Tommy grumbled.

Tubbo looked amused. <Guess he wanted to keep it a surprise.>

“Thank you Wilbur.” Scar took to the stage. “Looking around at all of you now, I must say, L’Manberg seems like quite the nation. And I’m sure Wilbur would run it well. *However!*” He grinned. “I’d say I could run it even better.”

Tommy fought hard to not roll his eyes. *Of course.*

“This country could use some sprucing up. Could use some proper defense against its enemies. Could stand to look the part of the strong nation it has the potential to be. That’s why I’m happy to announce that I will also be running for president, in order to bring out the full potential of L’Manberg.”

<Tubbo, you’d better not vote for him.>

<I’ll vote for whoever I want to! Which is still you guys, of course. I’m no server traitor.>

<Would you still say that if the Captain ran?> Tommy snarked.

Tubbo smiled innocently. <Oh no, I’d absolutely turn traitor for the Captain.>

Fucking asshole.

~

“You know, when he told us of his diabolical plan to make L’Manberg prettier, I didn’t believe that was all he was gonna do,” Tommy admitted, as he, Tubbo, Karl, and Eret looked upon a much prettier L’Manberg.

“They’ve had wars over landscaping,” Tubbo pointed out. “We’ve fought in their war over landscaping. It’s not that much of a surprise.”

“Yeah yeah, whatever. Still annoyed he won, though.”

15.7 (credit to BlueSheepy)

Tubbo Awoke fighting, which was unusual. On instinct, he held out his hand, and a light shot towards him, reforming into a massive double scythe. He twirled it around, following his loop reflexes, and sliced the monster in front of him to shreds.

<Hey! Fucking warn me next time you do that!> The scythe said.

Tubbo blinked. “What? How - oh! Hey Tommy.”

It seemed in this world, certain people could become demon weapons, and others, called meisters, could wield them. Wilbur wielded a crossbow Fundy, Niki was the meister for Eret, who turned into a rapier, and both George and Sapnap were demon weapons for Dream, an awe and a sword respectively.

He and Tommy were partners as well. And Tommy was a double-bladed scythe.

<You know, I thought I was gonna be a Greek sword or something,> Tommy admitted. <You know, after hearing so much of Techno’s Theseus speeches.>

Tubbo smiled. <Just goes to show that the comparison is bullshit.>

He could feel the pride radiating off of Tommy. <Hell yeah it does.>

~

“You managed to create Soul Resonance on your second time working together?” Maka repeated, taken aback. “That’s unusual. Most loopers take at least a little bit longer than that.”

It seemed this was actually a genuine fused loop, and Maka and Soul had been in a different part of the continent, deciding to travel towards where they heard Tommy and Tubbo’s pings.

“We didn’t even know we were doing it at first,” Tubbo admitted. “It just sort of happened.”

Tommy puffed out his chest. “Yeah well, Tubbo and I are just cool like that. Always have been, even before we started looping. So it’s really not surprising at all.”

He grabbed Tubbo’s hand, and Tubbo laughed.

He’s got the coolest best friend in the world, and the loops have only made that even more true.

15.8

Sam slumped against the countertop. “It just feels like I’m stuck in a rut, you know? I get explosions, mostly centered around myself being the one exploding, and I get prisons.

There's not a lot to work with there. I enjoy when I get to be a builder of sorts, but those aren't as common."

"Hey, I totally get what you mean," Scar commiserated, pouring himself and Sam drinks. "For me, it's either being a dead man or being an evil capitalist. I mean, I *am* an evil capitalist sometimes." Sam raised an eyebrow. "Okay, more than sometimes. But I would like a little variety. And to not be constantly dying. Maybe if I survived more I'd be less inclined to evil, you know?"

"I'd much prefer your brand of evil to the one we've got, but that's understandable."

Scar grimaced. "That's true. Compared to Dream, I must look like a saint. And I think False has said that if Techno ever lights TNT in our world, she's going to kill him personally. Although come to think of it, I'd actually like to see that happen. The murder bit, not the blowing things up bit," he added hastily at the end.

Sam laughed. "The boys would probably enjoy it as well. Good to know we've all got our priorities straight, isn't it?"

"Indeed." Scar raised his glass. "To being typecast by a computer tree!"

They clinked their glasses.

15.9 (credit to Interjection)

"You know, I can bet behind this. It's actually pretty relaxing," Tommy admitted, as he and Tubbo got rid of candy line after candy line. "Who'd have thought?"

"Well, it is a game in the Hub," Tubbo pointed out reasonably. "People wouldn't play something like this if it wasn't relaxing, right?"

"Guess so."

"*Shit.*" Tommy turned and laughed as Tubbo missed one of the platforms, falling out of view. He turned back quickly though, because he was absolutely determined to beat the high score on this thing, and as funny as Tubbo falling was, he wouldn't let it distract him.

"This loop is awesome!" The two of them walked together through their shared park, looking around their main island, which held the colosseum, plant, earth, fire, and cold habitats.

Said habitats were for dragons of all shapes and sizes. Mostly adorable, generally playful, and always friendly, these sorts of dragons were a genuine treat to raise.

“I wish we could take these guys home, if I’m being honest,” Tommy admitted. “I mean, come on. Imagine walking up to Doomsday with what, two hundred dragons? Is that how many we have now?”

“I think so. Something like that, at least. And at least one for every type.” Tubbo looked around in satisfaction, although it was tinged with sadness. “Yeah, I’m gonna miss these guys when we go.”

“Don’t you dare. Don’t you fucking dare.”

“But Tommy!” Tubbo tried to hide his smile and failed miserably. “You’re angry, you’re a bird-”

“Don’t fucking shoot me into those pigs, Tubbo!”

“But that’s just how the game goes! Don’t be a killjoy!”

15.10

Tommy woke up comfortably, in a nice bed that was sort of familiar, but not really. He lay there, still half asleep (and therefore forgot to acknowledge the ping sent his way), and rifled through his loop memories.

It was another one of those loops, where Phil was his dad and Techno, Wilbur, and Tubbo were his brothers, and everything was okay and happy. Where Phil genuinely loved them and Techno was gruff but cared deep down and Wilbur was open and kind with his affection. And he was younger than normal, fourteen, which meant the loop would probably be lasting longer than usual.

These loops were always so conflicting. He loved them, but they ached when they ended, and he was faced with the reminder that they weren’t nearly as common as Wilbur and Tubbo being the only members of the family who were good and kind to him.

Still. He had Tubbo, always. And Sam when he was awake. And Eret, Niki, and Karl, who were more like family to him than Phil and Techno ever could be.

He could enjoy loops like these, and then he could move on, and still be happy. It was okay to enjoy loops like these, because his chosen family would be waiting when he moved on.

Finally, Tommy got out of bed and headed downstairs.

“You’re a bit late, mate,” Phil noted, ruffling his hair as Tommy passed him in the kitchen. “Normally you come thundering downstairs as soon as you smell toast.”

“Yeah, whatever. I had a slow wake-up.” He sat down next to Tubbo, who was looking at him curiously. “I’m starving. When will it be ready?”

“When it’s ready,” Phil snarked back lightly. “I’m just wondering when - oh, there they are.”

Techno and Wilbur entered the room, Techno practically shoving his twin inside. “Wilbur woke up screaming,” he announced.

Wilbur spun around, looking betrayed. “Hey! You said you wouldn’t say anything!”

Technoblade looked nonplussed. “I said I wouldn’t go behind your back about it. Never said anything about bein’ open with you here.”

“That’s totally twisting things-”

Tommy searched his memories - that was right. Yesterday, Wilbur had a bad run-in with a witch and had been poisoned. Made sense that he’d have nightmares about that, especially since this was a solo-loop, and things were treated with much more gravitas before any wars got started.

“It’s alright to have bad dreams after something like that, Wil,” Phil said. “You all know about my issues with baby zombies.”

“Yeah, I know.” Wilbur huffed. “But it wasn’t that. It was just - a completely unrelated bad dream, is all.”

Tommy snorted. “Sure thing, Wilby.” Then he made an effort to look like he’d fucked up. “Wait, no.”

As expected, Wilbur looked delighted. “Did you just call me Wilby?”

“No I didn’t! Fuck off. I called you Wilbur.”

“You haven’t called me Wilby in years.” Wilbur headed over to him and gave him a squishing hug, ruffling a hand through his hair. “You can call me Wilby, Toms.”

“I didn’t call you Wilby! You know what, whatever. I just want food.”

Thankfully, Phil swooped in. “Good thing breakfast is ready, then. Here we go. Techno, come over here.”

Techno stopped looking amused in the doorway and wandered over.

~

About an hour later, after Phil had left to get firewood and Techno had gone upstairs to read, Tommy got a ping from Tubbo. He turned to his friend, and saw the cord of the compass under his shirt. <You could’ve pinged earlier, you know.>

Tubbo gave him an incredulous look. <I did! You didn’t answer.>

“*Again?* What was that?”

They both spun around.

Wilbur was in the doorway, knocking against his head lightly.

Tubbo sent out another ping. Wilbur seemed to grit his teeth immediately afterwards.

About a million emotions went through Tommy at once. Worry, apprehension, *hope*.

Please. Please let this be what I think it is.

“Wilbur?” He asked, softly, cautiously. Wilbur looked up at him. “Wilbur, are you - is time repeating for you?”

Wilbur stared at him blankly, and Tommy’s heart sunk. He shouldn’t have gotten his hopes up-

<Feel the force,> Tubbo sent. Tommy did.

Wilbur was a whirlwind of emotions. Guilt was the most prominent, but there was also hope, and fear, and happiness, and self-anger. *Ender. It’s really happening, isn’t it?*

“Tommy?” Wilbur asked, voice hoarse. “And Tubbo? You too? This isn’t - is this a dream? A second chance? I don’t understand what’s going on.”

Tubbo’s face remained neutral, although Tommy could feel that he was just as conflicted as they were. “It’s a loaded answer. What do you remember?”

That was the question, wasn’t it?

Wilbur seemed lost in thought for a minute, but he finally answered. “L’Manberg. The revolution, the elections. Manberg. Blowing - blowing it all up.” He choked on that last part. “Phil killing me.” He hesitated. “Then, I was a ghost, I guess? It didn’t really seem like me, more like just a small part of me. Mostly the good part. I didn’t remember a lot, but I remember now. Rebuilding, the exile, Doomsday. Phil blowing it up and killing Friend. Wanting to be revived.” Wilbur shook his head. “That’s it, I think. Maybe a resurrection attempt? It’s very weird after I died.”

This was Ghostbur. This was *Wilbur*. Tommy’s older brother.

Tommy found himself moving before he could think, launching himself at Wilbur and hugging him as though Wil would slip through his fingers the second he let go. A pause, then Wilbur was hugging him back, just as tightly. They slid down to the ground.

“I’m so sorry, Tommy.” Wilbur croaked. “I hurt you so badly, and I’m so sorry.” He shifted, and Tommy knew he was looking at Tubbo. “You too Tubbo. I hurt you as well, and I’m so sorry for it. Neither of you have to forgive me, but you should know that I regret it so much.”

“Shut up,” Tommy muttered. Wilbur flinched a little, and he felt a bit bad, but he continued. “We still love you, asshole. We’re so glad you’re back.”

“Tommy’s right,” Tubbo added softly, stepping forward. “We have a lot to explain about what’s going on, but we’ll get through it, and we’ll do it together. You’re still Tommy’s brother, Wil.”

“And you?” Wilbur asked. Tubbo hesitated.

“Do you see yourself as my brother? I never knew if you did or not.”

Tommy could feel Wilbur’s breath hitch. “I did. You and Tommy, you’re both my little brothers. I’m sorry I made you feel otherwise. I promise I’ll do better, if you let me.”

For a moment, Tommy thought Tubbo would reject him. But - “I’ve got another family, now. Other siblings, a dad who I love and who loves me. But another brother doesn’t sound so bad.” And Tubbo accepted Wilbur’s outstretched arm and joined the hug.

And Tommy - Tommy hugged his brothers, *both of them*, and decided that things would be alright.

Chapter End Notes

15.1 They also brought back so much copper, deepslate, and amethyst.

15.2 Poor Sam. (Crossovers: Hogan's Heroes, Holes, Oz.)

15.3 Nothing sparks the wonderful feeling of insignificance like climbing a giant mountain, soaring through desolate skies, and swimming with blue whales. (Crossovers: Journey, Sky: Children of the Light, Abzu)

15.4 Looping without loved ones is hard. At least they can talk about it with each other now.

15.5 *Now* it's official!

15.6 How evil!

15.7 Sometimes people are just that close.

15.8 Typecast bonding.

15.9 Sometimes, things are just fun. Unless you're currently an angry bird.

15.10 Deadbur was too much of a wildcard, but Calliope found a way around that.

Welcome to the loops, Wilbur Soot/Ghostbur!

16.0

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

16.1

“Eret, what do you think I’m supposed to do?”

Eret looked at him curiously. “What do you mean?”

It was the start of a new loop, and they were currently kicking the Dream Team’s ass as they fought for L’Manberg’s independence. Wilbur had been surprised to hear about Eret, but thankfully it seemed Ghostbur’s acceptance of him had carried over, and the two had slowly started to build something like a friendship over the past month.

“With Tommy.” Wilbur ran a hand through his hair. “He’s my little brother, yeah? And I can’t stop thinking of him that way. But he’s so much older than me now.”

“Nearing fifty thousand, I think,” Eret agreed. Wilbur shuddered slightly at the number. “I do sort of get it. It was wild, starting to loop, and realizing that Tubbo was probably over twice my age. But that’s a bit different than tens of thousands of years.”

“A bit,” Wilbur repeated, slightly sarcastic. He sighed. “It’s just, he’s grown up. Or at least, he’s matured. He’s so much more confident in himself, in his place in the world. He knows his worth, but he doesn’t really brag about it unless he’s joking around. He’s really come into himself. And Tubbo! He’s so confident and collected. He’s a true leader, more than I could ever hope to be. He stands up for himself, doesn’t let anyone walk over him. I’m so proud of them both! But I missed it all. Maybe if I hadn’t gone fucking crazy, I would’ve started to loop earlier.”

Eret winced. “Tommy doesn’t blame you for your mental health declining. No one does.”

“My mental health is an explanation, not an excuse,” Wilbur snapped. “It doesn’t excuse the fact that I hurt him in Pogtopia, or that I gave Tubbo the presidency only to blow it up in his face.”

“...You’re right.” Eret shrugged their shoulders. “But Tommy and Tubbo love you anyways. And they want to give you this chance, just like they did with me.” They turned to Wilbur. “If you want my advice? Try and treat Tommy normally, for the most part. Tease him, mess around with him. Just don’t make him feel like a child, because he’s not one. He knows what he’s doing, make sure he knows you trust him to make his own decisions.”

“Basically, make sure he knows I still see him as my little brother, but respect him as though we were both adults?” Wilbur summarized. “I can do that. I have to do that. I want things to be better.”

“And they will be. I promise.” Eret put a hand on his shoulder, and Wilbur smiled, a little uncomfortably, a little doubtfully, but still determined. “If you want more advice on Tommy in particular, maybe you should talk to Sam.”

“Right. Sam. Tommy told me.” Wilbur made a face. “We’re definitely going to talk. If he’s Tommy’s dad now, I want to know what that makes us, because I certainly don’t see him in a fatherly way. It’s best we get that conversation over with as soon as possible.” He grimaced. “Phil might be the worst, sometimes, but he’s still my dad. I can’t imagine anyone else taking that role.”

“Does it bother you that Tommy can?” Eret wondered.

“Oh, not at all. I just think it would be less awkward the sooner we settle this.”

“Fair enough.”

16.2

“You know, I haven’t used any of my charms from Hollow Knight in a while,” Tubbo mused as they prepared for another battle against the Dream Team. “I think this loop, those will be the only out-of-loop skills I use. Just so I don’t get rusty.”

“That’s actually a cool idea,” Tommy agreed. He pulled out his dao from his pocket. “Now that you mention it, I haven’t practiced my fire bending in a long time either. I should probably work on that. Get back to my roots, y’know?”

Tubbo nodded. “Yeah, exactly. I’m gonna start off with the simpler charms and spells, and work my way up. Hopefully by the time Techno comes, I’ll be warmed up enough to combo the guy in a couple hits.”

The idea was a pleasant one, but they did still have time to kill before then, so... “Wanna see who can crush the Dream Team the fastest?”

“Oh you’re super on.”

16.3

Wilbur looked over himself curiously.

He was transparent, but he didn’t feel like Ghostbur. He was wearing a long coat (*not the trench coat, he refused to wear the trench coat*), dark blue with green stripes on it. He tentatively reached out for what the others called “loop memories”.

Huh. Apparently he was some sort of Phantom hybrid? Most likely because of Ghostbur, but it was still pretty interesting. And it seemed he could go genuinely invisible and walk through walls, although sunlight hurt him rather than water, as long as he was visible.

According to the memories, Philza had found a bunch of them, all different sorts of hybrids, and taken them under his wing. They were all currently building themselves houses around a lake together.

He felt three other pings, and sent one back, sliding down the trunk of a tree and staying safe in the shade, his feet inches from the lake. Soon enough Tubbo wandered over, looking much more purple than usual.

“I’m a Shulk this time,” he marveled. “That’s new. And kind of cool, but I already have my pocket for extra storage. I do like the extra armor though.”

“Can you teleport or levitate people?” Wilbur wondered.

“If I can, I haven’t figured it out yet.” Still, Tubbo grinned. “But I’m sure I’ll find out soon enough.”

“Hey you two!” They both turned to see Niki swimming up to them, popping her head out of the water. She had pink fins behind her ears, and gills on her neck. “Oh, Wilbur! You’re see through!”

Wilbur smiled. “I am! It’s very cool. Especially since I’m still alive. And what are you?”

“I’m a Merling.” Niki dipped back under the water for a moment, before rising back up again. “I can breathe underwater, which is very nice. But I can’t go on land very long, which isn’t as cool.”

Tubbo frowned. “Does that mean you can’t go to the nether?” Niki wilted and shook her head.

Wilbur pounded his hand. “That’s it, that’s our goal for this loop. Niki, you’re gonna see the nether, and we’re gonna make it happen!” Both of them cheered.

“What’s the commotion?” Tommy wondered, floating down towards them with tiny wings on his back. “Oh, I’m an Avian this loop! Which means I’m a vegetarian! And can slow fall.”

“Slow fall is good!” Tubbo encouraged.

“We’re gonna help get Niki to the nether!” Then something struck Wilbur. “Wait, you’re a vegetarian and can fall slowly? Are Avians just chickens?”

Tommy’s eyes widened with terror. “No. Fuck off. Don’t say it.”

Wilbur grinned. “Don’t say what?”

His little brother looked furious. “You don’t know these loops like we do! If you make those connections, I’m going to be dealing with chicken related fusions and variants for the next

thousand loops! Don't you fucking dare."

He bit his lip to keep from laughing. "ChickenInnit."

"Fuck you, bitch!"

16.4 (credit to... so many people)

"This is a new one," Naruto admitted, as he looked around. "Dream SMP, right? It's a Minecraft series with lots of wars."

"And child soldiers," Sasuke added. "And a guy who looks like Urahara from Bleach."

"So we're just going to go in, wreck shop, and leave?" Sakura wondered. "Or do we have something more fun in mind?"

"Whatever we do, we're doing it our way," Sasuke said coolly, and Sakura flinched. Naruto winced - he knew Sakura was getting better, but that didn't mean she didn't relapse from time to time.

"Let's wait to see what this is like outside of a blockmen roleplay," he offered. "Then we'll decide where to go from there."

"Apparently Kakashi's teams either drive him crazy or make him impervious to anything when he's not looping," Tommy said, as the three of them headed inside the building. "What do you think it'll be for us?"

"We don't know that Kakashi isn't looping," Niki reminded him. "We did feel another ping, it's possible that it was him."

Tubbo smiled. "Who says we can't drive him crazy even if he is looping?" The three of them took their seats.

~

In the end, it didn't matter, because it wasn't Kakashi.

"Team seven, Tubbo Underscore, Tommy Innit, Niki Nihachu, under Etho."

In front of them, Etho gave a lazy wave, eye crinkling in a smile. "*Don't worry,*" the man sent telepathically. "*I've looped in as Kakashi so many times, I can teach you all well.*"

Niki considered her still-a-little-bit-starstruck friends with amusement. "*I don't think you need to worry about them worrying.*"

“Ah, Kakashi. Good to see you again.” Under his helmet, Xisuma smiled. “Are you planning on building a base, or do you want to go server hopping this time?”

“I think I’ll build a base, actually,” Kakashi decided. “It’s quite relaxing, and I know a lot more about interiors now than I ever did before.”

“Of course.”

16.5

Tubbo awoke at a nice kitchen table, with Eret, Tom, Jordan, and a very small Crumb all eating dinner together. Everyone over the age of three paused to take in their loop memories, before looking at each other.

“So,” Tom began, turning to Jordan with a sly grin on his face. “Which one of us do you think is Mr. and Mrs. Incredible?”

“Does it matter?” The Captain asked, with the tone of someone who had dealt with so many antics they were far past the point of caring.

“Of course not, *darling*. I just want to know who Syndrome will be gunning for, since I think we both pissed him off in this variant.”

“Guess we’re both Mr. Incredible, then.” The Captain gave them all a smile. “I hope you don’t mind a bit of an adventure this loop.”

Eret grinned. “Don’t know about Tubbo, but my last loop was decently boring. A superhero adventure sounds like a lot of fun.”

“Agreed!” Tubbo turned to look at the littlest kid of the group. “I do feel a little bad for whoever has to look over Crumb though.”

Crumb giggled and burst into flames.

“...I’m sure they’ll be fine.”

~

Karl looked out at the chaos that was unfolding over the city, and knew her had to go and help. He ran to get his suit... but it wasn’t there?

“Sapnap! Quackity! Where’s my super suit?”

“*What?*”

“*Where’s. My. Super. Suit!?*”

16.6

It was time.

Wilbur held Sally's hand tightly, careful not to squeeze her too hard. She squeezed him back, red hair like her son, and green eyes, and a kind smile. Wilbur smiled back, and then he turned, looked straight ahead, and started walking.

Technoblade is his brother, sometimes. He's seen this play, and this musical, the one he's in now. Hermes sings, and he knows how the story goes.

“~The dog you really gotta dread, is the one that howls inside your head. It's him whose howling drives men mad, and a mind to its undoing.~”

He knows Orpheus looks back, in every iteration of the story, another tragic Greek hero who can never escape his destiny. He knows just how fear and love and suspicion can warp and change a person's mind.

But just as Tommy isn't Theseus, he isn't Orpheus. He can do this.

“~Wait for me, I'm coming with you.~”

Wilbur's not a fighter, not like the rest of his family. He's getting better, now that he's in the loops, but it will never be his biggest strength. But he can sing, and he can make people feel. And so he will.

And so he does.

16.7 (credit to kuragir_i)

“The blue lion prefers a pilot who is connected, one with an intrinsic understanding of their fellow pilots, one who can bind them together. Eret, you will pilot the blue lion.” Eret nodded, looking as professional as they could.

“The yellow lion prefers someone steady, with a kind heart. As the leg of Voltron, it is their job to support the others. Niki will pilot the yellow lion.” Niki smiled.

Allura turned towards the next image. “The green lion seeks a pilot who is curious, who wants to break boundaries and understand more about the world around them. Sam, you will be the one to pilot the green lion.”

“The red lion is temperamental, and the hardest to bond with. Therefore, its pilot must be strong in heart and mind, with a certain amount of stubbornness. Someone with a temperament to match.” She looked at Tommy, who grinned.

“Yeah, I figured as much.”

Allura sighed good naturedly. “Alright then. The black lion is the head of Voltron, and thus, it’s pilot must be a natural leader, someone who the other lions will follow. Tubbo will be the one to pilot the black lion.”

“Alright then.” Tubbo smiled. <It’s been a while since we had a loop where it was just the five of us, hasn’t it?>

<Yeah. How long do you think it’ll take to defeat Zarkon?>

<Not long at all.>

16.8

“~Rise up, when you’re living on your knees you rise up, tell brother that he’s gotta rise up, tell your sister that she’s gotta rise up!~”

Wilbur sang, and Tommy could literally feel himself getting stronger, more energized, his bruises and cuts fading. Things clicked and he turned to his older brother. “You had a DnD loop as a bard, didn’t you?”

Wilbur finished the song and grinned. “You got it. College of Valor, as a matter of fact. I’ve got so many ideas for bardic inspiration, you wouldn’t believe it.” He made a face. “And I’m still mad that you guys did a Les Mis loop without me, so you can bet we’ll be revisiting that at some point.”

~

“~Popular. I’ll help you be popular. You’ll hang with the right cohorts, you’ll be good at sports, know the slang you’ve got to know...~”

“I can see how this fits, but honestly, I was expecting the Election of 1800,” Tommy admitted, as they got ready for their campaign speeches.

Tubbo smiled dryly. “Sure, but that was mostly Burr, and he lost, didn’t he?”

“Fair point.”

~

As was typical, Dream was gathering his skills and forces to try and pull another Doomsday. As was also typical, Technoblade had joined him.

What wasn't as typical was the fact that Philza was on their side this time, and that Wilbur was perched on the roof of the White House with his guitar, voice echoing loud and clear throughout L'Manberg.

“~Ain't no crying 'till the war's done. Ain't no crying 'cause the fighting's just begun. No crying 'till the sun comes, 'till the sun comes up, 'till the sun comes up.~”

16.9 (credit to TheCatMotif)

Sam awoke at a desk, surrounded by screens. The screens showed different hallways and rooms in what looked to be a kid's place. Some of them had strange animatronics standing in them...

No. Fuck no. Nononono.

Sam checked his loop memories, and found to his horror that it was exactly as he imagined it to be.

Fucking typecasting. Fucking loops. Fucking Yggdrasil. Absolutely not.

Sam stood up and dusted himself off. He reached into his pocket and pulled out the BFG 9000 from that one Doom loop.

He was not going to die to those things. He was going to blast the shit out of them, clean up after himself, and then get the damn place shut down.

Fuck this loop.

16.10

“Seriously Tubbo, stop pouting about this.”

Tubbo continued to pout. Tommy groaned.

“Tubbo, you've literally got the Miraculous of creation. You get to be the main hero. You can fix everything in a magic wave of ladybugs. And neither of us have to wear those skin tight suits the normal heroes have. Why are you so upset?”

“Tommy, there’s a *bee* Miraculous,” Tubbo stressed. “Why couldn’t I have gotten the bee Miraculous?”

Tommy rolled his eyes. “If I remember right, because the person who usually wears the bee Miraculous is a huge bitch in baseline.”

Tubbo looked furious. “And so only huge bitches get the bee Miraculous? That’s bullshit! I call bullshit. We’re gonna have to change that. Fuck that. That Kwami deserves so much better.”

“Tubbo-”

“I’m not letting this go, Tommy!”

16.11 (credit to NovaStardust)

“Someone seems happy,” Eret noted, as they sat down next to Wilbur. “Good loop?”

“Something like that.” Wilbur smiled. “Looped in as Danny Fenton. Basically got a massive upgrade to all of the ghostly powers I got from that Hybrid SMP, which means I can fly now. And shoot ghostly lasers. And not have to worry about the sun or rain when I use any powers as Wilbur or Ghostbur.”

“That does sound useful,” Eret agreed. A thought struck them. “You know, I haven’t actually seen you use many of your ghostly powers. Especially not in comparison to music.”

Wilbur hummed. “Think about it this way. Would you rather use powers connected to something you love, that you’ve worked hard on, that you’re proud of? Or would you rather use powers connected to the fact that you were suicidal and had your own dad murder you?”

Eret winced. “Fair point. I’m sorry.”

“No, it’s fine.” Wilbur smiled. “Just a thought, is all.”

16.12

Wilbur looked around at the village he had awoken in. It seemed relatively peaceful, and he was but a humble librarian, which was fine with him. He sent out a ping, and didn’t get one back in return, which was strange. A stealth anchor?

It didn’t really matter. He could just keep his head down and live out this particular loop in peace.

(As if. Someone like him couldn't ever find peace. Didn't deserve it.)

The village itself was a little shabby, and apparently there'd been some chaos with the lord of the village a little while back, but he could work on that later. Or not at all. Whatever he felt like.

Things took a bit of a turn though, when someone new came a few days later redoing pathways and fixing up holes to caves with record speed, looking just a little annoyed, and Wilbur wondered.

That night, the woman entered the library, looking thoroughly exhausted, caught Wilbur's eye, and just stared at him. Wilbur stared back.

"What the heck," she finally managed. "Okay, doing everything again and again? I get it. Haven't figured out how to break it yet, but I get it. But this? Who are you? I've never even seen you before!"

Oh... oh. Well that explained the lack of another ping. "My name is Wilbur. May I ask for yours?"

"Aphmau." The woman frowned. "That still doesn't answer my questions, though I don't know if you'd even have the answers."

Aphmau. Minecraft Diaries, maybe? It would make sense. "I think I do have the answers, actually," Wilbur told her. "Has time been repeating for you? And if it has, how many times has it done so?"

Aphmau's eyes widened. "Gods, yes! I've already done this twenty-seven times, and I still can't figure out how to break the cycle. You know about it then?"

"I do." Really, he hadn't expected to be the first of them to give someone the "Welcome to the Multiverse" speech, but unfortunately for Aphmau, she didn't seem to have any other options. "I can explain everything. You might want to sit down though, it'll take a while."

~

"So we're stuck in some sort of infinite time loop, where I'm the anchor for my world. And my world is just one on this Minecraft branch of the universe tree?" Aphmau summarized. "Okay, I'll admit that sounds a bit wild, but it's better than any other explanation I can think of." She looked up at him hopefully. "You said eventually others will start looping with me?"

"That's right. Mostly they'll be people you have a strong connection to. But you should be warned that sometimes your enemies and those who hurt you might start looping as well."

"Thank you for letting me know. But if it means my children will remember me, I can take it." Aphmau looked at him closely, and Wilbur resisted the urge to look away. "You were counting yourself among those who hurt your fellow loopers, weren't you?"

He winced. "Yeah. It was - a big mess, back in baseline. My little brothers, my friends - I hurt them a lot. And I never even tried to make it up to them until I started looping."

“But you have tried to make it up to them since then? Are they still mad at you?”

“They should be. Even if they aren’t.”

“Well, that’s for them to decide, isn’t it?” Aphmau smiled. “I can’t pretend to know your situation. But if they’ve accepted you after everything, maybe you can be even better for them if you accepted yourself.”

Wilbur opened his mouth to respond, and found that he couldn’t. He closed his mouth.

“Just a thought.” She coughed lightly. “So! Would you like to help me out through this loop?”

“...Sure. I can do that.”

Chapter End Notes

16.1 The family tree just got even more awkward.

16.2 Challenge loops!

16.3 Tommy's next fused loop was Chicken Little. The one after that was Chicken Run.

16.4 Kakashi really does enjoy the amount of time he spends with the Hermits. They're vacation loops, for him.

16.5 *Insert Incredibles theme here*

16.6 Way down in Hadestown.

16.7 Things were wildly different during and after the season 1 finale.

16.8 Of course Wilbur is a bard. Also, Derivakat.

16.9 Sam chooses a more direct route of surviving all the nights.

16.10 Tubbo was so excited when he learned about fusions.

16.11 Wilbur has two typecasts. He chooses the one he wants more.

16.12 Meet Aphmau, anchor of Minecraft Diaries/MyStreet, newest branch of the Minecraft Roleplay branch!

17.0

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

17.1

Another loop, another revolution. The fighters of L'Manberg all relaxed together inside their walls, having a nice picnic with some of the interesting sweets four out of five of them had gathered from different loops.

"I'm still trying to wrap my head around this whole time travelling thing," Fundy admitted. "And if you've been doing this forever, why are you telling me about it this time?"

"We wanted to go pretty far off the original timeline this loop," Wilbur explained, munching on some elven bread. "And all four of us are currently awake, so it wouldn't be fair to exclude you." He smiled at his son. "You might not be looping, but you still matter to us. To me." Fundy scoffed a bit, but he looked pleased, especially when Wilbur ruffled his hair.

Eret smiled at the sight. They knew one of Wilbur's big regrets stemmed from how he treated Fundy in baseline, especially since he could remember his time as Ghostbur. Now that he was looping, it seemed he was putting extra effort into being as good of a parent as he could be.

The bright side was that Fundy finally had the parent he deserved, even if it wasn't Eret. The complications came from the fact that unless Wilbur Awoke later in the loop, Fundy couldn't understand why his dad was so guilty over their relationship. And if he did Awaken later, said relationship still needed to be mended.

But right now, the five of them could just enjoy themselves in the original L'Manberg, without any worries of exiles and spies and betrayal, and certainly nothing regarding tnt and Doomsdays. They could just have a nice picnic together.

The invisible dome that Tubbo placed around L'Manberg, which acted as a barrier against the Dream Team, certainly helped.

"You know, it's not really a revolution if no one fights," Sapnap called out from the other side of the barrier.

"Sure it is!" Tommy yelled back cheerfully. "We've seceded from you guys! You can't touch us! We've revolted!"

"Think we can figure out a way to make a nether portal without the Dream Team getting access to it?" Eret mused. "Shouldn't be too hard, right?"

"Where would we get the obsidian, though?" Fundy asked. "Or, do you guys already have some on hand in those pocket things?"

“We have so much,” Tommy confirmed. “And Tubbo can fix up our portal. He’s the magic guy.”

“I’m the magic guy,” Tubbo agreed dryly. “Except for music magic, and lightning and speed magic, and ice magic. That’s on you three. But sure, the portal idea shouldn’t be too hard.” He munched on a cookie preserved from the last time they had met Ruby Rose.

“Even through the barrier that smells good.” Eret could practically hear Sapnap sulking. “Now I want cookies.”

A smirk played across Wilbur’s face. “Join the revolution then.”

“You’re making it tempting!”

17.2

“Tommy, when I said you’re never gonna be president, you’ve gotta understand, that wasn’t a challenge, that’s true. You’re never going to be president Tommy.”

Tommy, having Awoken seconds ago, sighed, then gently pushed a surprised Wilbur away from him. “That’s alright, Wil. I never wanted to be president anyways, so it all works out, yeah?”

That seemed to take Wilbur by surprise. “What? What do you mean? You’re Tommy, you always - you always gotta be the big man, gotta be the hero! You - that’s you, Tommy!”

“No, Wilbur, it’s not.” Not even in baseline. He hated it, the perception he gave people, that he wanted to be in charge of things, that he wanted to be a hero. He hadn’t since the very first revolution. All he’d wanted was his friends, and his home. “I don’t need to be a hero, Wilbur. I want L’Manberg back because we were all happy there, remember? We had such good times, before the election.”

Wilbur shook his head. “It’s all gone though. Tommy, all of that is gone, we can’t trust anyone there-!”

Tommy stepped forwards, gently grabbing Wilbur’s hands. “We can, big man. Schlatt? Absolute bastard, this is totally his fault. He’s a dickhead, yeah? But he only won because he pooled votes with Quackity. He didn’t win because the people liked him. They liked us best, Wil.”

That seemed to stop Wilbur in his tracks. As Tommy suspected, he’d forgotten about that part.

“How about this,” he continued. “We wait, for a while. Talk to Tubbo and Niki and Jack and everyone. See how they’re feeling. We might currently be banned from L’Manberg, but they’re not banned from everywhere else, we could meet them anywhere and Schlatt can’t

say anything. We learn what Schlatt's regime is really like before we jump to any harsh conclusions."

He gave his older brother a grin. "Plus, Schlatt did declare himself an emperor shortly after winning. I'd say that gives us more than enough ammo on him when it comes to legality."

Wilbur was staring at him, but the paranoia that followed him during these times in Pogtopia was slowly being replaced with hope, and a little wonder. "When did you grow up so much, Tommy?"

"It's been a slow process," Tommy admitted. "But I'm now the biggest man. Bigger than anyone on this server. I get all the women now."

Wilbur laughed, genuinely. It was a start.

17.3 (credit to Seeing_Scarlet)

"Are you guys okay?" Eret asked, looking at the three people slumped by the camarvan.

"Weird loop," Tubbo told him. "Not the worst bad, just... interesting."

"Bad for me," Tommy grumbled. "I was stuck in a fucking umbrella the entire time. I only got to fight at the very end! You know how much that sucked?"

Niki shuddered. "It was a DnD loop... sort of. There was this big magic jellyfish called the voidfish that stole all our loop memories away before we even Awoke. Well, mine and Tubbo's. Tommy was already stuck in the umbrella." Tommy muttered some choice curses about that.

"It wasn't all bad though," Tubbo smiled a bit. "In the end we gathered everyone and fought off this interdimensional plane of pure nihilism and saved the world. Lots of good messages about how kindness and love for each other prevails and all."

"Tubbo, you called us the boner squad and told someone you were going to tentacle his dick."

"It was a really heated battle, okay!?"

17.4

"So this is the Avatar loop?" Wilbur mused, water hovering in the air at his will.

“Avatar the last airbender, yeah.” Tommy frowned. “Although I think we’re somewhere in between Airbender and Korra, based on the technology. Or hell, we might be in a version that’s completely different. But, we’ve got bending!”

“We’re definitely in a different version.” They looked up to see Tubbo drop down lightly next to them. “Airbender, see? Plus, I think Dream is the avatar this loop.” His brothers made a disgusted face, and he laughed.

“So, Tubbo’s an airbender, Wilbur and Eret are waterbenders, I’m an earthbender...” Niki looked at the other two loopers expectantly.

“Earthbender,” Sam supplied. “Although I specialize in metalbending.”

Karl smiled. “Airbender, with an unusual connection to the spirit world. I finally get to fly! Or at least something like it.”

Tubbo laughed and high-fived Karl, before turning to Niki. “So is Dream a good avatar or a bad one? I mean, do we have to take him down?”

“Hard to tell yet,” Niki admitted. “He was an earthbender from my village, which is why I know about him at all. We’ll just have to see what kind of move he makes.”

“And counter it if we have to,” Eret agreed. They frowned. “Apparently I also know bloodbending, which is weird and kind of spooky. Just so you all know.”

Wilbur put a hand on Eret’s shoulder. “Thanks for telling us.”

Tommy perked up. “Oh, that’s right! I can lightning bend this time as well.”

“Of course you can, Tommy.”

“Hey, what the fuck is that supposed to mean!?”

17.5 (credit to NovaStardust)

“Judging by the way you’re walking about, I’d assume you’ve all been cats before,” Brambleclaw noted, as the visiting loopers trailed behind him towards the Thunderclan camp.

“Or something like that, at least,” Whiteeyes agreed. “We’ve been all sorts of animals before. Cats, dogs, birds, bees, racoons, chickens...”

“Shut up about the chickens,” Lightningpaw grumbled. “I never want to hear anything about a chicken ever again.” Next to him, Beepaw snickered, and Brambleclaw held in a chuckle.

“I do understand the weirdness of it,” he said. “We’ve been just about every animal out there, and naturally that includes humans. But generally I’ve heard that being other animals isn’t as

common for most loopers, so I had to ask.”

Meadowheart flicked her tail. “We appreciate it. Is there anything else we should know as the loop goes on?”

“Well, you’ve missed the first bit of the loop, with my father, and everyone needing to find a new home. But we’ve still got some wars ahead of us, and they can get pretty bloody. Your fellow looper is replacing Firestar, so I don’t know for sure how things will go, but I can give you a rough estimate.”

Greenstone nodded. “Whatever you can do, we appreciate it. We’re no strangers to war. We’ll help out however we can.”

17.6

“A workshop?” Karl repeated. “You mean a workshop?”

“Yes, but also no.” Tubbo smiled as he led Karl and Sam a ways away from the main SMP. “Check it out.”

Out of his subspace pocket, he retrieved what could only be described as a flying pirate ship, which hovered grandly in the air. He reveled in their stunned faces for a moment, before grabbing Sam and flying up to land on the deck, Karl following them with his airbending.

“See, I got this a while back, right? Technically it was Jack Sparrow’s, but I kinda stole it. Not from Awake him, though! I just had a loop in his world and took the ship when no one was aboard.”

“And made it fly?” Sam looked around the deck with an impressed glint in his eye.

“Hey, Purpled makes a genuine UFO like, half the time. The other half he just sort of finds one from somewhere. But I asked him a long while back how he did it, and then made my ship fly. But that’s not the big thing. Follow me.”

He led them below deck. The design of the interior was clearly of a pirate aesthetic, but everything else about it seemed a mix of steampunk and cyberpunk, with all sorts of machines Sam had yet to see before. Perks of being an anchor, he supposed.

“Tubbo, this is amazing!” Karl marveled.

“Thanks! It took a little while to get everything hooked up and running all smooth-like, but it’s pretty good now!” Tubbo beamed, before getting down to business. “Anyways, this way.”

He led them into another room, one that clearly had the undetectable extension charm on it. This one was all white and filled with different books and wither roses. “See, I’ve been keeping a few things from the different In Between’s that I’ve been in, yeah? All of it might

be irrelevant as soon as we get an expansion, but I figured it would be best to keep notes, in case any of it does have relevance.”

“Thanks.” Karl smiled, inspecting the room. “The problem with a lot of time travel stuff is that it’s made unusable in any but its original loop, to preserve the structure of the loops. Otherwise I’d be using a sonic screwdriver on all of this.”

“I thought they took that off read-only?” Sam asked, surprised.

“Oh that they did. But it’s much weaker outside of the Doctor’s loop. Something about interfering too much with the universe’s code. Plus there’s so many wooden buildings in our world that it’s rendered a bit pointless.” He sighed, a bit dramatically. “At least we can use all but the time travelling parts of the DeLorean.”

“What’s the point of having a DeLorean, then?”

“Dude. Flying DeLorean.”

Sam considered this. “You make a compelling argument.” He turned back to Tubbo. I’m guessing you have a room set up for me too on here?”

“You bet. It’s also a lot bigger on the inside, just like this. I’m planning to get Wilbur’s music room set up before I show it to the others.”

17.7

“You know, I haven’t seen Tommy or Tubbo yet,” Niki commented lightly, as she strolled down the prime path with Wilbur.

Wilbur let out a long, drawn out sigh. There were two puffs of smoke, and there on his shoulders rested two miniature versions of his younger brothers. Tommy was wearing all red, with devils horns and a tail, and Tubbo was wearing all white, with wings and a halo.

Tubbo waved. “Hello Niki! It’s been a great loop so far!”

Niki giggled and waved back.

“They’ve taken it upon themselves to give the opposite advice of what they’re supposed to be giving,” Wilbur told her flatly.

“Only because you’re awake,” Tommy said, a bit indignantly. “We did this before you were looping too and it worked out really well.”

“We’ve also been on Schlatt, Technoblade, and Dream’s shoulders,” Tubbo added helpfully. “Although we were switched when it came to Techno. I wonder why?”

17.8 (credit to funtimesinfiction)

“So.” Tommy spread his jam on his toast as he and Tubbo relaxed on top of the giant stone hand. “Interesting loop, innt?”

“Very funny.” Tubbo rolled his eyes. “It was probably bound to happen sooner or later. I’ve already been through a Lilo and Stitch loop.”

Currently, it seemed, he was the half-gem son of Rose Quartz, who more regularly went by Ianite. In her place, he was being taken care of by Pearl (an Awake Jordan), Garnet (Corpse), aka Sapphire and Ruby (Sam and Ponk), and Amethyst (Schlatt).

He shifted slightly, strumming his ukelele. “Sorry I’ve got Sam this time around as well.”

Tommy shrugged. “He’s not awake this time, so it’s fine. Phil’s an absent dad, which sucks, but I can deal with it.” He tapped the violin next to him. “And hey, maybe I’ll keep this skill for the future. Playing the violin is kind of fun.”

“You should definitely keep it then.” Tubbo smiled. “In the meantime though, technically I think you’re to be learning how to sword fight with the Captain. What if the two of us went and sparred with him for a while? Plus he’s got plenty of cool swords for us to take home.”

“Sounds like a plan to me.”

“Hey, Wilbur!”

Wilbur looked over at the two boys with both curiosity and a bit of wariness. “Yes? What’s up?”

“Check this out.” The two did a little goofy dance together, laughed as they did so. At some point, a bright light appeared between them, growing brighter and brighter until he couldn’t see the boys.

And then the light vanished, and in its place was someone taller than him, with very light brown hair, blue eyes, and a mix of Tommy and Tubbo’s clothing.

“Isn’t it neat?” They said.

“...What the Endering fuck,” Wilbur managed.

Eret laughed at his expression. “You haven’t seen Steven Universe, have you?”

“What the fuck is Steven Universe?”

Eret laughed even harder.

17.9

Tubbo wasn't sure how it happened. One moment, he was in Pogtopia with Tommy, Wilbur, Niki, and Techno, the piglin hybrid being the only one unaware of the loops. The next, he was in a familiar sandy temple, hovering in the air, wings spread out wide.

In front of him was a beaming Foolish. "Oh, good! I wasn't sure if that would work or not. It would've been really awkward if it hadn't."

Tubbo blinked, uncomfortably aware that he felt a lot more like the "Balance God" than he usually enjoyed being. Nothing in his loop memories had shown that this was some sort of variant loop either, what was going on?

"Foolish," he finally said. "Is there a reason that you've summoned me here?"

Foolish nodded, still smiling. "Look, I like building things, alright? But it's very hard to do so when you only have so much time, between managing followers and godly duties and all of that. Who knows when this time loop will reset? Since you're the more godlike of our world anchors, mind subbing in for me? I'll only be gone a few centuries. Time is weird around here."

Oh, this was a variant loop, this was definitely a variant loop- Tubbo's mind absorbed what Foolish had said. "Wait, Foolish, you're-?"

"Thank you so much, got to go, builds await me! Bye!" With a clap of lightning, Foolish vanished. Tubbo turned around in time to see (his?) followers entering the temple.

"...What?"

"You've been loop aware this whole time!?" Karl demanded. "Why didn't you come forward back when I was struggling with that? We could've bonded!"

"I don't know if I've been loop aware for as long as this time loop has been around," Foolish pointed out sensibly. "I just know that I'm in one now. I'm sorry we didn't talk then, if I was aware. But I've just been at my temple most of the time."

Tubbo looked very put out. "Last loop, you got me stuck playing god for a hundred years in that timey-wimey space! Do you know how long I thought you were looping!?"

"No? If that was in the last time loop, I don't remember that. Sorry."

Tubbo let out a frustrated groan. Karl patted his back sympathetically.

17.10

Sometimes, Niki mused, server-loops could be the best.

After all, she'd Awoken when L'Manberg started, and immediately headed to the budding nation in order to join the revolution. And she wasn't the only one. There had been far more pings than there were Dream SMP loopers, and so she was unsurprised to find Tiem Reester and quite a few Hermits lounging about. A few days later, Xephos, Honeydew, and Lomadia wandered over, and a few days after that, Aphmau signed up to fight, looking nervous but excited.

The revolution only lasted about a week. The SMP was crushed so badly they were forced to agree to any and all concessions L'Manberg wanted.

After a few brief arguments on what sort of theme L'Manberg's builds should be, everyone had pretty much settled down. Currently, she could see Tubbo and Tommy resting up against a half-awake (but fully Awake) and smiling Wilbur, wearing his Phantom jacket as he was want to do these loops. Niki couldn't hide her own smile as she headed over.

"Room for one more?" She asked, reveling in how content her boys looked.

Wilbur opened an eye and smiled, beckoning her to sit down with them. Niki plopped down gracefully next to Tubbo, who made his own sound of contentment.

Wilbur let out a happy sigh. "Somehow, I don't think we'll have to worry about countering all our usual problems this loop."

"No one here is going to let them happen, that's for sure." Eret said, joining their small group, with Sam and Jordan right behind them. "I think if Dream, Schlatt, or Techno tries anything, most people here will go ballistic. Especially since the Hermits are making their builds in L'Manberg. Can you imagine what they would do if someone tried to blow up the place?"

"False seemed itching to fight Techno anyways, so we might still get to see that." Jordan reached over and ruffled Tubbo's hair. "Told you you'd be sleepy after that all-nighter."

"Had to finish the Workshop," Tubbo protested half-heartedly.

Jordan smiled fondly. "You could've always finished it in the morning, Duckling."

"And you?" Sam wondered, amused.

Tommy gave him a sleepy grin. "Wil and I were making George think his house was haunted. He's never gonna build a mushroom cottage this loop, 'cause we're gonna drive him out of every one of his houses." Sam just laughed.

"Is today a do nothing day, then?" Karl wondered. Niki jumped and turned to look at him, and he smiled sheepishly. "I brought lemonade."

"Karl you wonderful, beautiful man."

“I know, but thank you anyways.”

“I think this is just family hang-out time,” Grian chuckled from behind Karl. “Also, lemonade please.” Karl obliged and handed him a glass.”

“When did you become a part of the family?” Sam wondered. “No offense or anything, I must’ve just missed it.”

Wilbur was the one to answer. “He’s actually my half brother in a weird amount of variant loops. We’ve been awake for enough of them that it just sort of feels official now.”

“And he’s helped Tubbo and I through a few Watcher loops,” Tommy agreed. “He’s like our brother now.”

“Don’t say that, I will cr-”

“No you won’t, that’s my line!” Wilbur snapped, punching a laughing Grian.

“Yeah yeah, okay! It’s your line. I am truly sorry for almost stealing it from you.” Grian stretched nonchalantly, then brightened. “Oh, does this mean Mumbo’s part of the family too? Since I’m part of the family, and we’re pretty much platonic life-partners at this point. Eternity-partners?”

“But that would mean I’d have to bring Tom over.” Jordan groaned as Tubbo snickered. “I don’t want to bring Tom over here.”

Niki sipped her lemonade and felt Eret leaning up against her comfortably. It really was the perfect day to do nothing but laze around with family.

As hard and boring as the loops could sometimes be, she couldn’t help but feel glad they existed. These people, she was more than happy to spend eternity with.

Chapter End Notes

17.1 Join the L'Manside. They have cookies.

17.2 Who's the mature one now?

17.3 Sam took the place of Magnus, but he wasn't Awake in the next loop. (Crossover: Taz Balance)

17.4 Everyone can do it now!

17.5 If anyone could easily take to leading a clan of cats, it would be good old Sootstar.

17.6 They've got room for everyone in there!

17.7 A angel and a devil, except they're both screaming at you to commit crimes.

17.8 Fusion is just a trick to make weak kids - oh wait no, that's not right.

17.9 Foolish has been loop aware this entire time, as a matter of fact. He's just never felt the need to let some people he just moved next to know about the time loops.

17.10 Some loops are just wonderful.

18.0

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

18.1

<So, you've been working on some hacks then?> Tommy said, looking at Tubbo's glowing sticks curiously.

<I have, I have,> Tubbo agreed, grinning. <Mostly using them to reinforce our normal enchantments to a massive degree. There's been plenty of fun and hilarious results from it.>

Tommy raised an eyebrow. <Oh yeah?>

<Oh yeah.> Tubbo jogged over to a nearby creeper, and tapped on it lightly with one of his sticks. The creeper shot back like a bullet, literally vanishing from sight. He turned back to Tommy. <Knockback. A hundred times stronger than Knockback II. These babies will send you over six hundred blocks away.>

<That's awesome.> Tommy smirked. <Mind if I borrow one to hit Dream with?>

<You read my mind.>

~

The revolution was just kicking off. It was their first major battle against the Dream Team, and Tommy was armed with the greatest weapon known to the SMP.

He saw Dream rushing at him. Dream was, admittedly, very fast. Tommy, however, was as fast as lightning. Taking a page from Tubbo's book, he dodged neatly out of the way and tapped Dream on the head with a "Boop!"

Dream went flying right out of view. Tommy cackled as he sailed away.

~

Techno was setting fireworks off everywhere, as he usually did when he got involved in the Manberg-Pogtopia war. Tommy was running towards him, when there was a sudden crack. He looked up to see Techno slamming into a wall, before disappearing with a poof.

"...Looks like I hit him a little too hard?"

"Tubbo!"

"I'm sorry!"

~

Wilbur rubbed his temples. Next to him, Eret paced along the obsidian grid. “Three canon lives. We never take all of Technoblade’s three canon lives. That’s part of our thing, we don’t like permanently killing anyone unless we absolutely have to.”

He looked down on the two of them with such a disappointed expression that Tommy couldn’t help but cringe.

“And yet. You two managed to *accidentally* almost take all three of his lives... using *hacked knockback sticks*.”

“I was gonna scold you, but honestly I’m a little proud,” Eret admitted. Wilbur turned to glare at them, and they held up their hands in surrender. “That doesn’t mean what you two did was right. Permakilling is a dangerous path, and it’s not one any of us should tread, unless its Dream you’re permakilling. But it was a little funny.”

“Eret, you’re supposed to be on my side here,” Wilbur groaned, but Tommy could see he was fighting a smile himself. “Just try not to do it again, alright?”

“Alright, we got you.” It was fun while it lasted anyways.

18.2

“I think our worlds have some sort of weird connected narrative going on with them.” Sam waved a fry in the air thoughtfully. “I mean, I know it’s nothing in the Hub world, but haven’t you noticed all the parallels? It can’t just be me who sees them.”

The Dream SMP loopers, as well as a group of the Hermitcraft loopers, were all relaxing together in the MCC hub server, sitting around a massive table and stealing each other’s food.

Under the helmet, Xisuma looked thoughtful. “You do have a point. Your loop is older than ours, and yet you have only seven loopers while nearly all of our active hermits are looping. Our loops are mostly fun, with some terrifying variants, while your loops are much more tragedy and horror based with more kind variants.”

Joe stroked his chin. “I wonder if I compared with Tommy and Tubbo to see how many of our darker variants lined up with their lighter variants?”

Iskall looked similarly interested. “There’s also the fact that our whole light and dark thing is really two sides of the same coin. Not much has to be changed to make our loops darker, you know? Everything like our games and wars just have to be played straight, and suddenly it’s terrifying.”

“And for us, things are so much lighter if all of our struggles are just fun and games, not to be taken seriously,” Tommy finished. “Yeah, that’s really fucking weird. What do you think it means?”

Everyone thought about this, then simultaneously shrugged.

18.3 (credit to MinteaMintrix)

<Hey, Tommy?>

Tommy paused, having just awoken, and took in just how weak Tubbo's mental voice sounded with no small amount of concern. <What's up, big T?>

<Just wanted to know if you're awake. I'm going to end my loop here now.>

That was *really fucking concerning*. Tommy sent out his ping, and received two others in response - one being Wilbur, who was next to him. <Tubbo, that's a bit rash, big man. Maybe wait until we can meet up with you?>

<No, I can't wait. I can't do this. Check the loop memories - or don't, that might be easier.>

<Tubbo!?!> No answer. Shit.

Wilbur may not have been force sensitive, but he clearly noticed Tommy's distress. "What's wrong? Tubbo?"

"Yeah, he's not doing well, I don't - we gotta find him, he's gonna end his loop." Tommy reached for his loop memories.

Visions of a post-apocalyptic society flashed through his head. Memories of cults and Domes and cannibals, of desperate survival so similar and yet so unlike what their normal world was.

Shit. No wonder Tubbo wanted to leave. They had to find him, and fast.

"This is one of the few times I wish I drank," Tubbo muttered, sinking into the couch in Sam's home, Tommy right beside him.

"I do drink, thank fuck. Please tell me you have something good. Or at least strong." Sam sighed and went to grab two glasses, before taking something out of his pocket, pouring it, and handing it to Wilbur, who drank it as fast as he could.

Sam sipped his own glass. "If you don't mind me asking, what happened?" He finally said.

"Unawake Wilbur started a cult," Tommy replied, sounding numb. "Dome cult. Very... cultish. I guess. It was kinda fucked. The whole thing was kinda fucked."

"Being a cult leader is all fun and games until it isn't." Wilbur said, swirling the little remaining alcohol in his glass.

“My unawake self was a cannibal,” Tubbo rasped, still looking entirely too pale. Tommy held him tighter, and Wilbur put a hand on his shoulder. “I can’t... that was something I ate, in that body. I had to live with that. I can’t - it was so sick. I wish I was in the Dome cult instead.”

It took Sam a moment to process that. “I think a vacation loop is sorely needed. For all three of you.”

18.4

“I wanna see white flags, at dawn, or you’re dead!” Dream yelled.

“Hold it right there, Dream!” Wilbur stood confidently against the tyrant, revolutionary outfit looking snazzy as always. “For all your battle prowess, you still can’t defeat us where it truly matters. Dream, I challenge you to a duel, for the fate of L’Manberg.” He summoned his deck from his pocket.

Dream scoffed with the haughty look that seemed to follow the nature of this sort of fused loop. “Alright then. But you should know that you’re only digging your grave even further. I hold the record for beating my opponents faster than anyone else!”

~

“Apparently he beats his opponents so thoroughly in duels, they call his games manhunts,” Yugi recalled from his loop memories. He was currently replacing Tubbo, and the three Awake loopers were resting in the camarvan.

Yami, who was replacing Tommy, looked interested. “I assume that’s due to something in your baseline?”

“It is,” Wilbur confirmed. “Honestly, I was expecting a loop like this since I messed around with Charlie in that last weird loop Tommy and I were in with the expanding lava ravine... never mind. But I would really like to beat him.”

“Of course,” Yugi agreed. “And if things go wrong, we can always take over. Here, we’ll lay out a bunch of cards, and help you figure out your deck.”

18.5 (credit to Superstary56)

“This is fine, we can deal with this, everything is fine-”

“Everything is not fucking fine, Karl!” Tommy yelled, hovering in the air. “Everyone is dying!”

“I know, I know! But I can’t freak out or I’ll lose my concentration!”

Below them, a sea of wardens stormed through the SMP, obliterating everything in sight. The loopers, each with their own way of flying, could escape. The rest of the server wasn’t so lucky.

Wilbur flew towards them, having gone ghost. “Tubbo and I managed to get Fundy and the others out of harm’s way, and we’ve secured spawn. But how are we supposed to deal with all these wardens? If anyone goes near the ground, they get pretty much one-shotted!”

Karl grimaced. “At this point, we might just have to rebuild everything in the sky. The seven of us can take these guys out, sure, but more keep showing up.”

“And we can’t risk anyone else losing another life,” Tommy agreed glumly. “Sky building it is. Hey, at least Wilbur’s great at that sort of thing.”

“Please don’t remind me about that loop.”

“At what point do we just call this a lost cause and move to the End?” Jordan wondered, flying above the mass of wardens.

Tom made a face. “How about right now?” Next to them, Tucker and Sonja nodded.

“You think we should’ve killed all of those wardens?” Honeydew wondered, as the Israphel loopers flew away in their Millenium Falcon.

“What could we even have done with that many?” Xephos reasoned. “Nah. It was time to cut our losses.”

“What the heck is even happening?” Aphmau gasped for breath. “A godly magic bomb specifically targeted towards wardens, and more still keep on coming!”

Aaron frowned. “Maybe we just wall up the villages as much as we can? Keep the wardens out?”

“Yeah, sure. And a hundred years later, some massive warden-shifter will just kick those walls down.”

“This is a great idea,” False decided.

Joe frowned. “False, I don’t know-”

“No, no, it’s gonna work out. Trust me.”

Impulse looked skeptical. “Okay, but will there be anything left when it's all over? We do need places to build, you know.”

False shrugged. “Well, it’s too late to change plans now.”

The Hermits looked out on the sea of wardens battling a sky full of withers, and decided to call it a day.

18.6

“And this is the legendary Technoblade, founder of all democracies. We worship him as the absolute pinnacle of government,” Ranbob explained with a very straight face. Karl bit his tongue hard to keep from laughing.

“And next to him, of course, we have Philza Minecraft, the youngest of the four brothers...”

“Here we have Sapnap’s room. This man drowned entire cities before the brave Warrior-King Fundy finally put an end to his terror.”

“Good for him.” Karl discretely snapped more photos. Everyone always had a good laugh over what wacky things would show up in Mizu.

“And this is HBomb, probably the most important figure in the history of the SMP. Massive statues were created in his name, and his history is the most vibrant and colorful.”

“This is the room for Schlatt, the first president of Manberg, before he was overthrown by the dictator Wilbur Suit, who renamed the country L’Manberg in order to make it more European.”

“We’re now entering Puffy’s room. She was a mountaineer, the best hiker in all of the SMP. They also say that she was the mother of Dream, the rightful king of the SMP. This has led many to believe that Puffy was actually some sort of mountain goddess.”

At least he was open about his Dream worship in this loop, Karl mused. It might make saving the fishermen easier.

“You okay?” Sam asked nervously, as Karl stormed into his room on the Workship. “You seem kinda out of it.”

“Weird loop,” Karl admitted. “You know the city of Mizu?”

“Of course.”

“Well, I went there, and this time, everything was accurate. Every room had every fact correct, down to the tiniest detail.”

Sam blinked. “That doesn’t sound too bad, even if it hasn’t happened before.”

“Sure, until I travelled back.” Karl rubbed his temples. “Suddenly, everything in the past was wildly different. No one was how they were before I left for the future. So Mizu’s information was still inaccurate. I’m starting to think the laws of reality will rewrite themselves to prevent anyone in that poor place from knowing the truth about us. Least Ranbob was a cyborg and I could shut him down with my screwdriver.”

18.7 (credit to light)

“I can’t believe we’re doing this.”

“Come on, it’s fun.” Wilbur smiled, adjusting his revolutionary outfit. “We’re going to have the best costumes at the con.”

“Agreed.” Eret adjusted their sunglasses. “But couldn’t we have just worn some of our actual outfits? I know I’m not the only one who keeps something stored in my pocket.”

Tommy shook his head. “It’s more fun this way. And I did an awesome job on the costumes, thank you very much.”

“I think Sam’s more talking about the cosplaying itself rather than the costumes,” Niki guessed.

“No, cosplaying is fine. I just can’t believe we’re cosplaying as ourselves, and not anyone else.”

“Technically Tommy and I are going as each other.” Tubbo, a blonde in this loop, said.

“Really? Couldn’t tell.”

They both pouted.

18.8

Tommy walked through the newly independent streets of L’Manberg, stopping at Wilbur’s house and entering without knocking.

A young boy, no more than seven, ran up to him. “Uncle Tommy! Hi! Dad says that if you don’t put things back in the fridge again he’s kicking you out forever.”

Tommy grinned and bent down to his level. “Hey Fundy. I’ll keep that in mind. Heard you’ve got a Redstone project you’re working on?”

Fundy brightened. “Yeah! Dad and Uncle Tubbo and Sam are helping me with it. Here, I’ll show you, come on.” He grabbed Tommy’s hand and dragged him towards the backyard.

Tommy couldn’t help but smile. Fundy was a cute kid, something he hadn’t gotten to see in baseline. And Wilbur always pulled out all the stops in these variant loops to make sure Fundy had the best childhood possible.

They reached the backyard, and Fundy showed him the contraption. “Isn’t it cool? We’re almost done, so it doesn’t do anything yet, but when we finish it, It’s gonna shoot out whatever potion we want it to.”

“That’s really neat, big man. You’re so smart.” Fundy puffed out his chest.

“There you two are.” Wilbur said, entering the backyard with a smile. Fundy ran over to him and gave him a big hug. “I was wondering.”

“Dad! Dad! I showed Uncle Tommy the potion project, and he said I was smart!”

“Well, he’s absolutely right,” Wilbur ruffled Fundy’s hair in between his ears, to the kid’s dismay. “My little genius.”

There was something nice, Tommy thought, watching them interact. After all that mess in baseline, Fundy deserved a good parent and some happiness.

18.9

“Check this out!”

Knowing that statement always precluded something either very cool or very nerve-wracking, Niki grabbed her lightsaber before turning around to face her little brother. “What is it?”

Tubbo was jogging over to her, with about thirty bees following him. “I can command the bees in this loop! This is awesome! And every time I walk past a hive, more join me! I’m going to have so many bees, no one will be able to kill them all!”

Niki smiled. “That’s great, Tubbo!”

“DId sOmbOdY sAY BeES??” And then Wilbur, who previously was a very calm and collected president, turned into a bee and joined the mass of buzzing. “The QuEeN iS HErE!”

Tommy sprinted after him, looking panicked. “*Wilbee no!*”

18.10 (credit to Deceit/Mercury)

“If you don’t mind, can we just go over who’s who? So that it’s all clear,” Thomas asked. The young anchor resisted the urge to rub his forehead. He’d gotten used to the discomfort of having other people loop in as his Sides. That didn’t make it any less weird, however. Especially since he was still getting used to the loops as a whole.

“Well, I know that I’m Morality,” Tommy said. “So there’s that. That’s pretty flattering, actually.”

“Logic,” Tubbo offered. “I guess that does make sense.”

Wilbur had a look of quiet wonder on his face, as well as a small smile. “I’m Creativity. That’s a lot better than I thought it would be.”

Thomas raised an eyebrow. “Who did you think you were going to be?”

“I’m... going to hold off on answering that.”

Eret looked a little put out. “I’m Anxiety. Negativity in general, fight or flight.”

Tubbo nudged him gently. “No, no that’s a cool thing to be. You keep the rest of us alive.”

“It’s true,” Thomas agreed. “Virgil is usually my self-preservation instinct.”

Eret cheered considerably at that.

18.11

Tommy Awoke surrounded by obsidian and lava. Definitely unusual... no, he recognized the crying obsidian, the small lectern, cauldron, and chest, the glowstone on the walls. He definitely recognized the prisoner across from him, who was looking his way with an unsettling grin.

He was in prison, with Dream. Had he awoken during one of his visits? Tommy searched through his memories.

Everything up until now was baseline... except for the fact that it went even further. It had been three weeks since the nuke test. The hotel was pretty much done. Snowchester was growing at a steady pace.

And apparently, he had come to visit Dream for what was supposed to be the last time, before tnt struck the walls of the prison, and Sam shut everything down. Now, he was trapped inside with Dream, two people stuck together in a room surrounded by obsidian and lava.

That was two hours ago, from the looks of his memories.

And all of that meant...

"We did it," Tommy breathed, feeling slightly giddy. "We finally got an expansion! Oh fuck, I've waited so fucking long for this. Ender, this better not fucking end in a few minutes or something, three weeks is a lot, but I really hope there's more."

"What are you talking about? Expansion?" Tommy turned back to Dream, who's smile had started to fade a bit. "What happened to all that screaming and begging for Sam to save you from a few minutes ago?"

He scoffed at the man in front of him. "Oh fuck off, you're not ruining this for me. Did you know that in all my years, I never get my fucking hotel finished? Bullshit, I tell you." Curious, he sent out a ping, and got five others in return. Then he stretched out with the force. Tubbo, Eret, Niki, Sam, and Karl. That made sense, considering this was going by baseline.

"Excuse me?" Now Dream was really starting to look a bit pissed. "Tommy, what the hell is going on? Have you lost your mind?"

There was a moment where he just looked at Dream. This was baseline Dream, no changes, just a baseline Dream who had also spent a while longer in the prison.

This Dream knew nothing about Tommy as he was now. Had no idea that the boy he tormented was well on his way to the eighty-thousand year mark. Didn't know he'd gone through hell and survived again and again and again, seen things far worse than this Dream could've ever imagined.

"Nope. Not that it really matters to you, bitch." Tommy smiled. He turned towards the lava wall. "Sam! Have you put the charms up yet?"

"Not yet!" Sam yelled back, and Dream jumped at the sound. "Just be careful, alright?"

"I'm always careful!" Tommy turned back to smirk at Dream, who looked absolutely stunned. "Oh, and by the way. I'm not some toy you can play with anymore. I'm more than you'll ever be, and don't you forget that."

Dream lunged for him with a strangled cry of fury, and Tommy danced out of the way. With a mocking salute, he teleported out of the prison, leaving Dream alone once more.

~

"So, do we know who tried to bomb the prison?" Niki asked, as the six of them relaxed inside the Workship, which was docked right outside of Snowchester.

Sam frowned. "Not yet. I didn't have all my usual security measures set up just yet, which is really frustrating. I'll keep digging though, the culprit is bound to show up eventually."

"Unless they get revealed in another expansion," Eret pointed out. "Then whoever it is might keep changing until the real culprit is revealed in the hub."

The creeper hybrid groaned. "That would be a huge pain. I think it depends on when this expansion ends - if it's soon, then we probably won't be finding out."

"I doubt it'll be more than just a few usual culprits," Karl offered. "We can plan for those constantly, and be on the lookout for weirder variants as we go."

~

"Tubbo, do you mind if I move to Snowchester for a bit?"

Tubbo blinked. "No, of course not. We're open to anyone. What's up?"

Ranboo winced. "It's... well." He moved to the side slightly, revealing a tiny piglin boy clutching his side. "His name is Michael. I sort of found him, and he's an orphan, and Techno and Phil are great but I'm not so sure they'd be the best influence for him."

"Can't blame you there," Tubbo agreed, bending down to make eye contact with Michael. He'd studied a few different forms of piglish over the loops - hopefully one of them, Michael spoke. "Hello there. My name is Tubbo. It's nice to meet you."

Michael's eyes widened. "You speak! Like me!"

"I do!" Tubbo couldn't help but smile.

Ranboo looked at him curiously. "I didn't know you spoke piglish."

"Picked it up a while back." Tubbo shrugged. "Come on, I'm sure we can make you two a great house here. Especially since more and more people are joining Snowchester anyways. I mean, Niki and Tommy have already moved in. And maybe we can talk to Foolish about making sure it's very pretty." He turned to Michael. "Are you going to live here with your new brother?"

"My Pa!" Michael corrected.

Tubbo looked up at Ranboo. "You're his dad?"

Ranboo wasn't exactly the blushing type, but Tubbo could feel it echoing through the force. "Um, yeah, it kind of seems like it."

Tubbo decided not to press the issue. Only because Michael was very cute, though. Otherwise, he'd milk the blackmail for all it was worth.

~

“I managed to talk Jack down,” Niki assured them, as she finished up her new home in Snowchester. “Took a little while, but he’s going to be genuinely recovering now.” She smiled. “And Puffy’s helping him.”

“Happy to spend more time with her?” Tommy teased lightly.

Niki wasn’t bothered in the slightest. “I really am.” She only got to see her for a few months each loop, after all. She’d take any little bit of time she could if it meant spending more of it with her girlfriend/partner.

Foolish dashed by outside her window, and she giggled a little. “Poor Foolish. He’s really being worked to the ground, isn’t he?”

“Tubbo gave him 128 diamond blocks for Ranboo and Michael’s home, as well as a full stack of ancient debris,” Tommy snickered. “I think he’ll be just fine.”

Niki finished setting up the last decorations in her kitchen and smiled to herself. Besides that little hiccup with the tnt and Tommy being stuck in the prison for a few hours, as well as that weird bit with Techno, Phil and an awkward Ranboo trying to interrogate Snowchester, this expansion seemed genuinely nice.

She couldn’t wait to explore it more.

Chapter End Notes

- 18.1 They need to work on controlling those things.
- 18.2 Narrative coincidences are fun.
- 18.3 SBI Rust would suck for the Dream SMP loopers.
- 18.4 *It's time to d-d-d-duel!*
- 18.5 Warden Glitch. Oops?
- 18.6 Mizu is always incorrect. That's a strange staple.
- 18.7 They got lots of comments on how they "looked just like the streamers/characters".
- 18.8 Wilbur is putting in all the effort.
- 18.9 We woUID liKE sOMe pOLLeN.
- 18.10 Schlatt was Deceit, Dream was Intrusive Thoughts.
- 18.11 And the long awaited expansion has finally come! This extends the loop up until about a day after TsmP: The Pit, so anything past that won't be mentioned. But! Shenanigans for the new content await! (And it seems like they avoided some important things, didn't they?)

19.0

Chapter Notes

WE'RE BACK!!!!!!

Seriously, it's been a while, and I'm so happy to get back into the story. I really like this chapter, I'm so happy to get it out. I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

19.1

Tubbo calmly sipped his tea as he looked at the three awkward intruders. “Listen, I understand that you seem to have gotten it into your heads that you can go about telling others how to live their lives, but even if you somehow did have that authority, Snowchester is a commune, not a government. No one here has any more authority over anyone else than simply expecting each other to not be dicks and fill their creeper holes.”

“Riiight,” Techno drawled, looking disbelieving. “And we should take the word of a former tyrant... why?”

“Well, because I wasn’t a tyrant, for starters,” Tubbo said pleasantly. “But I understand that your mind can’t comprehend anything past your own victim-complex.” He smiled as Ranboo choked on his own coffee. “You do seem to understand the concept of raw power being authority, however.”

All around them, the ground shook. Techno, Phil, and a curious Ranboo all looked towards the door, and Tubbo motioned cheerfully for them to head outside.

What was waiting for them when they left was a giant mech, with flaming green light and lightning all around it, and tons of drills just about everywhere on its arms.

“You really think you can step to our commune?” Tommy mocked, from inside his Gurren. “Who the hell do you think you are?”

19.2

“You don’t look so hot,” Eret noted, as Wilbur slumped down in the camarvan. “Care to share?”

“Fused loop, I think. With what seemed to be a stealth anchor.” Wilbur sighed. “It was based around music, and I played the piano... and Sally, she played the violin, and we would do competitions together.”

“That sounds nice.”

“It was, until she got sick. She died near the end of the loop.” Wilbur looked miserable.

“Even with all the powers I’ve got from my different loops, there wasn’t anything I could do to save her. Healing potions, healing spells, none of it worked. All I could do was play music with her one last time.”

Eret placed a hand on his back. “I’m so sorry, Wilbur.”

Wilbur let out a shaky breath. “Thank you. It’s just, I get to see her so little, you know? I loved her, I love her. She’s Fundy’s mother, most of the time, and she’s wonderful. But it feels like so often I’m destined to lose her.”

There wasn’t much Eret could do beside comfort their friend (and marvel at just how much their friendship had grown over the loops). “Do you need a vacation loop?”

“No, I think I just need to take my mind off things.” He paused thoughtfully. “Although it would be nice if someone that wasn’t me or Schlatt won the elections. I really just want to spend time with my son and my brothers this loop.” He looked at Eret meaningfully.

Eret smiled. “I’m your guy, then.”

19.3 (credit to OnlyRoomForHope)

“Okay, so let me make sure I’ve got this straight. “You guys were in the newspaper business, being paper boys, handing papers out door to door in the year 1899.”

“That’s right.”

“And then your CEO overlord started charging you more for the papers you sell in order to make you sell more papers, essentially acting as some sort of slave driver to everyone.”

“That’s how the loop went,” Tubbo agreed.

Sam looked at the four original L’Manberg fighters in amusement. “And so you guys started a strike to show those assholes they can’t treat you inhumanly... and somehow ended up taking over the entire company instead.”

Wilbur chuckled fondly at the memory. “We did use the fact that we were in charge to give all the paper boys the fairness they deserved. Plus we doubled the company’s income once we took over the business. All’s well that ends well, right?”

“Right. Sure.” Sam shook his head. “Just when you get used to how wildly different loopers can make the timelines...”

19.4

“What’s with the new room in the Workshop?” Sam asked, as Tubbo and Karl expanded and redecorated.

Karl frowned. “Well, before the expansion, the In Between was an alright place to be most of the time, if a little spooky. Sometimes it was bad, but that wasn’t extremely common. Now though, it turns out that the In Between is a really nasty place. And there’s somewhere else, called the Other Side, that I’m able to get to just once, right before the loop ends.”

“So the In Between really is the source of your baseline memory problems,” Tommy summarized.

Karl grimaced and nodded. “It seems really likely. At the very least, it definitely doesn’t want me going off the path, or to the Other Side. It’s a little weird, being manipulated by a literal dimension, if I’m being totally honest.”

Tommy winced. “Sorry you have to go through that.”

“Anything we can do to help?” Tubbo offered.

Sam put a hand on Karl’s shoulder. “Seriously. We’re here for you.”

Karl looked at them all gratefully. “Thanks, you guys. That means a lot to me. I’m not sure what we can do at the moment without breaking the loop, but if I find anything...”

“Let us know, and we’ll be there,” Sam finished.

Knowing that they had his back certainly helped. Whatever happened next, whatever his unwanted time travel had in store for him, at least Karl knew he had people there to help him get through it.

19.5

Tommy Awoke in an unfamiliar home, although the architecture seemed to almost mirror that of Logstedshire. Not a good sign for the loop, if he was being honest. He seemed to be wearing a red hoodie, and he had something on his face. Curious, he pulled the - mask, that’s a mask - off, and looked down at it with what was now trepidation.

It was - well. It wasn't a smiley face. But it was a frowny face, and it looked almost exactly like Dream's mask.

Tommy didn't like this. Not at all. There was a sinking feeling in his gut, and it was only getting worse.

He had to check his loop memories.

He didn't want to check his loop memories. He was scared of what he would find.

It was ridiculous, he was an anchor for their world, he was tens of thousands of years old, he wasn't a fucking child. And yet something about this loop was setting him off in all the wrong ways, and Tommy almost didn't want to know why.

He checked his loop memories anyways. Then he got up slowly, still holding the mask, and threw it so hard against the wall that it shattered into a million pieces.

Endering Fuck.

It seemed, in this variant of their loops, that he'd become Dream's... *protégé*. (Ender, he shuddered at the thought.) He'd believed Dream's words about his friends not caring anymore. Accepted Dream's offer of help, genuinely thought of him as something like a friend, even while still being terrified of him.

In this variant, he failed to escape his abuser. Failed to see past Dream's bullshit. Failed to realize just how much he meant to his friends and family. How much he meant to Tubbo. He'd given in, and Dream had won.

This version of him had hurt Tubbo. And had hated himself for it, but thought it too late to back out now.

The sick feeling in Tommy's chest was rapidly turning to fury.

He'd hated loops before, of course he had. He'd seen some sick shit in his many years. But this - it was so close to baseline, and still so horribly wrong, and he didn't think he'd hated any variant loop more than this one.

The door opened, and he startled. Dream entered the room, looking disapprovingly at the shattered mask on the ground. "Really, Tommy? You'll have to go about making a new one, you know. Was it worth the time and effort that will take?"

"Go fuck yourself," Tommy hissed. "I'm done here. I don't care what you think you're going to be doing with me next, but it doesn't matter. I'm out of here."

"Are you, now?" Dream moved in closer, got into Tommy's personal space. "You hurt Tubbo pretty badly, didn't you? Committed some acts of terrorism against L'Manberg with me. You really think you have anywhere else to go? I told you I'd help you, and I will! You're going to be so strong, none of them will hurt you again, but if you go crawling back to them now, hurting you is all they're going to do."

Tommy refused to move an inch. “Better than staying here with you. You’re right, I did hurt Tubbo. So now I need to go and apologize to him. If he doesn’t forgive me, that’s fine. But I think he will, because I know Tubbo much better than you do.”

“Just like he forgave you for burning down George’s house?” Dream mocked. “You know, when he exiled you? Don’t be stupid, Tommy.”

“Like I *fucking said*,” if he doesn’t forgive me, that’s fine too. I’m apologizing anyways. Now go and fuck off.” Tommy ducked around him, and Dream caught his wrist.

“You really think you can just leave me like that? I’m not letting you go, Tommy. Not now, not ever. This? Working with me? This is the best you’re ever going to get.”

Tommy didn’t flinch. “Let me go or I’ll kill you. All three times, if I have to.”

He knew Dream was grinning behind the mask. “Go on and try, then.”

~

“*Tommy!?*” Tommy perked up and looked around as Tubbo approached him. As soon as he left Dream’s base, he’d sent Tubbo coordinates for them to meet. “You - you’re alive?”

Right. Tubbo wasn’t Awake. He managed a smile. “Yeah big man, I’m here.”

Tubbo looked awful. His arms were still in bandages, and though they were mostly hidden underneath his suit, they still made Tommy feel awful just looking at them. He had massive bags under his eyes, and he looked like he hadn’t slept in weeks.

That was how he’d looked in baseline too, Tommy vaguely remembered, stomach twisting. He’d called Tubbo a monster then.

“Tubbo, I-”

Tubbo wasn’t listening, because he was running over, and a moment later, Tommy felt his best friend crash into him, gripping him tightly, like he was afraid Tommy would disappear if he let go.”

“You’re alive,” Tubbo said again, words distant. “I thought - I saw the tower - I’m so sorry-”

“It’s okay. You don’t need to apologize.” Tubbo was wearing a compass. The original one, not the one looping Tubbo had made for them. It was just spinning uselessly, as Logstedshire was gone, but Tubbo was still wearing it.

“I’m the one who needs to apologize,” Tommy finally said. “I gave - I gave in to Dream. I hurt you. And then I realized what I was doing and ran, but I still hurt you, and I’m really sorry, Tubbo.”

He could see Tubbo making the connection. He’d always been smart, after all. “Oh. Well. I was sort of the reason you were in that mess to begin with, so.”

“That was all Dream’s fault,” Tommy insisted, but he couldn’t help but feel lighter, knowing Tubbo could still consider being friends with him after that. “We’ll figure something out, okay?”

Tubbo finally pulled back from the hug, although he didn’t let go completely. “Yeah. We’ll do that.”

They would make it through.

19.6

Karl slammed open the door to Niki’s bakery, looking rather unfocused. “Please,” he rasped. “Please tell me we’ve got tasty cookies already going. I need something sweet to numb the horrible pain.” He sunk down onto Niki’s couch.

A slightly unnerved Eret entered the room, handing him a plate filled with chocolate chip cookies. “What happened?” They asked. “Bad loop?”

“Yggdrasil sucks. I hate it. Honking time travel is the worst. No thank you.”

“Was it Terminator?” Tommy guessed. “They’ve got a reformed Skynet as their anchor though, so that shouldn’t have been too bad, right?”

“Nah. It wasn’t Terminator.” Karl munched on a cookie. “It was this thing where they send people back in time to die so that bodies can be disposed of discretely. And I was one of those people when I Awoke, and then my future self showed up and we had a fight, and it’s a long story but it ended with me killing myself to prevent an awful future.”

Niki, who had sat down next to him, rubbed his back sympathetically. “That sounds awful. We’ll - I get some of the really good stuff for that.”

Karl smiled shakily. “Thanks. And, hey! It wasn’t the worst time travel loop I was in. That’s still Future Diary.”

Tommy and Tubbo both shuddered at the reminder.

19.7 (credit to Lila_Lupus and Thing_of_Trash)

Wilbur woke up in the End, which was new.

The wings were also something different. Sure, he’d had wings before, especially when he was Phil’s biological son. But these felt different.

The End around him looked different than normal as well - far more ominous. Nervously, he checked his loop memories.

Well shit.

In this loop, he'd been with Grian during his Evo days, working with the people there, and at the end, both of them had been taken by the Watchers. And in this loop, Watchers were rather nasty folks.

A soft ping and the whooshing of still air was Wilbur's only hint before Grian landed beside him. "How are you doing?"

"Weird," Wilbur admitted. "A bit uncomfortable. I've been plenty of weirder things before though, so I'm managing."

Grian smiled. "I'm glad." The two of them sat there in silence for a moment. "Want to bust on out of here?"

"Oh, absolutely. You know this better than I do, I'll follow your lead."

~

Season 6 of Hermitcraft was off to an... interesting start. At first, they'd only had two new members - two brothers, Grian and Wilbur. They'd clearly both been running from something, and Xisuma was happy to help shelter them from whatever it was, even if Joe, Cleo, BDubs, Doc, and Mumbo hadn't clearly known them beforehand.

But about a month into the world, they'd suddenly left, simply saying that others had shown up, and needed their help. Grian had gone to Xisuma and pleaded for the new folks to be let in, and of course Xisuma had said yes.

He hadn't expected for them to come back with two fifteen-year-olds who were apparently their younger brothers.

Nor had he expected the absolute chaos the two would bring.

Still though, Xisuma could admit that they were good kids, and he was glad they got out of wherever they were. Even if it did somehow cause Evil Xisuma, Helsknight, and every other evil doppelganger to try and launch a full scale invasion of Hermitcraft.

19.8

In most loops, the only time an anchor wouldn't be awake was if an anchor from another world was replacing them. In the Dream SMP, there was a bit more variety, since they had two anchors, and while they were almost always together, only one needed to be looping at any given time.

This meant that while most of the time, Tommy was Awake, there were the occasional loops where he wasn't. And while looping Tommy had decided to avoid the prison on principle, as he didn't feel the same need to get closure from Dream, Unawake Tommy often ended up stuck in the prison somehow.

Luckily, he wasn't the only looper.

A few minutes after Tubbo learned Tommy had been trapped once again, he teleported into the cell, made all the easier by the fact that Sam wasn't Awake this time.

"Hello Dream!" He said cheerfully, helping Tommy up from where he was slumped on the floor. "Just grabbing my friend. Hope you don't mind. Well, really I don't care, but it doesn't hurt to be polite."

Tommy looked at him with wide eyes, and Tubbo smiled, knowing he'd probably have to explain the loops to his friend when they got out. Dream could do no more than shout and demand to know how he got in before he and Tommy were gone.

Tommy had been trapped in the prison with Dream for about three hours before Niki popped out of the ground.

He'd known she could do this. He'd seen her do it before, after all. That still didn't stop Tommy from jumping in surprise.

Niki smiled gently at him. "I'm getting you out of here, alright?"

"Okay, okay - yeah. Thanks." Tommy agreed, a little breathless and a lot relieved. The two of them sunk back into the ground together, and popped back up on the other side.

Karl popped into the prison, grabbing Tommy by the hand. "Hello!"

He waved at Dream. "Goodbye!"

They vanished.

"Sam?" Tommy perked up immediately at the sight of the creeper hybrid. "You came!"

Sam smiled. "Sorry for the delay. Had to take care of the security issue. "You ready to go?"

"I am so fucking ready, Sam."

From his spot in the back of the room, Dream frowned. "Already?"

"Already," Sam confirmed smugly. "You didn't think your ploy would actually succeed, did you? Or that we wouldn't plan for it? No, it's all taken care of." He turned back to Tommy. "Alright, we're getting out of here."

And so they did.

19.9

Tubbo couldn't help the wariness that churned in his gut, growing stronger the more he saw Tommy, Niki, Karl, and Eret's poorly hidden smirks. Apparently, he hadn't been awake last loop, which meant either there was a weird variant of him, or his baseline self did something that was causing them to laugh at him even after it was over.

"Just spit it out already, please," he finally said, as the seven loopers relaxed inside a never-once-blown-up L'Manberg. "What happened last loop?"

Niki bit her lip, eyes twinkling. "Did you know? That you get married in the baseline expansion?"

"*What?*" Wilbur gasped, looking surprised and delighted. Sam had a similar expression of joy, and Tommy was already laughing his ass off. Tubbo felt like everything in his mind sort of ground to a halt for a moment.

"I - what? I did what? Got married?" He blinked, rubbed his temples, tried to process the new information. "How? And to who? And why?"

As far as he knew, he'd never been interested in anyone romantically, and he couldn't imagine that would change in baseline. A platonic marriage, then? But that still didn't make a lot of sense. Who would he even want to get platonically married to?

"It's a platonic marriage," Eret confirmed, still chuckling. And it's to Ranboo."

"Ranboo? Really?" That... sort of made sense? In that they were around the same age, at least. Sort of.

Tubbo was over eighty thousand years old now. Most of that time was spent without Ranboo there. Plenty of his time was also spent with his fellow loopers and those who were there from nearly the beginning as well. With the expansion, Ranboo was around more, sure, but still.

Married? He couldn't imagine it. He... he didn't really want it. Even if it seemed to make sense to his baseline self, it didn't make sense to him.

"I don't think I'll be doing that while awake," Tubbo finally managed.

Hang on, Ranboo adopted that sweet piglin kid named Michael in the expansion, didn't he? It seemed like a certainty in a baseline loop. If they were married, was Michael his kid as well? This was weird. This was super weird.

Ender. He was never going to hear the end of this, was he?

19.10 (credit to Superstary⁵⁶ and crazycrumbs)

There was a harsh rap on the door to Niki's bakery, and she used the force to open it. Tubbo, Tommy, and *Calliope* entered, all looking extremely haggard and haunted. Niki could feel her boy's pain pulsing through the force, and she ran over to them as fast as she could.

"Is everyone alright? What happened?" She reached out for Tubbo, but pulled back when he flinched.

Calliope looked exhausted. "Is it alright if we sit down? It was a... rough loop. To put it gently."

"Of course!" Niki pulled out her communicator. "I'll let everyone know to come here."

Their admin nodded. "This is a realms loop. If you'll give me a moment, I will alert others to come as well."

Wilbur and Sam were there quickly, helping the boys calm down, passing around hot chocolate. Karl and Eret arrived shortly after, and were followed by Jordan, who immediately rushed to his son's side. At some point even Grian showed up, and took it upon himself to cheer the others up.

After about an hour of steady breathing, warm blankets and pastries, and lots of hugs, Calliope explained what had happened. "The reason every looper is immune to the egg is because if something like that were to infect a looper, it would have the chance of becoming loop aware, and possibly destroying the loop. We didn't plan, it seemed, for the chance that one of your loopers would Awake while already under its thrall."

Niki's stomach dropped. She could see the way that Tommy was visibly shaking.

"It - it had me," he rasped. "Got all the info in my head. I could still fight against it, but it knew about the loops. It knew how everyone worked, how to counter everyone." Wilbur pulled him closer.

"Knowing about the loops and having Tommy in its hold made it pretty much impervious to everything we threw at it," Tubbo added, voice hollow. "Eventually Calliope showed up and manually separated the thing from Tommy before forcefully crashing the loop."

"It was a mess," Calliope agreed. "I know you're not the biggest drinkers here, but..." Sam wordlessly passed her a bottle, and she accepted it with thanks.

19.11

It was a solo-realm loop, and Niki had decided to head to L'Manberg as soon as she Awoke, joining the revolution much earlier. From the ping count, At least four others were awake, and when she arrived in L'Manberg, it became clear that they were the four original L'Manberg loopers.

With so many of them wielding their own skills and abilities, the tides were quickly turning in L'Manberg's favor, and Niki was having a lot of fun.

Then a pirate ship sailed into view from the walls, and things got a bit more unusual, because that wasn't Jordan Sparklez's ship.

Niki's breath caught in her throat as Puffy docked her ship and came ashore, smiling as Niki and the others came to greet her. "Hello there! Word on the grapevine is that a new nation called L'Manberg is starting a revolution. I was wondering if I could join?"

This hadn't happened before. This had never - nothing like this had happened before. Maybe...!

Could she dare to hope?

"Did you come because you heard it from the grapevine?" Niki asked, and Puffy turned to her curiously. "Or - Or did you hear it because it had already happened once?"

Puffy blinked, before brightening. "Oh thank Ender, I'm not alone. It was so weird, waking up and realizing I was in the past! Maybe we can do things better this-"

Niki raced forwards, tackling her partner in as tight of a hug as she could manage. Vaguely, she could hear the other boys running up behind them, yelling excitedly.

It didn't matter, not in this moment. Puffy was looping. *Puffy was looping!*

"Finally," she choked into Puffy's shoulder. "*Finally*. I've been waiting for so long."

Still confused, but no less compassionate than ever, Puffy hugged her back just as tightly. "I'm not sure what you mean by so long, but I'm here now. I promise."

It was another moment before the others joined in with the hugging.

Chapter End Notes

19.1 Tommy *thrives* in loops like Gurren Lagan. Also, Tubbo's getting a bit tired of these Snowchester visits.

19.2 Sometimes, there isn't much that loopers can do.

19.3 Loopers are, in fact, wild.

19.4 The expansion straightens some things out, but it also provides more questions than answers.

- 19.5 One of Tommy's most hated loop variants.
- 19.6 The downside of being a time-travelling looper.
- 19.7 The three spent the rest of the loop in Hermitcraft. The Mycelium Resistance was far more intense, this time.
- 19.8 ...They still don't know.
- 19.9 But they do know about this part of the expansion, now!
- 19.10 The Egg can be a very scary thing.
- 19.11 The Gal you've all been waiting for. Welcome to the Loops, Puffy!

20.0

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

20.1

“Therapy?” Wilbur repeated curiously.

Puffy smiled and nodded. “I was just in a hub-like loop, I’ve got a professional degree for it now, and lots of practice. It’ll be open to everyone, not just loopers, but I want all of you to know that you can come to me for as many sessions as you want, and I’ll be happy to help.”

Wilbur had been to several therapists over the loops, although by nature of said loops, they were generally a one-time thing. He couldn’t pretend the idea of a genuine therapist wasn’t appealing.

“Do you mind,” he asked slowly, softly, still mulling it over, “If I come for a session? Just to test the waters.”

He was better. He knew he was doing better. He was still - *what? A redeemed villain? A man recovering from sickness?* - working on himself, but he was pretty confident that he would never be the kind of person who would hurt his brothers anymore.

Talking about it with someone qualified, who could stay with him through the loops - it sounded nice.

“Of course,” Puffy assured him. “Whatever you feel best with.”

20.2

After Awakening in a city that clearly wasn’t a part of his normal world, naturally the first thing Tubbo did was check his loop memories.

He winced at what he found. It seemed it was the late 1800s, except the world had been thrown into some sort of ice age in the northern hemisphere, and burning chaos in the southern hemisphere. Currently, he was in a large crater, in a town called New London after the original froze over, all the refugees surviving around a massive generator.

And for some inexplicable reason, he’d been put in charge of it all as a 16 year old, with what was pretty much sole authority over everything, because of course he had. Par for the course.

Still, that was probably for the best. After all, if Tubbo had the authority to affect real change, he could fix the place up much more smoothly than if he had to go through someone else’s

government.

He walked through the budding city, talking with people, getting to know them, taking stock of what he had to work with. There were about six hundred people total, including children, elderly, and the sick/injured, but if he could make a nation of less than ten survive, and he could lead a nation of a hundred thousand or more to prosperity, then he could work with this.

How long would it take for him to implement some nuclear technology while also making sure everything would run smoothly on what they already had? Maybe a week? He should get on that as soon as possible - if he could improve the heating and living standard, then he was already ahead of the game.

And it seemed he wasn't lacking in magic or unable to access his pocket. A dome around their small pocket of home to ward off the worst of the cold seemed like a good idea.

He himself would get as much built as he could, but too much would just make everyone suspicious of him. It might be easier to use magic to increase everyone's abilities without them really noticing. Some short lasting laws for extended shifts, and they could hopefully get most things up and running.

He could do this.

~

Tubbo wasn't particularly surprised to find an Unawake Wilbur being appointed head of the newly forming worker's union, who he met with bi-weekly to discuss upcoming conditions and laws. Of course, now that things were far more stable, with normal work hours and safer working conditions being implemented daily, the meetings were simply for him to keep in touch with the status and contentment of the workers.

He also wasn't surprised to find that an Unawake Sam had quickly proven to be the best choice for chief engineer. Just like his Awake counterpart, the man was diligent and hardworking, always looking for new ways to improve their already centuries ahead technology.

Niki was awake, and she had immediately been appointed head of the Cookhouse and Hothouse. With her own skills, as well as a fair bit of druidic magic, New London had a massive amount of edible options for its citizens to choose from. The two of them had met up relatively quickly, and were hashing out more and more plans and back up plans for the city, just in case.

What was surprising was Technoblade, who had stepped up as chief enforcer for laws, and despite most loops, was clearly loyal. A gentle probe in the force showed it wasn't a farce either.

"I hope you don't mind me asking," Tubbo finally said, "But what made you choose to devote so much to this? I was under the impression that you were an anarchist."

“I was,” Techno agreed. “But I’m also not stupid. If we were to establish anarchy now, the city would most likely fall into disorder and disrepair, and we would all freeze. It might not be my first option, but a solid government is our best chance for survival at the moment.”

“I see. Thank you.” He’d certainly take what he could get.

~

“How many more refugees should we expect?” Tubbo wondered. Next to him, Karl tapped his pen, taking notes. He’d been late to Awaken, but once he had he’d joined the efforts in cataloging their population status and non-edible resources. With the masses of refugees entering the city, it was an important job.

“About a hundred and twenty more,” he finally said. “And then about a hundred Lords, including Lord Craven, who has apparently been shooting at people. And apparently there’s a group missing due to an avalanche at the Black Spire. I’ve alerted Dream about it, his crew is heading there now.”

Dream, who was head of their scouts, and like Technoblade, honestly loyal. In part perhaps because a situation like this called for everyone to work together, but this Dream seemed a lot more like Manhunt Dream anyways.

The Lords arrived about a week after the final group of refugees entered the city safely. It was a bit of a hassle afterwards - sick lords to be cured, one lord being sent to prison for stealing food from the refugees. And eventually, the infamous Lord Craven did arrive - with about forty starving children. And although they managed to stop the people from lynching him, Craven still left the city.

“Think he’ll be back?” Technoblade wondered.

Tubbo looked at the note Craven had left him. “No, I don’t think he will.”

And with the next few conflicts being resolved peacefully through Technoblade’s guard, things were looking up.

~

“How’s the Ark going?” Tubbo asked, walking up to his sister.

Niki wiped her brow and smiled. “It’s good, it’s good! And it’s really good that we’ve got magic and better technology, that makes things like these a lot easier. This arc will be able to stand -400 degrees Celsius, and still be perfectly warm inside, as well as cut through an entire glacier if need be.”

An Ark full of seedlings had been unanimously agreed on as a smart idea, especially since the usual seed vault wasn’t built until around 2008. One might say they were ahead of the curve.

“Good. That’s great news.” And the automatrons were coming along great as well. Sure they technically weren’t needed, but they were a nice piece of technology from this world. Tubbo

was considering putting a few into his pocket to help out around L'Manberg next loop. "And the messenger from New Manchester?"

"He's in perfect condition. And we can easily help his city without endangering the Ark." She chuckled slightly. "Although it might take a while before he stops gaping at New London. The people here might be used to the new tech, but he certainly isn't."

~

"This is..." Tubbo took in the pictures of the ruins of Winterhome with a wince, flipping through some of the journals left behind. "Dammit. If we had known sooner, we could've helped, like we did with New Manchester."

"We can't save all of them," Dream pointed out gently, before looking over Tubbo's shoulder to read. "Damn. Techno's not gonna like that."

"Techno knew anarchy wouldn't workout, he's said so before," Tubbo said. "But yeah, confirmation wouldn't make him happier. Still, he'd be even more upset if we kept this from him."

Dream's communicator dinged. He checked it. "Looks like the survivor is awake, and nearing full health."

There was a ping. < Oh fuck. Oh fuck, *please* tell me you're here! >

Tubbo's eyes widened as he pinged back. "Let's go see him."

~

Karl leaned forward in his seat. "Dream, is there any chance you can get photos of how London is doing?"

Dream frowned. "Sure. Might be a couple days round trip with the speeders, but we can do that. Why?"

Wilbur's eyes lit up, but Niki answered first. "All these people clamoring to go back to London, if they see what a wasteland it's become, that'll greatly reduce their numbers. Especially since things are going so well here."

"It might be easier to just use drones then, if all we want is pictures," Sam shot back. "Plus, that would show how we can take pictures of events from far away without endangering our people. Prove how much better life is here than it was in London."

"There aren't *that* many people in the movement," Technoblade argued. "Why waste the resources at all when we can just deal with the issue here?"

Even after all this time, Tubbo took a moment to marvel at the fact that *Technoblade* was the one saying that. "We'll take the pictures anyway, just in case we can't shut the movement down peacefully. Plus, the holidays are coming up. If we put on a big show here, it might calm their spirits. We have the resources for it."

~

“The most ill of the group are staying in New Manchester, it’s as close as they could make it,” Nansen said, looking out at the bustling city. “If I wasn’t here myself, I don’t think I would’ve believed it. Tales of a city with unheard of technology that’s thriving rather than simply making it through. And you’ve heard of the storm coming?”

“We have,” Tubbo agreed. “Meteorologists saw it a while back. We’ve been preparing for a long time.” It also helped that He’d done a bit of that layered reality trick - the worst of the storm would pass right through New London without actually touching it, if all went well.

“Clearly.” Nansen smiled, genuine hope in his eyes. “Now we must see if it all pays off.”

~

“Well, we’re all still here. And alive too!” Tommy let slip a small grin, face up towards the sunny sky. “This loop was a wild ride.”

“You don’t know the half of it,” Tubbo agreed, as they looked out at the cheering citizens hugging each other with the relief of being alive. “And hey, if things start getting worse, I’m sure we can just invent space travel.”

20.3

“Is that Michael?” Puffy asked, seeing Tubbo on the steps to his house, the piglin child in his lap. “He’s adorable!”

“He is, isn’t he?” Tubbo smiled. “Technically he’s my baseline self’s son? So I’ve taken to babysitting him whenever Ranboo has to leave him alone. I think it’s only fair. And I do like him, he’s a sweet kid.”

Puffy nodded, sitting down next to him. Michael looked up at her with wide eyes, no trace of zombie in them. Perks of having a magical babysitter, she supposed. He reached out and booped her nose, and she couldn’t help but laugh a little bit.

“Michael, this is Puffy,” Tubbo introduced. “Can you say hello to Puffy?”

“Hello Puff,” Michael said dutifully. Then he turned back to Tubbo. “∴J:∴ϯ?”

“T̄L·|:J i!≡====||,” Tubbo responded. At Puffy’s confused expression, he added, “I’m teaching him some galactic. Since I’ve learned from my dad and grandma, I figured it might be nice to teach him too.”

Puffy smiled. “That’s very sweet.”

Niki brightened at the idea. “Yeah, that’ll work! I’ll just need to get all my supplies from my pocket. Hard to make healthy food when not a single thing here isn’t made of candy.”

As if to emphasize the point, it started raining cherry fruit-punch.

20.6

“Rough loop?” Sam asked curiously. “You look a little worn.”

“No, just tiring.” Karl sighed. “It was Steins;Gate. Loops where butterfly effect is a much bigger problem are frustrating, because it’s better to follow the known timeline and get the decent ending than try and switch things up. That doesn’t make it less annoying.” He looked up. “And what about you? Another prison loop?”

“Yup.” Sam popped the ‘p’. “Warden of the Boiling Rock. Took me about three minutes to say “fuck this” and join the Gaang in escaping, so at least I did get to enjoy the rest of the loop. And the fact that Mei was looping as well made things easier.”

“Oh, are we talking about recent frustrating fused loops?” Eret wondered, wandering into the common room on the Workshop. “How about this? I got to be Rolo in a Code Geass loop.”

Both of them winced.

“It’s commiserating time!” Puffy cheered, flopping down onto another one of the couches as the room slowly filled up with loopers. “Also, Tubbo, we do need to find a name for your ship. We can’t just keep calling it the Workshop all the time.”

Tubbo looked at her curiously. “Do you have an idea?”

She ruffled his hair. “Plenty. But it’s your ship. You should come up with the name.” She turned to the rest of them. “I replaced Juvia as Fairy Tail’s water wizard in one loop. Everything was great. Next loop? I was Revy in Black Lagoon. Not so much fun.”

“Buffy the Vampire Slayer,” Tommy offered. “You know how much living in that world sucks? Because it sucks a lot.”

Wilbur gave him a side hug. When everyone turned to look at him, he smiled grimly. “Most recent fused loop that sucked? Spec Ops, the Line.”

“*Shit.*”

“Yeah.”

“I looped in as Misa in Death Note,” Niki offered. Noticing their horrified faces, she added, “I got Light arrested and all, so it was fine in the end. But it’s not a fun universe as a whole.” Puffy squeezed her hand.

“Not really an awful fused loop, but a weird one. Saints Row IV,” Tubbo said. “I was the president, and there was an alien invasion, the world was destroyed, we all got stuck in the Matrix, and I became a God Emperor of the Universe, again.”

There was a pause as they took that in. “Again?” Karl finally asked.

Tubbo gave him a somewhat miserable smile. “Technically the other was God Emperor of Mankind. Warhammer 40k. That’s the one that really sucked.”

“Ah.” They left it at that.

20.7

Niki tapped Tommy gently on the shoulder. “If you don’t mind, could I take your place in the pit fight against Techno?”

Tommy blinked, then shrugged. “Sure. He’s all yours. Mind if I ask why?”

She smiled a bit. “Really, I just sort of want to see how far I’ve come. I’ve been looping for so long, and I’ve fought Techno, sure. But I’ve never done a hand-to-hand fistfight like this, and I really want to try that.”

And so Tommy Tubbo, and a very surprised Wilbur got a wonderful view of Niki kicking Technoblade’s ass in the pit.

Tommy, Tubbo, and Niki all cheered as Techno was knocked unconscious and out of the fight. From inside the pit, Wilbur looked up at them with an exhausted but pleased smile, underneath his cuts and bruises.

“No matter how many times I loop, it’s still wild,” he admitted later, as Niki helped heal his small injuries. “I can take on *Technoblade*. And win!” He ran a hand through his hair. “After so many childhoods of being compared to Techno, knowing I’d never have as much of Phil’s attention as the warrior, even if I was his only son, now I can beat him in any sort of combat.”

“It’s cathartic,” Tommy agreed. “Being able to win against the warrior of the family.”

Wilbur nodded, a small smirk playing across his lips. “And despite all that, I’m still a better musician than I am a fighter. I didn’t have to give up my own interests to win. Even if that win takes place in these loops.”

“A win in the loops is still a win,” Tubbo insisted. “If these things didn’t matter, what would be the point then?” There was a general agreement from the other three.

“How long do you think it’ll take for Puffy to beat Technoblade?” Niki wondered.

Tommy grinned. "I'd give it less than a hundred loops."

20.8

After Kaiba's announcement, the group of loopers gathered in one of the side streets. "It's always nice to see new loopers around," The dark haired boy said. "I'm Kirito, and this is my wife, Asuna. She's our anchor." Asuna smiled at them all.

"It's nice to meet you both," Tubbo told them. "I don't know if any of us have actually seen your show before... what should we be expecting?"

"Well, SAO lasts for about two years," Asuna informed them. "And if you die in the game, that's it. You're gone. People generally just have a fun time fighting monsters, and it really is a beautiful place to be stuck in. So you could join us in the front lines, or you could just mess around and have fun. It's up to you."

Sam hummed thoughtfully. "You know, we beat up mobs all the time in our own loop. It might be nice to just level up as high as we need to be, then settle down for a while."

None of them could argue that the idea didn't sound appealing.

~

"You know," Niki said, looking out at the Greek architecture, the floating islands and soft sunset over soft green grass and shining lakes, "I can think of plenty of worse places to have a date."

"Oh, agreed," Puffy laughed, hand in hand with Niki. "They weren't kidding when they said this game was beautiful."

There was a while of content silence between the two, as they walked together around the 68th level, watching as the sun slowly fell.

"I've been meaning to ask, but do you have any plans for your loops?" Niki wondered. "You don't have to, of course, but it can help. I collect recipes, for example. I know Wilbur collects musical instruments, and Karl keeps anything time-travel related, even if he can't use them outside their original loop."

Puffy's eyes sparkled. "I do have an idea, actually. As soon as my pocket is large enough, I want to collect ships. Pirate ships, spaceships, flying ships, you name it. I think it would be great to have a collection."

"If I find any, I'll keep them for you," her partner promised.

"And if I find any recipes, I'll send them your way." She nudged Niki gently. "On the condition that I get to taste test, of course."

“Oh, naturally.”

Eternity had never looked brighter.

20.9

Puffy looked up as Tommy entered the room. “Hey Tommy! How can I help you?”

Tommy shifted awkwardly. “Well, it’s ah. I was wondering if maybe I could have a therapy session. I mean, I’m not like my baseline self, I’m much more healed and shit. But, I was thinking, maybe it would be nice.”

“Of course.” She smiled. “It’s not a problem. Whatever day works best for you. And if you want to have more sessions, that’s perfectly fine as well.”

Tommy looked relieved.

20.10 (credit to Mikakkuryun and lizbethen)

It should’ve been a battle. A big one, for the fate of Manberg. Wilbur had the tnt ready to go, Dream knew, and it was obvious that as soon as the government was reestablished, Techno would be unleashing the withers. No matter what happened, Dream would win.

So why was it that all of a sudden, many of the Pogtopia fighters just... stopped? And started looking rather bored?

Tommy actually yawned. “Okay, fuck that last loop, I’m not dealing with this shit again...” he seemed to notice what was going on, then stopped to process something. “Oh, great. We’re here.”

“Should we just get this done with and be good?” Tubbo offered. “I really don’t feel like drawing this out.”

“Sounds like a plan,” *Wilbur* agreed. “And I should get rid of all that tnt. It’s not like we’re going to need it.”

Technoblade looked just as befuddled as Dream felt. “Hey, did you guys suddenly forget that we’re in the middle of a literal fight?”

“Oh, right.” There was a pause, something shimmered, and then all of Dream’s weapons and armor were made of cardboard. It looked to be the same with everyone fighting for Manberg (except, strangely, for Karl).

“Look, it’s not your fault,” Niki tried to reassure the very confused fighters. “It’s just, our last loop was really exhausting, and when you’re so old you can only somewhat estimate your age as in the ninety-thousands, sometimes you just don’t want to get into the same old fights.”

“...Ninety-thousands,” Techno repeated flatly.

Wilbur stretched. “Well, sort of, yeah. It really depends on the person, but we’re all pretty damn old compared to you guys. Give us a break, okay? We’ll make L’Manberg into a commune, or whatever, so you don’t feel the need to set withers on us.”

“Normally we wouldn’t bother bending to your whims but I think we’re all just really tired,” Eret added. They looked over to Dream. “Also, don’t bother making me king again, I’m done with all of that. I’m just going to relax this time.”

“Ninety-thousand,” Techno repeated, sounding a bit like a broken record. Dream was still recovering from the fact that Wilbur’s madness seemed completely gone, and that his armor was currently cardboard.

How had this even happened?

20.11

“You know, what if, instead of having a revolution, we become pirates instead?” Tommy offered to the other loopers. “It is a solo-realm loop, after all. There’s plenty of people and places to plunder.”

Puffy looked amused. “I don’t suppose you’re saying that ‘cause I’m here early?”

“Maybe a little. But that just makes it even better!”

“I’m interested. Sounds like a fun loop.” Wilbur gave Puffy a friendly poke. “And since you’ve got the most experience in being a Captain, I think you should take the job for our ship.”

Puffy smiled at her friend’s invested faces. “Alright, I can do that. First order of business though, Niki’s awake, and I say we go pick her up.”

Tommy and Tubbo cheered.

~

“Sorry for the big entrance,” Puffy laughed, reaching out and pulling her girlfriend aboard.

Niki quickly jumped forward and hugged her tightly. “It’s not a problem! I’m always happy to see you.” She pulled back slightly, hands still holding Puffy’s and jerked her head towards

the younger but taller figure behind her. “Ranboo’s my little brother this loop, I hope you don’t mind if he comes along?”

“That’s fine,” Puffy assured them both. Ranboo sighed with relief. Then looked increasingly nervous again as he was suddenly ambushed by two younger loopers excited to see their friend. “You know, I think he’s going to get along well with everyone here.”

The anchor was hoisted, and they sailed off towards adventure.

20.12

<So, I’m not totally certain,> Tubbo admitted, as he and Tommy sat on top of the camarvan. <But I think we’ve passed a hundred thousand loops at this point.>

<Fuck.> Was Tommy’s empathic answer, his legs swinging slowly off the van. <That’s - that’s really something. We’ve reached the - what do they call it? - Time Abyss, I think. That’s not even old, that’s... I dunno. A little unthinkable.>

<Yeah.> Tubbo tapped the roof of the van absentmindedly. <I guess it’s even weirder with the expansion, since we’re definitely not the people who were supposed to be going through that.> He nudged his friend. <Hey, it’s not so bad though! I mean, if we didn’t have the loops, we wouldn’t have Wilbur back with us. I might never have met the Captain again, or he might not have been my dad at all. Karl would’ve still been losing himself with his time travel. We’ve made so many new friends and became family with plenty of them.>

<You’re right.> Tommy smiled. <We’re pretty fucking cool, aren’t we?>

<We definitely are.>

Chapter End Notes

- 20.1 Therapuffy's first client! Don't worry, she's an actual professional now. (And it should be noted, she was in a hub-like loop, not the hub itself.)
- 20.2 Oh, how changing the survival game can change the people inside it. (Frostpunk)
- 20.3 He's teaching Michael curse words. In case you were curious.
- 20.4 Going off the script can be a lot of fun. (Stardust)
- 20.5 Niki became the most popular chef in the entire world.
- 20.6 Not their most recent fused loops, just the most recent ones that sucked.
- 20.7 An interesting dynamic change, isn't it?
- 20.8 The view really is pretty.
- 20.9 Therapuffy's second client!
- 20.10 Sometimes, it's just too much to have to do everything all over again.

20.11 They were the most feared pirates on the high seas.

20.12 ...That's a very long time.

21.0

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

21.1 (credit to MinteaMintrix)

“Are you alright there?” Boffy asked, a small smile on his face.

Tommy huffed. “I just fucking died to a fucking spider while trying to explore a tiny building, I’m not fucking okay, fuck no.”

“Okay, okay, I got you.” He held his hands up in surrender. “Just had to ask.”

“Yeah. Is this whole server going to be like this?”

“That is what they say about servers like these,” Boffy confirmed, tapping his side a little nervously. They hadn’t meant to end up on a server like this, they’d been in the hub world when a nearby server-portal glitched out, and even with Boffy’s slight admin heritage, he wasn’t able to get them out of there.

Tommy took a couple deep breaths. “Okay, fine. This is fine. We can deal. Wish Tubbo was here, but-”

Boffy frowned, confused. “Who?”

Tommy seemed to sink into himself a bit, which was strange for his usually cheerful friend. Was this server already getting to him?

“No one. It - it doesn’t matter. Let’s just figure out how to survive.”

~

“Welp,” Boffy groaned, pulling himself to his feet. “Note to self - don’t go in the water near anything giant and swimming, or you might just get sucked into it.”

“No shit,” Tommy groaned. “And now all of our things are gone again too. I hate it when that happens. Especially when... well. Let’s try and find all that again, yeah?”

“Sure.”

~

“Boffy?”

“Yeah?”

“There’s a demon outside our house.”

“I know. I saw it.” Boffy groaned into his pillow. “Think someone will get us out of here soon?”

“No idea. I’m gonna go kill the demon thing.”

“You’re just gonna die again.”

“You don’t know that for sure!”

The door slammed close. A few minutes later, Boffy got another death notice on his comm, and prepared to go help Tommy get his stuff back.

~

“Okay, that’s fucking it. We’ve been killed by aliens, salamanders, demons, sirens, the grim reaper, and two fucking dragons in the past fucking week.” Tommy looked properly angry at this point. And, out of nowhere, he summoned a cylinder which seemed to produce a blade of blue light. “Fuck this loop. No more playing around.”

Boffy frowned at his friend. “Loop? Where did you even get that thing?”

Tommy startled, then turned to him sheepishly. “Oh, right. Look, funny thing is…”

“Tommy…”

“I’m a time traveler. I’m over a hundred thousand years old. And sure, I could’ve done this at the beginning, but I was hoping to have a nice fucking loop with someone I hardly ever see, and then we got trapped in this *fucking server*. You know what, I’ll explain more later. We’re clearing this place out now.”

“I’ll hold you to that,” Buffy said, still trying to process all the words that just came out of Tommy’s mouth. But he would grill his friend on that another time. Right now, he had to make sure Tommy didn’t have another senseless death.

21.2 (credit to thelowlysatsuma)

“Stop it. Stop fucking laughing.”

Tubbo choked, trying to breath. “I know, I know, I will, I’ll stop. I just - I can’t fucking-”

Tommy groaned. “Yes, I *know*. I’m a fucking llama. I got tricked into drinking a llama potion that turns me into a llama by this world’s version of Badboyhalo. I’m aware, you don’t need to keep rubbing it in my face.”

Finally, Tubbo caught his breath. “You didn’t watch The Emperor’s New Groove when we were in the hub, did you?”

“No, I didn’t. And I’m regretting it now, because of course if there’s going to be a world where someone gets turned into a llama for comedy purposes, I would eventually end up there. Fuck you.”

“To be fair, it could’ve been Wilbur. He also randomly gets turned into animals in the loops,” Tubbo pointed out, still chuckling a bit.

“No, Wilbur *turns himself* into animals. I get *turned into* animals. There’s a very big difference between those two.”

Finally, some sympathy in his friend’s eyes. “Alright, that’s a good point. For the record, I am sorry you have to deal with this.”

“But you still think it’s funny.”

“I do still think it’s funny.”

“Yeah, that’s what I thought you’d say, marriage-man.”

~

“Pull the lever, Karl!” Bad announced cheerfully.

Next to him, Karl smiled. Perched on his shoulders were an angel Niki and a devil Sam, and all three of them were immensely enjoying their role in this loop. Especially since they got to constantly confuse Bad.

He pulled the lever. Bad rocketed downwards.

“*Wrong leveeerrrrrr!*”

21.3 (credit to Vellichorist)

“So, it seems we’re all dragons this loop,” Karl said, landing next to the other looper. “Are there any other changes, as far as you guys can tell?”

“Being dragons is a pretty big change, Karl,” Sam shot back dryly. “But besides that, it’s a solo-realm loop, and the scope for everything is a lot bigger. Literally. Since we’re dragons.” That got a snicker out of his friend.

It seemed that in the past, their species had been separated by what kind of dragon everyone was, only living with their own kind. Not so much now - L’Manberg had been formed by a Skywing (Tommy), a Sandwing (Eret), a Leafwing (Niki), two Rainwings (Wilbur and Fundy), and a Nightwing (Tubbo, who was a bit put-out at not being a Hivewing). Many dragons had flocked to the new nation, seen everywhere as the pinnacle of dragon tribes living together.

Sam himself was a Mudwing, and Karl was a Silkwing. He hadn't been able to meet Puffy yet in this loop, but he suspected she was a Seawing.

"Do you think we'll be able to keep any of these powers when we leave?" Karl wondered, curling up contently next to him.

"Hard to say. Especially since most of them are based around actually being a dragon. I guess we'll find out soon."

For now, he just enjoyed the feeling of flying as a dragon. No wonder Tubbo seemed to like it so much.

21.4 (credit to YHN017)

"Wake up, Karl."

Karl blinked awake at the sound of Eret's voice, feeling some sort of water draining and eventually disappearing around him. He seemed to be in some sort of slightly glowing chamber, brown and blue patterns all around him.

Checking loop memories revealed nothing before he woke up, which was a bit unusual. Still, he was pretty sure he'd heard Eret's voice, maybe the other was awake? He sent out a ping and got three back.

"Eret?" He asked, tentatively. *"You alright?"*

There was a moment of silence, where Karl thought Eret wouldn't answer. Then, *"I'm alright. It seems this loop has us beat with three anchors, rather than two. And one of them is an apparently somewhat reformed, or at least bored, Gannon."*

So they were in a Legend of Zelda loop then. Karl processed the information. *"So is Gannon being our anchor right now?"*

"He is," Eret confirmed. *"We woke up fighting each other, and my loop memories say that we've been fighting for about a hundred years, but we figured out the other was looping fairly quickly. He really enjoys Niki's pastries."*

Karl chuckled. *"Who wouldn't? Seriously though, do you still need me to do the big quest thing?"*

"Might as well."

And really, it was hard to argue with that kind of logic.

21.5 (credit to FlamingHeroKai)

Sam Awoke yawning, finished his yawn, and looked around. He seemed to be in a nice house - spacious but not overly so. Definitely in his usual style for houses, even though it clearly wasn't his normal one.

Practically going on instinct, Sam meandered over to the kitchen and started pouring himself some cereal. Not all of it though, little squirt would be pissed if he took the last bits before they got more.

Sam paused to reexamine his thoughts.

He checked his loop memories, startling at what he saw.

It seemed in this world, Sam had always been Tommy's dad, rather than Philza. Sam had wandered through the realms with the young (currently) creeper hybrid, before they had settled down in this one, where the rest of the sbi just so happened to be right next door.

...Sam was going to like this loop. He sent out a ping, and got one from the boy rapidly approaching the stairs.

Tommy grinned at him, eyes alight with happiness. "Hey Dad! Sorry for the late wakeup, I was feeling a little loopy."

"It's no problem," Sam assured him fondly. "I've been a little loopy myself today."

"Oh thank fuck, that makes it even better." Tommy grabbed the cereal box and made a noise of delight when he realized that there was still some left. "I think this is my first time being a creeper hybrid, actually."

"Oh? How are you feeling about it?"

"Not sure yet," Tommy admitted. "Sometimes things sort of sizzle a bit when I get emotional? But it doesn't seem too strange beyond that. Is this normal?"

Sam tapped the spoon against the side of his bowl thoughtfully. "Sometimes. It really depends though - being a creeper hybrid can change my biology drastically from one loop to the next." Tommy winced in sympathy.

Then he perked up a bit. "Seriously though, it's really cool that you get to be my original dad this loop. I wish it would happen more often."

Sam doesn't melt at that, no sir. He just smiled widely. "I would love it if that happens too. You're my kid no matter what, obviously, but it's nice spending even more time with you."

He's totally melting at that. He's such a sap when it comes to Tommy.

Tommy beamed at him, before his expression changed to something a bit more sly. “Well, since Phil and Wil and Techno are our neighbors, why don’t we have some fun with that? Freak them out a bit.”

“Already way ahead of you.” Both of them jumped and spun around to see Tubbo leaning up against the counter, waving. “Hello! The Captain, Crumb, and I actually live on the other side of the river. We’re also banned in like forty different realms, collectively. Can’t wait to really creep those guys out.”

“We could tag-team them,” Sam offered, smiling.

“Hell yeah!”

21.6 (credit to thestarsspokehername)

“So. ...Little Nightmares, right?”

Tubbo squinted, looking around. “The sequel, I think, but yeah. Not that that makes it any less creepy and awful and horrifying, oh boy.”

Not a fan of horror loops, Tommy remembered dryly.

“How about we screw baseline for this loop?” He offered. “Two tiny kids on their own might not be able to change much, but two tiny loopers? We can totally make this work and get out of there okay.”

Tubbo took a deep breath. “Right, you’re right. It’ll be fine! We’ve got this. It’s fine.”

Tommy grinned a little and grabbed his friend’s hand, before taking the lead.

21.7 (credit to WriteItRight2)

It started as a normal morning, Phil out early harvesting some of their crops, Techno fighting a nearby mob, Wilbur inside reading, Tommy probably still asleep.

It did not stay a normal morning.

A slight crashing noise from inside the house made Phil look up, and he headed in to check it out.

Inside, Tommy had practically collapsed on the sofa, Wilbur rubbing his back lightly and murmuring something into his hair. Phil’s youngest son was pale, far too pale, and he was

shaking slightly.

What the hell had happened? A nightmare? It must've been a horrible one, for Tommy to react in this way. Phil started forward, intending to comfort his son, but Wilbur caught his eye and shook his head sternly. Now feeling even more concerned, Phil took a small step back.

"Hey, Toms. It's alright," Wilbur said. "Talk to me, okay? What do you need? Who do you need?"

"Tubbo. And - and Sam."

Sam?

Phil knew who Tubbo was, of course, the kid was Tommy's best friend, and he was always at the house. A really sweet boy, who Phil had grown to care about like another son. But he'd never heard of Sam.

Wilbur winced. "Sam's not - Sam's not here right now. I'm sorry. But Tubbo's coming! He'll be here soon, I promise."

That seemed to calm Tommy down more, until his breathing finally evened out. Eventually he looked up, finally noticing that Phil was there.

He immediately looked the other way. "...Hey Phil," he croaked.

Phil? Not Dad?

Phil decided not to press it. "Hey there Tommy," he said gently. "Everything okay? Is Tubbo coming over?"

If he was a lesser trained man, Phil might not have caught Tommy's small flinch at the first question. "Yeah, he's coming over." He and Wil seemed to share helpless looks, before looking back at him. "We can explain then?"

At least they intended on explaining. A massive relief, that was. "Take as much time as you need," Phil promised.

Whatever was going on, they were his kids. He would help them through it in any way he could.

~

The strangeness only amplified with the appearance of Tubbo, who looked and sounded like the same 13 year old Phil knew, but had the eyes of a soldier, and the walk of one too. Tommy had wrapped his arms around him tightly, and refused to let go for a good ten minutes. At that point even Techno had ended up inside, curious and a bit worried.

"I wasn't there for it," Wilbur finally started, "So I can't really tell the story."

“I was there, so I can tell it,” Tubbo said. “Look, I know it sounds wild, but...” He trailed off, looked at Tommy and Wilbur. The three of them seemed to have what almost seemed like a silent conversation, before continuing. “The three of us, and some others, we’re stuck in a time loop, of sorts.” Then, to prove his point, he hovered Phil’s coffee right out of his hand.

A long moment of chaos and a bit more telekinesis later, and the story continued. “We call them the loops, and they can be really wild. If someone isn’t looping, or Awake, they have a chance from changing personalities from loop to loop. We call those variants. And last loop, Tommy and I faced a *really* nasty variant of Philza.”

Phil’s heart sunk.

“How bad?” Techno asked, sounding almost apprehensive.

“Lost all empathy after killing Wil, got infected by a mind controlling egg and killed Techno twice, tried to kill us a lot,” Tommy finally said.

...And now Phil felt like he was going to be sick.

“I would never-!”

“We know,” Wilbur assured him. “It’s not - it’s not your fault. But Tommy and Tubbo did still have to deal with that person, and they wore your face.”

Ender. Phil ran a hand through his hair. “Ender, I am so - I don’t know what to say.” He chuckled helplessly. “I don’t know how to fix this.” Still. He focused on his sons again. “If you need - whatever you need, alright? This Sam guy? Something else? We can figure it out.”

“No one’s killing anyone in this time loop,” Techno agreed.

Tubbo actually laughed at that, and Tommy elbowed his friend. “Thanks,” his son said. “Just need a little time to process all of this. But, thanks.”

21.8 (credit to SeCrFiDr)

“They’re all just so cute, you know?” Niki laughed, petting an unawake sheep version of Puffy. “Thanks for inviting me, you guys!”

Wilbur grinned at her. “It’s no problem. Everyone is welcome at the L’Manberg petting zoo!” This sent Niki into another round of giggles.

It seemed that in this loop, most of the usual hybrids were currently the animals they were hybrids for. This only seemed to count for those who were animals and not mob hybrids, but there were a few others who just so happened to be animals this loop, and it was all rather cute.

Wilbur stretched, Birdza chirping happily on his shoulder. “You know, since we’re closed to the public this weekend, maybe we could run some sort of mock election!”

Tubbo snickered. “You mean where you run against a duck, and then a ram kicks you out of the petting zoo?”

“We’d better make sure Techno’s pen is closed up tight. Otherwise that pig’s gonna rampage all around once we’ve finally gotten things under control,” Eret added with a deadpan smile, Fundy the fox curled up contentedly next to them.

Wilbur pouted.

21.9 (credit to funtimesinfiction)

“We have to go through this - twice, you say?” Puffy asked, just to make sure she had heard correctly.

Niko nodded. “If we want the best ending, that is. Do it any other way, and the world dies, and whether I get home or not is still up in the air. Best solution is to go for what I know is our golden ending, of sorts.”

“That sounds-” Puffy was really sure just how exactly it sounded. It sounded a little awful, and sad, and grim. It sounded like something Niko was completely used to.

This whole loop seemed to have a sense of melancholy about it, and she was so frustrated that it seemed there was nothing she could do to change that.

Niko seemed to notice her frustration, because they looked in her general direction. “Hey, it’s alright. I’m used to it, by now. I’ve done this a lot of times, and usually Player, who you’re replacing, is looping with me. And Entity is looping now too, which means things are a lot easier and hurt less! I’m really hoping some of the others start looping soon as well, but I’m doing okay.”

Puffy smiled, although she knew Niko couldn’t see it. “That’s a relief. But if you do ever want to talk about it, I’d be happy to listen. I may not look it at the moment, but I am a therapist.”

Niko laughed at her pun, and they visibly perked up at the mention of therapy. “Thanks. I might - maybe that would be nice. To talk about stuff. I’ll think about it?”

“Of course. Take all the time you need.”

21.10 (credit to AnonymityKitty)

Tubbo half-stumbled into Tommy's home and collapsed on his best friend's bed. Tommy sat down next to him, looking at him with worry. It had been clear that Tubbo had barely been keeping it together during the signings, and although he pinged back, he didn't answer any of Tommy's mental inquiries.

"Hey big T," He said gently. "Bad loop?"

Tubbo hesitated, before nodding. "Null loop. Really sucked. Really *really* sucked. I can't - there was so much gore, and death, and Schlatt was experimenting on people and Techno and Wil were twins who were literally sewn together, the Captain wasn't awake and he died, I was in a well full of - full of corpses? I think? There was some wonderland shit going on, I don't-" he paled, and Tommy helped him lean over the bed as he threw up, feeling sick to his stomach himself.

"Sorry," Tubbo whispered.

"It's fine!" Tommy took out his wand and vanished the mess. "All good, see? It sounds - it sounds as though you need a break, big man. Pull a George for the next couple loops, yeah? And maybe other people will wake up soon, so you'll be able to talk to them as well."

Tubbo nodded, face buried into Tommy's chest. "I hope - I hope so."

21.11 (credit to MVickery)

Tubbo Awoke in some sort of pod, Tommy right next to him. He sent out a ping, and got one back from right next to him.

<Know what's going on?> He asked.

<Check your loop memories, big man.>

Tubbo did. It seemed they had crash landed on some alien island that was almost completely water, and were now stuck.

Well, sort of. Tubbo did have the starship he built in his subspace, if need be, they could definitely make their escape. But did it really matter? This wasn't their home world anyways, and was almost certainly a fused-

Oh.

<Guess we're in Subnautica, then,> He finally said. <Should be very interesting. I do like the idea of all the builds we can make here, and if we can bring some of those rocks home to experiment with, that would be great.>

<Yeah. And at least neither of us have that alien AI stuck in our heads.> Finally, Tommy got to his feet. <Let's go explore and save the planet, or whatever.>

21.12 (credit to Whentheworldisending)

The first thing Tommy noticed after Awakening was that he wasn't in anything less than a massively variant loop.

A check of the loop memories proved this to be true - apparently he was a android detective programed to hunt down Android deviants - which were, he quickly realized, androids that realized they didn't have to be *fucking slaves*.

...This whole thing already felt like bullshit.

At least one of the local loopers seemed decent. Tommy met with Hank shortly after the loop started, and he could hardly express the relief he felt when Hank announced that he "looked a bit loopy".

"I'm not usually an android," he admitted to Hank a bit later, when they were alone. "It's definitely a weird experience. And this whole slavery thing is bullshit."

"Oh yeah, definitely," Hank snorted. "Big part of this loop is fixing that up, or as much as we all can in the time we're given. Our anchor is an android named Kara, who wasn't originally really a part of the revolution, and it's hard to say what all the variants of everyone will do, but we manage."

"Cool." Tommy sent out his usual one-two ping and force pulse, and got two pings back, and while one responding pulse in the force was unfamiliar, the other was clearly Tubbo.

He slipped on his compass. <Tubbo! You doing alright?>

<Oh, I'll be fine. I'm about to make a lot of changes around here, though.>

Hank raised an eyebrow. "Telepathy?"

"Yeah. My fellow anchor is here as well." He listened to Tubbo a bit more. "Working for someone named Carl?"

"He's replacing Markus then," Hank explained. "I hope he's got a plan that won't blow up in everyone's faces."

Tommy grinned at his current partner. "Trust me, when it comes to things like revolutions? We know what we're doing."

Chapter End Notes

- 21.1 Tommy may not spend much time with non-loopers outside of the dsmp, but he does put in the effort when he can.
- 21.2 Boom, baby!
- 21.3 They did get to keep very mild versions of their powers.
- 21.4 With an Eret who was doing fine, Karl got *extremely* sidetracked.
- 21.5 Always a sweet loop to have.
- 21.6 Not such a sweet loop to have.
- 21.7 Sometimes, explanations are needed. Even if they aren't wanted.
- 21.8 Technopig knocked over everything when he didn't get the whole place to himself.
- 21.9 Who says Therapuffy can only help those in her own loop?
- 21.10 A null Fran Bow loop *sucks*.
- 21.11 The Sea Emperor Leviathan is actually a looper. They had some rather fun and lengthy discussions with her.
- 21.12 The movement was smooth sailing from the beginning.

22.0

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

22.1

“Well this is a bit new,” Tubbo laughed, looking out at the SMP in front of him.

Next to him, Eret shrugged. “I wanted a break, you know? No kingship, no Dream telling me what to do. I mean, I’m more than skilled enough to circumvent that by now, but I don’t feel like putting in the effort.”

“I dunno, doesn’t this also seem like a lot of effort?”

They smirked. “Sure. But it’s *fun* effort.”

The effort in question was in reference to the fact that the entire SMP had been terraformed and recolored into bi and rainbow colors. Tubbo had to admit, it did look very cool.

“What the hell even is this!?” They both turned to see Dream storming up to them, looking furious. “What happened to everything? What the fuck?”

Eret just grinned. “We needed a change of scenery, is all.”

Dream stormed towards them, and Tubbo stepped in front of them, flicking Dream on the head with a “boop!” Dream vanished.

“Where did you send him?” Eret wondered.

Tubbo smirked. “Logstedshire. Let them think things through there for a bit.”

22.2

Karl frowned at his fellow loopers, who were sprawled out across the living room. “What’s going on?”

“This is a hub loop,” Tubbo said, from where he was gripping Tommy tightly. “We finally got to see just how the expansion normally goes. It’s... really fucked.”

“An understatement,” Sam practically growled, and Karl balked at the immense amount of despair and self-loathing on his friend’s face. His hand was on Tommy’s shoulder, as if his son would disappear if he let go. Tommy himself looked shell shocked.

“Wilbur just watched it - he’s still fuming,” Niki added. “I mean, we all are. But he’s still openly yelling about it.”

“What the fuck do you mean Tommy dies!?”

~

“So it turns out the expansion is a lot darker than we thought,” Eret summarized grimly. They turned to Puffy. “Did you-?”

She shook her head. “I remember what you all tell me was your first loop in the expansion. I had no idea.”

“Tommy dies.” Sam had his head in his hands. “Tommy dies because I left him in there. Ender, Tommy, I don’t - I’m so sorry.” Sorry was putting it lightly, Karl thought. His friend looked absolutely wrecked.

“Hey, it’s not your fault,” Tommy said firmly.

“I left you in there-”

“Unawake Sam left me in there,” he corrected. “You’ve never once left me in there with Dream. Looping Sam hasn’t ever let me down. I’m not gonna blame you for what your Unawake self did when you’ve done the opposite time and time again.” Sam still shuddered, but seemed to accept this, at least a little.

Wilbur looked absolutely furious. Eret tapped him lightly. “Wilbur... about you in the expansion...”

“I don’t remember that,” Wilbur said shortly. “I’ve woken up as Ghostbur plenty of times before, but I never remember what happened to the rest of me in the afterlife. I have no idea what Tommy and Dream meant by that.” He clenched his fists. “I swear to the fucking gods, if Unawake me does get revived and hurts anyone again-”

“We won’t let that happen,” Tubbo promised.

Niki raised her hand. “I joined the Syndicate, apparently. I don’t understand why I would do that, though? I mean, I get wanting companionship again, and I’m glad my baseline self isn’t trying to kill Tommy anymore, but if that’s what I wanted, why wouldn’t I move to Snowchester with Puffy and Tubbo? Why would I join the people who are threatening them? I don’t understand.”

Karl frowned. “And there’s Quackity to think about. I’ve never seen him do anything like that while we’re looping. Maybe he’s good at hiding it?” He hoped not. He didn’t want to think of his fiancé as that kind of person.

Sam shook his head. “If he’d have come to the prison, I would’ve known. My best guess is that without Tommy dying, he wasn’t convinced enough to go to those extreme lengths. Hopefully that’s something we can work around, if he ever starts looping.”

“Tommy died, and Techno and Phil laughed. Techno said it was pog,” Wilbur muttered, and Karl noted nervously that he could see the Wilbur from Pogtopia in the man in front of him. “Maybe I’ll beat *him* to death with a potato next time! See how *pog* he thinks that is!”

Tommy whipped around to face him. “Wilbur, no!”

“Wilbur yes!”

22.3

Tubbo blinked Awake, finding himself inside Dream’s vault, where Dream had mocked them as they looked around his awful museum of attachments. Checking his loop memories, he noted that nothing seemed different from baseline.

The only difference, he realized, was that normally Punz had arrived at this point, and Dream’s axe was swinging towards his chest.

With a thought and a flash of purple light, he blew the axe away, and Dream with it. “No thank you,” he said mildly. “Don’t feel like dying right now. Especially not to you.”

Tommy snickered and sent a ping to him. He responded with his own. <I kinda wanna mess with him a little. Do you mind?>

<Fuck no, go ham!>

Tubbo smirked and tapped into his powers as a child of Hecate. All around them, the room twisted, flashing green and purple, looking a lot less ominous on Tubbo and Tommy’s side, and more ominous where Dream was getting to his feet.

“You really messed up, Dream,” he said lightly. “You almost took my final life. 𐄂𐄃𐄅𐄆𐄇.”

Dream looked around himself wildly, before focusing on Tubbo, the dragon wings, the purple magic. “No fucking way. What the hell is going on?”

“Karma, Dream!” Tubbo indulged himself in a maniacal cackle.

It was at that moment that Punz and the others arrived. They stared at Tommy, who was relaxing against a wall, Tubbo, floating in the air, and Dream, cowering in a corner.

Tubbo managed an awkward smile. “Um, hi?”

In the back of the crowd, Puffy, Niki, and Eret tried not to collapse with laughter.

22.4

Dream had taken Tommy's disks, and was preparing for him and Tubbo to try and get them back. If nothing else, it was a fun waste of time. He'd been a little worried after he'd taken the disks, but clearly Tommy and Tubbo both knew it was all in good fun, with all the joking around they were doing.

The two boys arrived, and Dream went to pop one of the disks in the jukebox, to set the tone for the scene, but then Tubbo pulled out his own jukebox, and Tommy started playing Mellohi in it.

Surprised, Dream looked down at the disk he had. No, this was definitely the real thing.

What was their game here? If they had another disk, why were they trying to get this one back?

~

Tommy handed over the disks in order to secure L'Manberg's independence. Dream accepted, knowing for sure that he had both sets of Tommy's disks now. The deal was sealed, and Dream walked away knowing he'd not only won, but gotten Tommy's disks. Eventually the kid would slip up while trying to get them back, and he'd be able to get L'Manberg back anyways. ‘

The thoughts made the way his stomach twisted the next day all the more unpleasant, as he watched Tommy and Tubbo listen to another version of Cat on their bench.

~

“Do you have any Blocks?”

“Go fish.”

Dream stared at the two boys, his eyebrows twitching. He'd thought he'd arrived early enough at the spot he'd selected for their final battle, just above his vault, but apparently the little fucks had gotten there first.

Not only that... they were playing *Go fucking Fish* with disks. *Tons* of them.

Tommy looked up and smirked. “Fancy seeing you here, Dream. We've already visited the vault and gotten my new disks back, by the way. You could join us, if you want. Or you could fall off the mountain. Your choice.”

“Why the hell would I join your stupid fucking game!?” Dream practically snarled.

Tommy shrugged. “Your funeral, man.”

Tubbo snapped his fingers, and suddenly Dream was falling off the very tall mountain, internally and externally screaming all the way.

22.5

“It hurts,” Wilbur admitted to Puffy, “That they’d do that. That my dad would laugh off Tommy’s death. That Techno would essentially say he didn’t care, that Tommy deserved it. I know Phil was probably in denial, and that Techno isn’t his family most of the time, but Phil’s still my dad. Techno’s still my brother, at times, and it hurts.”

They were seated in Puffy’s office. After a stint as a velvet room attendant, Puffy had learned a few charms to mold her office to whatever her client would feel the most comfortable in. It was nice, certainly, but even that wasn’t much help now.

Wilbur sighed. “I know, I know it’s stupid. I’m not even the one they’re hurting, after all. If anyone has a right to be hurt by them, it’s Tommy. And I can’t even be mad at Niki, because I know her awake self would never act like that. I feel like I’m being irrational again.” He looked down at his hands. “Like how I was in Pogtopia.”

Puffy shook her head. “You have every reason to feel hurt, Wilbur. I feel hurt by it, simply because Niki is my girlfriend, and I’ve met kinder versions of Phil and Techno. And I’m not even close to those two. Feeling hurt by the fact that your father laughed off your younger brother’s death is a reasonable way to feel.”

“I really wanted to hurt them though.” He hadn’t felt that way in so long. “And the not-Ghostbur version of me clearly hasn’t gotten better after his death.”

What if he ends up like that again? What if it’s inevitable, and he can never really be a good person? If he ends up hurting his little brothers again...

“Did you? Hurt them?” Puffy asked, with no judgement in her voice.

Wilbur blinked. “I didn’t. But I thought about it, and I wanted to.”

“We all have terrible thoughts from time to time. What matters is whether we act on those thoughts or not.” She smiled kindly. “Would the you of Pogtopia have held back, if he knew he had the power to hurt them?”

...He wouldn’t have. Wilbur knew he wouldn’t have. “I guess not.”

“It seems like you’re not as bad as you think, then. If I might suggest something, if you keep feeling this way, or you have more of these thoughts, don’t keep them in. Talk to someone. It doesn’t have to be me. It could be Eret, or Niki, or Grian. Anyone you want. But by not keeping it inside yourself, there will be less of a chance that it will build up. Do you want to try that?”

I - yeah. I can do that.” They wouldn’t judge him. Even if he deserved it. And Wilbur would do whatever it took to not be that person again.

22.6 (credit to acethesleepybunbun)

"Tubbo?"

"Yeah?" The two kids watched the landscape fly by beneath them from the inside of a cat-bus.

Eret sighed. "Do you think we'll ever get used to everything the loops can throw at us? I mean, just when when you think you've seen it all, a Yokai Foolish comes in to switch things up again."

Tubbo smiled, relaxing in the softness of the cat-bus. "Sure. But it's still a lot of fun, isn't it? I don't mind the occasional Yokai Foolish for a peaceful loop like this."

"Mmn." They watched the world pass by together.

"Think you can handle this?" The cat named Wilbur, with a coat so brown it almost looked black, asked.

From slightly behind on the broom, Niki smiled. "Oh definitely. I've ridden brooms before, you know, especially at Hogwarts. I'm no newbie." And she was rather excited for the loop. Being a flying courier sounded like a lot of fun.

Tommy was on the very edge of the cliffside when the massive wave struck. He jumped back, but someone else jumped *out*. The next thing he knew, Tubbo was looking at him, soaking wet and grinning from ear to ear.

"You have no idea how long it took for me to figure out that sequence of events," he said. "Ianite's probably laughing at me from the ocean right now."

From behind both of them, Sam chuckled. "However it happened, you're soaking wet. Let's get you inside and dried off, and we'll go from there."

22.7

"Puffy?" Puffy looked up to see Sam approaching her nervously. "Do you mind-?"

"Of course not!" She set her book down. "What is it?"

Sam looked a little nervous. “It’s just, with what we found out about the expansion, and dealing with that, and everything else, I was wondering if I, um. If I could have a therapy session? Just one is fine!”

“Absolutely.” Puffy smiled at him. “You can have as many as you want.” Sam looked greatly relieved, and she was already mentally preparing a schedule.

22.8 (credit to InudaTheFox)

Tubbo Awoke in a massive pile of pillows, a bow on his head, dressed in a pretty shade of blue. He sent out a ping, and got quite a few back, including one that was in the same room as him.

Loop memories? A boy traveling through space with his sister, using time pieces as their fuel. Definitely familiar sounding-

His sister, Ruby.

Tubbo turned to her with a smile. “Ruby! Long time no see!”

Less than a second later, and he was being crushed by a massive hug. “Tubbo! Oh, it’s great to see you again! How’s Niki, does she have any new recipes to share? I know you guys were exploring that new expansion, how is it?”

The joy drained out of him at that last part, and Tubbo slowly peeled away. “Not as great as we thought,” he admitted. “Tommy gets-” Fuck, he still can’t believe it. “Tommy gets beaten to death. He’s revived after, but it’s... it’s all horrifying. We always saved him, so we had no idea.”

Ruby’s eyes widened. “Tubbo, I’m so sorry. I know just how hard that can be.” She gave him a small smile. “Us loopers with sucky loops gotta stick together, right?”

“Right. Just like always,” Tubbo agreed.

~

“You know you’re supposed to- ah, never mind. It’s funnier this way.” Cinder watched in amusement as the two anchors stacked the pile of Mafia Goons higher and higher, in order to climb up them and reach the next time piece.

“And you’re supposed to be getting mad at us for being selfish and trying to turn the whole place into a volcano world, but that doesn’t mean it’s happening,” Tubbo pointed out brightly.

Cinder smirked. “Who says it isn’t? A volcano palace and time related powers sounds like a lot of fun.” She may want the mustache off as soon as possible, but while she had to suffer through it, she could at least enjoy herself.

~

“And so the true culprit of Uncle Qrow’s murder is... everyone here!” Ruby announced grandly, throwing her hands in the air for dramatic effect.

“Is that so?” Ozpin said, his large amount of looper experience preventing him from giving her more than a simple amused glance. Tubbo throwing confetti everywhere to emphasize her announcement certainly wasn’t helping matters.

“Incorrect!” An inconspicuous loudspeaker proclaimed. *“The truth is that it was me, Maria, all along!”*

Ozpin and the kids gasped in mock surprise.

~

“FOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOLS! NOW YOUR SOULS ARE- wait, Tubbo? Ruby?”

“Hey Wilbur!”

“Nice gig you’ve got there,” Ruby added.

Wilbur snickered. “It’s definitely different from the ghostly forms I’m used to, and I’m not really fond of these loop memories. But it is fun to call people fools, so I guess that makes up for it. Now, who wants to go snooping in a terrifying haunted mansion?”

~

“You know,” Ruby said, as the two of them soared across the alpine skyline. “In our loop, we have this whole thing about our convoluted family tree and how new members keep getting added.”

“I’ve heard about it once or twice before,” Tubbo agreed. “Our family tree isn’t nearly as convoluted as yours is yet, but we’re making progress.”

Ruby looked delighted at the news. “Oh?”

“Yeah. See, Tommy and I are best friends and brothers, and Wilbur and Grian are our older brothers. But I also have Eret and Niki as my siblings, and they’re only sort of siblings to Tommy. Phil is Wilbur and occasionally Tommy’s dad, even though he’s not looping, Sam is Tommy’s dad but not mine and Wilbur’s dad, and Jordan is my dad but not dad to the others. Niki’s dating Puffy which makes her a kind of pre sister-in-law, but she’s also kind of the group aunt. And Karl’s totally the fun cousin.”

Ruby mimicked wiping away a tear. “I’m so proud. Seriously though, we are siblings in this loop. If you want, we could stay siblings.”

Tubbo grinned. “Join up the family trees.”

“Exactly!”

He thought about it for a moment. “You know what? Sure, why not? I’m always up for more siblings.”

22.9

“Mom! *Mooooom!* Can George come over? Can he?”

Puffy smiled and ruffled her son’s hair. “Of course he can. But he needs to ask permission first as well, alright?”

Dream beamed at her, a bundle of nine-year-old energy and a missing front tooth. “Okay! He’ll get permission, and then he can come over and we can play in the woods!”

“Not too far out,” she corrected gently. “I want to know where you are so I can help you two if you’re in any trouble, alright?” Her range, of course, was much farther out than any normal person’s, especially after her recent Star Wars loop. (And since they liked to use the force for communication and to let everyone know who was currently awake, it was a skillset she practiced a lot.)

Dream nodded solemnly. “I promise.”

“Then of course you two can play,” She assured him, and he cheered, before hugging her.

Puffy returned the hug just as tightly.

Call her sentimental, but she loved these loops, the ones where she got to raise Dream. He wasn’t always her son - it was rather confusing on how close they generally were. But the times when she could raise him, he never started out as a monster, and she could always steer him down a better path. Sometimes she even got to take care of a child Foolish as well!

It hurt so much that he couldn’t, wouldn’t, stay that way. But she would cherish all the moments she got with him regardless.

22.10

“Monika! It’s been a while,” Tubbo greeted, relaxing in the classroom with Tommy and the ddlc loopers. Being entirely made of code was a little weird, but after all the code-loops he’d had, it wasn’t hard to adjust.

“Tubbo, Tommy.” Monika smiled. “It’s good to see you both again.”

They'd gotten off to an uneasy start, when Monika had looped in as Dream. But overtime, it became clear how different Monika was, not just from Dream, but from her baseline self as well, and they'd ended up becoming something like friends.

Natsuki looked interested. "You guys also have some sort of digital world, right?"

"Sort of," Tommy agreed. "A lot of the time it's not, but we do get loops where our world is partially made of what we just call code, and that code can be manipulated by people. It's an interesting mix."

"It is pretty neat to be in an entirely digital world though." Tubbo smiled brightly. "It's actually much easier to read here."

Sayori frowned. "Really? How does that work?"

He shrugged. "Dyslexia makes the funny words go weird. Harder to be affected by it when everything is code."

"Well, our loop lasts for about a week. If there's something you want to do while here, just let us know, alright?" The foreign loopers nodded.

22.11 (credit to many people)

"So." Karl looked around at the other loopers. "We all woke up right before the entrance exams, yeah? What are your guy's quirks?"

"Asks the one who got One for All." Sam coughed lightly, a small smile on his face. He opened his palm, and explosions filled the air above it. "Pretty simple, but useful. And makes sense with my whole creeper thing, I guess."

"Gravity powers." Niki floated a pencil in the air. "If I touch something with five fingers, I remove its gravity. If I touch all my fingers together, the gravity comes back. I suspect it alters a bit more than that, since if it were just gravity, falling things wouldn't come to a stop when I touch them, but that's all I know for now."

Tubbo demonstrated his own quirk by pulling a knife out of his arm. "My quirk's called creation. As long as I know the make-up of an object, I can create it using the lipids in my body."

"Overpowered much?" Tommy joked. "Yeah, I've got electricity powers. Can't use too much of it though, or it fries my brain."

"Acid powers," Puffy offered. "Can make them like slime, or I can burn holes through anything. I can think of a lot of uses for it!"

Eret let out a dignified sigh. "Half-cold, half-hot."

“Of course.” Karl turned to Wilbur. “What about you?”

“Belly button laser.”

Tommy burst out laughing, practically falling over Tubbo while Wilbur grumbled.

~

Aizawa walked into the classroom, took note of the new loopers, and seriously contemplated taking a vacation loop.

22.12

“Niki? Are you sure you’re alright?” Tubbo looked at his sister from across the bakery kitchen, worried. “You’ve been... well, your force signature is weird, and after all this time I’m pretty sure I can tell when something’s wrong. I’m no Puffy or anything, but if you want to talk, I can listen.”

Niki smiled at him, and he knew he wasn’t imagining how pained it looked. “I know, I promise! I just...” She trailed off, looked out the window, and sighed. Then she turned back to him. “You know how after I arrive in Pogtopia, post festival, you and me and Tommy make a pact to stick together no matter what?”

Tubbo nodded, realizing where this was going.

“I already failed that, with Tommy, so seeing myself deny his death - I expected it. I’d already braced myself for it.” She shuddered. “But I didn’t imagine my unawake self would - I stood by Techno, in the hub loop’s version of their Snowchester interrogation. You were there, and if Techno thought it was a government then he would’ve blown it up, and I just stood there! I smiled and laughed beside him, and you had to see that I chose your killer over you, and I just-” she caught her breath, tears in her eyes.

“Niki...”

“Why would I do that?” Niki whispered. “Why would I do that to my little brother? Why would I think joining Techno and Phil was the best option for me?”

Tubbo jumped off the countertop he was sitting on and made his way over to Niki, hugging her tightly. “You didn’t. Tommy doesn’t hold Sam accountable for what his Unawake self did, and neither do I. You’re not that person at all.”

After a moment, Niki hugged him back just as tightly. “She doesn’t know what she’s missing. Unawake me, I mean. I have two amazing siblings and a wonderful girlfriend and friends I can trust no matter what, and she refuses those things.”

“The loops really are good for some things, huh?”

“Yeah. Definitely.”

Tubbo smiled. “We’re lucky too, to have someone like you for a sister and friend and girlfriend. Don’t let your Unawake self sour that.”

“Right.” Niki let go and wiped her eyes. “Thanks, Tubbo. I really needed that.”

Chapter End Notes

22.1 They've certainly come a long way from running whenever Dream catches them.

22.2 And so they finally find out.

22.3 Sometimes plans go a little bit off the rails.

22.4 And he has even more disks to spare, too!

22.5 The results of having a good therapist. No senseless Techno murder here.

22.6 Generally considered some of the nicest loops around. Generally.

22.7 And another client for Therapuffy!

22.8 Tubbo's habit of collecting sibling/parent figures continues, even in the loops.

22.9 The aches of what sometimes is, but will never stay.

22.10 Cheerful seeming games with surprisingly dark content end up getting along well.

22.11 Aizawa did not take a vacation loop, unfortunately for him.

22.12 They're working things out.

23.0

Chapter Summary

Elevator Glitch!

Chapter Notes

MLE Spotlight: Billy, from the Grimm adventures of Billy and Mandy. Billy isn't malicious but he's so stupid he unintentionally crashes loops, glitches loops out, and generally makes life awful for other loopers.

(I've been wanting to do a loop like this for a while now.)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

23.1

“So, your lab is at the top of the building?” Niki asked, as the group of loopers followed Sam.

It was an interesting loop; there were much more modern advancements, like skyscrapers and elevators and the internet, but it all somehow still seemed to work off their normal mechanics. The fact that it was a solo-realm loop made it even more interesting. Sam had decided that he wanted to spend the loop working on the new mechanics, and had been able to purchase a really good lab in the building they were about to enter.

“Yup.” Sam led them into the elevator. “Just a warning though, it’s on the 1,000th floor, so it’s a little bit of a wait to get up there. About ten minutes.”

“We can deal with that,” Wilbur assured him. Thankfully, the elevator was more than wide enough for all of them to fit in.

At the last moment though, someone else entered. “Oh, I think this is where I’m supposed to be!” Billy said. “My floor is this one. No wait, this one. No wait, I’ll just make sure I definitely get the right one.”

And to their horror, the boy threw himself against the buttons, pressing every single one of them. Then he frowned. “Wait, no, wrong building,” And exited the elevator before the doors closed behind him.

The eight loopers stood there in stunned silence. “Maybe we just get out on level two and fly up, or something?” Tubbo offered.

“Good idea.” They reached the second level, and Puffy made to walk outside. “...Guys? There’s a forcefield here. We can’t get out.”

“Let me see.” Tubbo pressed his hand against the forcefield, and it lit up purple for a moment. “I - I can’t do anything to bring this down. What kind of enchantment is this?”

“Attention passengers.” They all looked up at the sound. *“Your elevator ride is currently experiencing technical difficulties. Normally, with the floors pressed, this trip would take 8.33333 hours. However, the time enchantment has been tampered with. Your trip will now take 23.6182 hours. We are very sorry for the inconvenience. Have a nice day.”*

“Well shit,” Tommy said, summing up all of their feelings.

Niki grimaced and reached into her pocket. “Emergency blankets and pastries, anyone?”

Floor 4:

The door opened, and on the other side was another elevator carrying Tiem Reester, who looked thoroughly bored and greatly exhausted.

“You too?” Jordan asked, when he saw them. He gave Tubbo a large smile, and Tubbo beamed back.

“Yeah. Is this a common thing?” Puffy wondered.

Sonja sighed. “It’s called an elevator glitch, apparently. All loops go through them at some point, or so we’ve been told. It’s going to get really wild, so good luck in there.”

“Thanks for the warning.” The doors closed, and they moved onto the next floor.

Floor 10:

It wasn’t part of Sam’s building that the doors opened to, or even another elevator like on floor four. Instead, it opened to some sort of battlefield. A very bloody one at that.

Wilbur tapped the forcefield. “Still can’t leave this thing, it seems.”

“Why would anyone want to leave on this floor anyways?” Tommy snarked, carefully averting his eyes from the scene in front of him.

Someone came charging towards them, sword brandished, and Sam slammed the close button as hard as he could.

Floor 16:

“Oh, another elevator glitch. How exciting.”

Sam’s eyebrow twitched. “Really?”

Deadpool shrugged. “Hey, sorry for the lack of enthusiasm. You see one of these, you’ve seen them all. I think the writers just find your confusion and exhaustion funny, but hey, it’s not like I can blame them. It’s funny to me too.”

“You seem rather mellow,” Niki noted, a bit nervously.

“Been taking some yoga classes with Dr. Strange. Does wonders.” He waved at them as the doors closed. “Toodles!”

Floor 33:

The doors opened, and Niki perked up as soon as she saw who was on the other side.

“Aphmau! I have the treats I promised you!” She pulled them out of her pocket. “Let’s see if they can get through the elevator.”

“I certainly hope so.” Aphmau pulled out her wand, and the package of goods flew from their elevator to hers. “Oh, wonderful!”

“Mom? Who is this?” A girl who looked to be about fifteen years old asked. Next to her, a blue haired man looked at them curiously.

“Oh, of course! Alina, Dante, these are the Dream SMP People I told you about. Everyone, this is my daughter, Alina, and my friend Dante.”

Wilbur smiled. “It’s nice to meet you. We should catch up, when we’re not all stuck in an elevator.”

“Agreed.”

Floor 47:

“Oh Dream, we’re so sorry we hurt you! Of course we’re all going to go and be a happy family again. No one’s going to run off and make their own stupid nations ever-”

Dream looked up at them. They looked at Dream.

“...Are those dolls of us?” Wilbur finally asked, sounding reasonably incredulous.

Dream, looking just as reasonably panicked, summoned his axe. Tubbo took a few pictures for posterity’s sake as Tommy slammed the close button as rapidly as he could.

Floor 68:

After a few floors of normal office buildings and hallways, it was rather interesting to see that this floor was nothing but sky all around them, with tiny specks of green far below.

“You know, at this point I think the excitement of this elevator ride has kind of worn off,” Karl admitted, munching on some chips and reclining on top of a bunch of pillows.

Sam frowned. “Was it ever exciting? Really?”

Tommy patted Sam’s arm. “Sometimes you just gotta take these things as they are and enjoy them. Even if “these things” are almost a day stuck in a magical elevator.”

“It’s been nice catching up with some people,” Puffy offered. “We did finally get to meet Yvaine, which was nice.”

Eret smiled dryly. “At least it’s not 20 hours specifically. You know the kinds of jokes that would be made then.”

Wilbur perked up. “An excellent idea!” He summoned his guitar. “~*Twenty hours, in an elevator, up the building, to find Sam’s lab~*”

“No!”

Floor 69:

“You know, I kind of expected something different for this floor,” Tommy admitted, as the doors opened to reveal another empty hallway. “I’m not complaining, though.”

Floor 70:

“...Nope.”

Floor 84:

“Alright, last call for the bid on this cloak woven from genuine nightmares! Can anyone beat 58 diamonds? Going once, going twice!”

“200 diamonds!” Tubbo called out, from inside the elevator. Everyone turned to look at them.

The bidder cleared his throat. “Alright, new offer! 200 diamonds, anyone wish to top that? Going once, going twice! Sold! Cloak of Nightmares, sold for 200 diamonds, to the boy in the strange appearing elevator!”

Tubbo tossed out his diamonds, and the cloak was tossed inside before the doors shut. He happily examined his prize.

“Didn’t take you as one to want to wear a cloak of nightmares,” Eret said.

“Oh, this is for Tommy! I know he likes new material to sew with.” He tossed the cloak to Tommy, who looked it over with a grin.

“I have been wanting more variety lately. This is perfect!”

Floor 89:

The door opened to a very distracted looking Picard. “Elevator must be broken again. I don’t suppose you know when this will lead to Starfleet Headquarters?”

“We passed it about two floors down,” Sam offered. “Maybe wait for the next one, this is just going up.”

“Thank you.”

Floor 101:

“Ender, this is going on forever!” Tommy groaned, slumping against some of the pillows that filled the elevator.

“Try and think about it this way,” Niki said. “We’ve passed floor 100! We’re over a tenth of the way there!”

“Fucking hell, we’re only a tenth of the way there.”

Niki frowned. “No, that’s not what i meant-” A slight cough drew their attention to the opened doors. Outside was Twilight Sparkle’s library, and a few ponies gathered there were looking at them awkwardly.

Finally, Rarity smiled. “It’s good to see all of you again.”

“You too.” Tommy grinned and held up his new cloak. “Check this out! We won it at an auction. Got any tips for working with nightmares?”

“Certainly!” Rarity floated a sheet of paper inside the elevator, and Tommy caught it.

“Wilbur, Sam, Sweetie and Apple Bloom would love to catch up with you the next time you’re around.”

Twilight smiled. “Tubbo. Been practicing since we last met?”

“I have, I have! I’ve got lots to show you the next time we loop together.”

“I’m looking forward to it.”

“You!” Pinkie pointed an accusing hoof at Tubbo. “Every time you loop here, I’m not awake! When I looped into your world, you weren’t awake! This won’t stand! We *will* loop together, and I *will* throw you your party! Mark my word-”

The door closed.

Floor 126:

The doors opened to what seemed to be a typical realm-world.

“Dreeeaaam!”

“No, leave me alone!”

Before anyone could make a move, a blur of green barreled into the elevator. The doors shut behind him.

Everyone looked, slightly horrified, at the Dream who was lying face down in some of the pillows, mask on the side of their head.

Dream looked up, and seemed to realize he wasn't in his manhunt anymore. “Wait, what the hell? Where am I?” He looked at everyone. “Who are you people?” I was sure we were more isolated when we started this manhunt...”

Everyone exchanged glances. “You really don't know us?” Tubbo asked, testing the force and finding nothing but honestly and genuine confusion.

“I really don't,” Dream confirmed. “What is this place?”

The doors opened for floor 127, and they were treated to the battle over the Death Star. Dream nearly jumped back in shock.

“...It's a long story,” Puffy finally said. “I guess we should explain.”

By the time their explanations were finished, Dream looked ill. Puffy couldn't blame him.

Floor 132:

“And for my next magic trick...!” The sheet over the door was ripped off, and Kaito bowed to a wowed audience. “Hey there everyone! And green man.”

“Long time no see.” Sam looked amused. “Branching out a bit?”

“Decided to do a bit of stage magic this loop. Improve some techniques.” Kaito winked. “See you around.” He draped the cloth back on top of them. “And now, the entire elevator will disappear!”

Floor 141:

On the other side of the doors was a very surprised Syndicate, unawake Niki included.

They all shot to their feet. “What - how - Dream? *Wilbur?*”

“Fuck you, old man!” Wilbur yelled back cheerfully. If Phil was in the Syndicate, that meant he was most likely the variant who would laugh at Tommy’s death.

“Never met any of you before in my life,” Dream said casually.

Other Niki looked particularly affronted. “Why is there someone who looks just like me in there?”

“Because I am you.” Niki smiled as sweetly as she could. “Here’s some advice, other me. Ditch these guys, go spend time with your girlfriend and little brother instead. Trust me, you’ll feel much better.”

“What are you talking about?”

Tommy, meanwhile, had taken a potato out of his pocket and took aim, throwing the food at Technoblade and hitting him on the head so hard the man fell to the ground. “Pog!”

Laughter followed the closing of the doors, leaving four very confused people behind.

Floor 163:

“You know, we’ve been stuck on this floor for a while now,” Karl groaned. “How long are you guys going to take?”

“We’ve just finished. Checkmate.” Xanatos leaned back towards his own elevator as the board was sent flying towards his side. “You’ve improved a lot. I look forward to our next match.”

Tubbo gave him a mock salute. “I’ll be even more of a challenge for you next time. Promise.”

Floor 188:

The doors opened, and the group found themselves being trained on by four red lights from four white turrets. Then the lights shut off, and the turrets started playing music instead, as the elevator seemed to rise with the door still open, revealing a room filled with music-playing turrets.

“That’s actually really pretty,” Dream admitted. “Even if it’s a little strange.”

Wilbur leaned back against the wall, sipping his hot chocolate. “I was a music playing turret once.”

Dream blinked owlishly at him. “Really? What was it like?”

“Very weird, I’ll tell you that much.”

Floor 209:

“...And every time we meet, we end up fighting! I don’t even know what to say to her anymore. I still care about her, so much! But our lives are so different, and I know I’m on the right side now, I can’t go back to the Hoard.”

If Puffy could reach out and pat the shoulder of the girl who’s room they had ended up in, she would. “I understand. If you really do care about her that much, then keep trying to help her understand. If she hurts you one to many times though, it would be best if you cut your losses.”

Adora slumped a bit. “You think so?”

“Trust us,” Niki agreed. “Love is a wonderful thing, but all sides need to put in the effort to make it work. If she won’t put in that effort, then you shouldn’t be obligated to. You have to do what’s best for yourself.”

Floor 229:

Outside of the door was an ender dragon, looking right at them. Dream’s hand went to his stone sword, and with a purple flash, Tubbo’s wings were out.

“Hi. I - Oh, I can’t seem to get in, that’s weird - I was wondering, have you seen my wife?”

Slowly, they all turned to Wilbur, who stared blankly at the dragon that shared his voice. Eventually, he said, “No. We haven’t seen your wife. Terribly sorry.”

“Oh, that’s alright. I’ll just keep looking then.”

“Hey, I’m gonna fuck your wife!”

The dragon’s eyes narrowed. “Excuse me, I have a small man to murder.”

“You... you do that then.” The doors closed.

Finally, Dream couldn’t take it anymore. “Dragons can talk!?”

“Depends on the dragon,” Tubbo joked lightly, wings vanishing. “We don’t talk about that one, though.”

Floor 257:

“Alright, here’s your meals. Have a nice day, and next time, please show up in a car, rather than an elevator.”

“Thank you!” Karl took the bags before the doors closed, then started passing out lunch to everyone. He finally took note of their looks. “What? Figured it couldn’t hurt to try. And hey, we got our food!”

“You know what?” Sam decided. “It’s best not to question this.”

There were nods all around.

Floor 294:

The doors opened, and everyone got treated to the sight of the ocean, clearly deep underwater. There was a moment where they all took this in.

A blue whale passed close to the elevator. They could see their eye regarding them curiously, before moving on.

“Are loops in general just... like this?” Dream finally said.

“I think this whole elevator ride could be a metaphor for the loops,” Eret admitted.

“Sometimes boring, sometimes scary, sometimes disturbing, sometimes friendly, sometimes wonderful.”

Floor 312:

On the other side of the doors was Snowchester, looking scenic as ever. Another Tubbo rested on one of the walls, and he turned to look at them, surprised. “Oh, hello. This is unusual?”

Eret squinted at them. “Your wings are different then our Tubbo’s wings.”

Tommy frowned. “He doesn’t have wings though?”

The other Tubbo smiled, and for a moment, the air around them chilled, and Tommy could see the outline of black feathered wings behind him. Tommy almost shuddered - this was something a looper didn’t experience, or at least not for very long.

“Well, it seems you’ll all be leaving now,” that Tubbo noted, as the doors closed. “Good luck on your journey, I guess. Especially since I’ll only be seeing one of you for very long.”

The doors closed fully. They all looked at each other.

“Well that was weird.”

Floor 365:

The trapped people of the elevator looked upon a sleeping George, comfortable in his mushroom home.

Dream grinned, before cupping his hands to his face. “Oh *Geroooge!*”

George *shrieked*, before flipping out of his bed and spilling onto the floor, looking up at them with wide eyes. The nine of them cackled as the doors closed and they moved on.

Floor 396:

Outside of the elevator was nothing.

It was darker than anything they'd ever seen before. There was no light, no sound, nothing.

And then, suddenly, in the void, there was a table with three people around it. One was playing solitaire.

Sam slammed the close button as hard as he could.

Floor 418:

There was a familiar prison cell on the other side of the elevator.

"Something something warden is now the prisoner," Sam grumbled, as the Dream who wasn't in the elevator looked up.

"What the hell is this?" The man asked.

The Dream on their side narrowed his eyes. "What the hell are you? From what I've been told, you're all the good things sucked out of me, and made even worse."

The prisoner's eyes widened. "You-! You don't know anything! You're naïve! If you realized just who you were in that room with, you'd understand-"

"No, I wouldn't! I'd never understand, and I never will! After everything you've done, you deserve to be in there."

The doors closed, and Dream let out a shaky breath. "Shit. That really was me, wasn't it?"

"Another version, yes," Niki agreed quietly.

"If it helps, you're not like that at all. And you don't have to be," Tommy told him. Dream said nothing to that.

Floor 448:

"For the last time, can you two stop playing War every time our elevators open up to each other?"

Grian and Wilbur both looked up from their card game at an exasperated Iskall. Both of them wore identical grins.

"Nope."

"Not a chance."

Floor 475:

“...We don’t talk about this one ever again.”

“Agreed.”

Floor 500:

“Hey, we’re halfway there! And we opened to the Tardis! This is a good sign you guys!”

Sleepy mumbles responded to Karl’s exclamation. They’d been in there for nearly twelve hours, after all.

“It’s good to see you Karl,” the Doctor said, as she looked at all of him and all of his friends. “I do really need to get to the other side of the Tardis though, do you know-?”

“Oh, we should be gone in a few seconds.”

“Thank you.”

Floor 532:

“*Where’d he go!?*” Sapnap’s voice rang out.

Dream stood up, shaking the sleep away. “I think this is my stop.” He turned to the rest of them. “If the Dream SMP ever happens in my personal future, I’ll make sure things don’t go the same way. I promise.”

Puffy smiled. “We know you won’t.”

“Here.” Tommy handed him a stack of pearls and a netherite sword. “Go win your thing. We’re rooting for you.”

Dream gave them one last smile, and dashed out of the elevator.

Floor 579:

Eret munched on their popcorn. “You know, if there’s one nice thing about being stuck inside this forcefield, it’s that we can watch a Godzilla battle without needing to worry about collateral damage.”

Puffy toasted with a cookie. “Here here!”

Outside the elevator, Godzilla had his current opponent in a headlock and was giving him a noogie.

Floor 599:

On the other side of the elevator was a room, and inside it, a dark haired boy with some green and black outlines on his skin. He turned to face the elevator, and brightened. "Puffy!"

"Hello Naoki," Puffy said with a smile. "How have you been?"

"Still a work in progress," Naoki admitted. "But that's just life, isn't it?"

"Absolutely," She promised. "As long as you're having more good days than bad."

"...I am." He seemed to notice the rest of them, then awkwardly turned back to Puffy. "Can we - next time we loop together?"

"Of course," she promised, and the doors slid shut. Everyone looked at her curiously, and she explained. "Word that there was a looping therapist got out. I've got quite a few clients from other branches at this point."

Floor 638:

The doors opened, and on the other side stood Quackity and Fundy, who both jumped back at the sight of the group.

Tubbo waved. "Don't mind us, we'll be on our way soon!"

"What the absolute fuck?" Quackity managed.

Tommy laughed. "It's a long story, big Q. Maybe you'll find out some day."

Fundy's eyes widened. "Wait, I have a warning for you! Ranboo's-" The door's closed.

"What do you think that was?" Puffy wondered.

"Ranboo's often the culprit for the prison bombing. It's probably that," Sam guessed. "Or some variant loop sort of thing."

Floor 667:

"Thank god that floor's done," Wilbur sighed, as the doors opened again to the next floor. Outside, they watched a Tommy race across the rooftops at night, wearing an unusual outfit.

Seconds later, Wilbur, Phil, and Technoblade came into view, all wearing superhero outfits and clearly chasing after their Tommy.

"Vigilante variant?" Puffy suggested.

Tommy grinned. "Oh those are fun. Especially the one with Clementine the fish. You see, Tubbo-"

"If I could, I would through you out of this Ender-damned elevator," Tubbo threatened.
"Don't tell that story!"

Tommy wisely shut up.

Floor 702:

The doors opened, and on the other side were themselves, in slightly different positions.

"Mikasa glitch?" Tubbo asked.

"Yup," other Tubbo said. "Guess we're getting two sets of memories of this hell ride."

"Great."

The doors closed again.

Floor 747:

The doors opened to a room, where someone seemed to be on their computer. A only sort of familiar someone.

There was a long moment of silence, no one quite wanting to break it.

"Hey Dadza!"

By the time Phil Watson turned around, they were long gone.

Floor 821:

Even the sounds of glorious battle outside couldn't wake the mostly sleeping loopers inside the elevator. Niki, who was currently keeping watch, adjusted her arms so they were more comfortably around her brothers and smiled. Next to her, Puffy leaned up against her shoulder.

The battle outside continued onwards.

Floor 888:

"How long has it been for you guys since we last saw you?" Tucker asked.

"Over eight hundred floors," Sam murmured drowsily.

Jordan chuckled and passed a package over. "Can you give that to Tubbo when he wakes up? We ran into Ianite, and she was going on about how many loops it's been since she's seen her grandson, and if I could pass this on to him."

Sam took the package. "Of course."

Floor 933:

The noise from outside startled everyone awake.

"What the *fuck* is that?" Tommy yelped, jumping up and nearly knocking Sam over.

"Agggghs," Wilbur said intelligently, rubbing his eyes.

Outside the elevator was pure white light - and foghorns. Unbearably loud foghorns.

"Goddammit," a slightly coherent Eret said. Everyone muttered their agreements.

Floor 992:

"Wait - *that's* the secret to the universe? Really?" Tubbo asked, awed.

"Indeed," the figure outside said. "Unfortunately, you'll forget it as soon as you leave this elevator floor."

"What? That's so unfair-" The doors closed. Everyone blinked.

"Do you guys remember floor 992, or did we just skip over it?" Karl asked.

"No idea."

Floor 1000:

The doors opened, and the forcefield went down. "Everyone out, everyone out!"

They all scrambled outside as Niki shoved the blankets and pillows into her pocket. All eight of them exited the elevator, and watched as the doors closed shut behind them.

Tommy sank to the ground. "We're done. We're free."

Puffy laughed, a bit giddily. "We made it!" Next to her, Wilbur was partially collapsed onto Eret.

Sam helped Tommy to his feet as Niki and Tubbo tried to get Karl to wake up more. "Alright. What do you say we set up shop and call this a day?"

Tubbo rubbed his eyes and yawned. "I'll get the Benson." He moved towards the window and pulled out the Workshop.

"No more elevator rides for the next twenty thousand loops," Niki decided. "No thank you. Not again."

Chapter End Notes

23.1 Every universe has an elevator glitch at some point. Also, the most this fic will ever have of any irl streamer.

...And a few hints for the future. :D

24.0

Chapter Notes

Sorry it's a bit short and late. Had a Zoom wedding to attend. I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

24.1

“Okay, so this is a little awkward, I’ll admit.” Wilbur said, watching the kid version of Technoblade run around.

“Welcome to my life,” Tommy grumbled. “At least you haven’t been the dad yet.”

“Tommy, I’m always a dad.”

“Yeah, but not to these guys.” He shifted. “Trust me, it’s a lot harder than it seems at first glance.”

“All parenting is harder than it looks at first glance. It can’t be too awful.”

Tommy fixed him with a deadpan stare. “This is *Philza* and *Technoblade* we’re talking about.”

Wilbur reconsidered.

24.2 (credit to MippenIII)

Niki frowned. “Okay, I’m sure my eyes aren’t playing tricks on me this time. Eret, there someone or something that’s following you.”

Eret sighed. “Yeah. That’s happened a lot since the expansion.” They tapped their glasses. “Apparently, my streamer confirmed that I’m distantly related to Herobrine. Since then, the guy shows up around me occasionally, and will just follow me around for the loop.”

“Huh.” Niki thought about that. “Do you think it’s Steve and Alex’s Herobrine? Or just a loop variation of him?”

“No idea. He hasn’t stuck around long enough for me to ask.” Eret sighed. “Don’t get my wrong, I’m not complaining or anything! I know you all have much worse to deal with in the expansion. I can handle a generally harmless stalker.”

Niki squeezed her sibling's hand. "I know you can. But just because it's not as big as what others have to go through, doesn't mean it's not important. If you need to talk to us, just tell us, alright? We're here for you."

Now that she thought about it, she did remember the reveal of Eret's ancestry. She also remembered how the same list said that they were ignoring the fact that Dream had manipulated them. And Eret was clearly unwilling to talk about that part.

"...How long do you think it'll be before you loop in as Herobrine?"

"Honestly, I'm surprised it hasn't happened already."

24.3

Tubbo frowned, looking at their older brother. "Is - Is Wilbur alright?"

The Wilbur in question was pacing around, talking quickly to Eret, who was clearly trying to get him to calm down at least a little bit.

"Yeah, he's just a little unnerved." Tommy sighed. "Actually, so am I. I mean, we've had nice variant loops plenty of times before. But this is like the seventh time it's happened in the *exact same way*. It's getting a little weird, I'm gonna be honest."

"I know what you mean." It wasn't just the big things either. Lots of little things, like stuff not getting stolen or burned down, or moderately important things like pet wars being prevented. They'd sent out multiple pings, but no one had answered.

"A stealth looper?" He guessed. "That's all I can think of."

Tommy nodded. "It would make the most sense. But we've got no idea who."

And that was the big question, wasn't it?

24.4 (credit to BlueJayz)

There was a brief moment after Tommy Awoke where he had no idea what was happening to him. He seemed to be on some sort of circle, and there was a loud countdown in the air. Quickly, he consulted his loop memories.

Shit.

The countdown for the hunger games finished, and Tommy sprinted forwards, easily maneuvering around all the fighting kids to get to the Calpurnia, before jumping up to the top of it and taking a deep breath.

“EVERYONE QUIET!” He sent out a burst of fire around him, summoning one of his jackets, specifically the one laced with literal light, and activated his lightsaber. That seemed to be more than enough to get everyone’s attention. A moment later a deeper calm seemed to settle over everyone, which Tommy realized must’ve come from a Calm spell.

He sent out a ping, and got two in return.

<I’ve obscured us from the view of the Gamemasters, and from the cameras in general,> Tubbo sent to him. <They think everyone is still fighting.>

<Thanks.> He looked at the crowd of kids - and they were kids, not a single one of them was over eighteen, that was Jack Manifold’s age, he was in the older age range of these people! “Okay, listen. We can get everyone out of here alive. You’re just going to have to trust us, alright?”

“And why should we believe something like that?” One of the older kids scoffed. A career, if Tommy remembered correctly.

“Did you not see the massive burst of fire?” He pointed out dryly. “Or my magic laser weapon, or my swanking new coat? We know what we’re about.”

“Where could we even go?” One of the younger kids asked.

“District 13 still exists, we can lead you there.” And once that was done, they would be taking down the Capitol immediately. There wouldn’t be any more Hunger Games in this loop. “Alright, follow me, everyone.”

24.5

“Okay, so how exactly are you able to suck up light like an actual black hole?” Puffy asked with a bit of morbid curiosity. “You couldn’t do that last time we looped together.”

Wilbur sighed, an awkward smile on his face. “So, Tommy and I had another one of those weird loops with Phil and Charlie, and there was this giant black hole, yeah? And I got sucked into the back hole-”

“We all got sucked into the back hole,” Tommy reminded him, from where he was sitting with Tubbo. The four of them were the only ones awake this loop.

“Yeah, but apparently I got some black hole inside me? Or something? I don’t fucking know with those weird loops.” Wilbur ran a hand through his air. “Anyways, ever since then, I can take away light near me if I try hard enough.”

Puffy considered this. “That’s actually kinda cool.”

Tommy snorted. “Yeah, except he goes crazy or gets possessed or whatever in every single one of these things. It’s not really anything new.” Tubbo nodded empathetically.

“It’s not like I asked for that,” Wilbur defended. “And I haven’t gone crazy while I’m awake. And the possession bit wasn’t really possession.”

“Did you really see Mr. Beast in hell though?” Tubbo asked.

“I - I don’t want to talk about it.”

Tommy looked at Tubbo. “You know, it’s a shame you’ve only been in one of those loops with us. Wish you could join us more.”

Tubbo shuddered. “Two words. *Mule. Bits.* No thank you. Never again.”

24.6

:Tommy.:

Tommy turned around at the thought sent his way, and jumped backwards with a yelp, automatically summoning his dao. Behind him was a massive warden. All blue-green skin and gaping chest and terrifying mouth. How had that gotten so close without him noticing?

Then the warden put its hands in the air, the universal term for surrender. *:Tommy, it’s me. It’s Sam.:*

Tommy blinked. “Oh - Oh! Fuck man, you scared the shit out of me!”

:Sorry.: Judging by Sam’s amused tone, he wasn’t all that sorry. *:Woke up as a warden this loop. Apparently I’m not even someone Dream invited here, I’m just a warden who happens to live in this realm. So that’s fun. And I can only speak telepathically as well. Joy.:*

Tommy snickered at that. “That sucks, man. But why - oh, right.” He hit his head, a bit embarrassed it took him this long to figure it out. “You’re a *Warden.*” He snickered a bit more. “Yeah, that makes perfect sense. Sam the Warden is a warden.”

Sam let out a long suffering mental sigh.

~

It was after the Manberg mess, and they’d taken down Tubbo’s execution decorations and started rebuilding the few damaged houses. Wilbur’s downward mental spiral had been prevented, and when Techno had offered his help, they’d turned him down, so he wasn’t there to spawn the withers.

Still, Dream seemed insistent on framing Tommy for something in order to get him exiled, just like in baseline. No one took any of it seriously, of course, but it was starting to get sort of tiring. He had no plans to burn down George's house anyways, and it was clear the man was getting frustrated with his lack of response.

Tommy sighed as he heard Dream approaching him. "Look, whatever you're trying to pin on me now, I didn't do it. Fuck off for once, okay?"

"Tommy, you can't just brush off all the things you've done. You need to face some consequences for your actions. If you continue to deny the things you've done--"

:Heard you were talking shit.: This time it was Dream who screamed a spun around, coming face to face with a looming Sam. *:Heard you were trying to pin your own deeds on others. Bitch.:*

Tommy smiled as Dream seemed to try and figure out whether to go for the sword or talk his way out of the mess he was in. Whatever he decided, it would be fun to watch.

24.7

It was an... interesting loop.

For starters, most of them were Muppets, which was definitely a new experience. It also seemed they were replacing *the* Muppets, and were going on a world tour after getting the band back together. Wilbur in particular was ecstatic, as he got to replace Kermit.

It made the fact that a criminal mastermind replaced him shortly after the tour started super obvious, but Wilbur let them know he was doing alright, and that he was singing lots of songs at the gulag he was sent to, so they decided to see where things would go.

Sure enough, crimes started occurring wherever their world tour went. After brief discussion, the group decided to just ignore the crimes and let things happen as they did.

Which led to their current situation, being interrogated by Muppet George from Interpol and human Sapnap from the FBI.

Not-Wilbur went in first. "Wilbur, let's begin. Describe the day you played Berlin."

"We rehearsed and then we walked about. We ate bratwurst and sauerkraut."

George took up the next line. "That night, at 10:03, were you inside the portrait gallery?"

Not-Wilbur shook his head. "From 10 o'clock, to 10:04, was when we did the show's encore."

This continued in some vein before: "Thank you Wilbur, no more questions."

~

Karl, currently a pig Muppet, was sent in next.

Sapnap started the verse. “Mr. Jacobs, you could end up locked inside, now’s your chance to save your hide.”

Karl could barely hold back a grin. “Aw, gentlemen, I didn’t know, it’s a crime to steal the show.”

“Tell us how the art was taken!”

“If you want to save your bacon,” Sapnap added.

Don’t laugh, don’t laugh. “I haven’t seen your missing art.” Karl leaned forward, “It seems all I’ve stolen is your heart.”

“Thank you, Karl, no more questions.” George pushed Sapnap out of the room, and Karl managed not to break down laughing until they both left.

~

George frowned. “Do you remember what you did, on the night you played Madrid?”

Eret winced at the reminder. “I was hit by a raging bull, and rushed offstage to the hospital.”

“Eret, what do you know, about the sculpture theft at Madrid’s Prado?”

They sighed. “I don’t know anything about the stolen busts. I spent the night in bed, concussed.”

~

At this point even Sapnap was beginning to look annoyed. “Let’s go, from the start. What do you know about the stolen art?”

Puffy held her hands up. “I didn’t know there was a plan.”

~

Quackity pointed his finger angrily at them. “Your accusation’s far-out, man!”

~

Sam smirked. “The chances of us committing a crime, are less than 0.009.”

~

“Shundybundygundygoo. Pertichiandyfundyboo.”

George winced. “To help in our investigation, can you provide a full translation?”

Alyssa sighed. “What Callahan said to you was shoonpty shnoopy shnoo, it’s not Sweedish.”

~

Niki chased a gaggle of penguins out of the interrogation room.

~

Tubbo cackled and disappeared in a puff of smoke.

~

“Um, I can do an Elvis impression,” Tommy offered.

“Thank you, Muppets, no more questions.”

~

“Think we should’ve told them we know who’s behind it?” Sam wondered as they walked away free.

Karl laughed. “Absolutely not. That was way too much fun.”

24.8

“So you’ve been filling up that ship collection, I see.” Niki smiled as they walked through Puffy’s ever expanding pocket, hand in hand. “Do you have any favorites?”

“I do!” Puffy smiled and pulled them towards one side of her pocket. “Here we’ve got the classic *Millennium Falcon*, from when I looped in as Han Solo. And here’s the *Outlaw Star* and the *Bebop*. Repainted in reds and rainbows, of course.”

Niki admired the ships. “And they look beautiful too!”

Puffy beamed. “And over here we’ve got the more classic type ships, like the *Going Merry* from the *Straw Hat Pirates*, the *Queen Anne’s Revenge*, quite a few ships from Black Sails, and the *Hispaniola* from Treasure Island.”

“The sea ship or the spaceship?”

“Both of them. And of course the *Caspartine* from when we subbed into that Stardust world is my favorite sky ship.”

Niki leaned up against her girlfriend and admired the ship from one of their first fused loops together. “Mine too, I think.” She smiled, a bit mischievously. “Maybe we should take it for a ride. Confuse a bunch of people. This is a solo-realm loop, after all.”

Puffy matched the smile with one of her own. “That sounds like a brilliant idea.”

24.9

“Um, Puffy?”

Puffy looked up from the schematics she was going over. “Karl! Can I help you?”

Karl fidgeted nervously. “Yeah. I mean, not right now, you don’t have to! But I was wondering if maybe I could have a therapy session sometime this loop? There have been things with the In Between and the Other Side these past few loops, and they’re really weird, and it would be nice to talk about it, I guess.”

“Absolutely. It’s not a problem at all.” Puffy set aside the blueprints to stand up and meet Karl at a more eye-level position. “Just tell me when you want, and we’ll have our session. And remember, there’s no pressure. If you just want one, that’s perfectly fine. If you want to keep going, that’s fine too.”

“Thank you.” He looked genuinely relieved, like a weight was being lifted off his chest. “I’ll - I’ll keep that in mind.”

24.10 (credit to SaltyBuckets)

“You know, for all the times we’ve had this separately, I don’t think we’ve had a loop where all of us have had wings before,” Tubbo noted, looking at his wings curiously. Truthfully, he was a bit unused to having feathered wings rather than his usual dragon wings, but they seemed to be based off of a hummingbird, and they were very pretty, so he didn’t mind too much.

Tommy flexed his own tawny wings. “Mine are usually black like Phil’s or red-orange ‘cause of phoenix shit and all that, so this is pretty neat.”

“And I’ve never had them before!” Puffy landed down next to them, folding her pretty white wings. “Flying with my own wings is so much fun! It’s like an elytra, but better!”

Niki landed gently beside her girlfriend, smiling. “I’ve been all sorts of birds, so this isn’t new,” she admitted. “But I’m still enjoying it.”

Somewhere behind them, they could see Karl and Sam streaking across the sky, screaming at the top of their lungs, being chased by a *very* fast Dream.

“This is going to be a fun loop,” Tubbo decided cheerfully.

24.11

“I did it. I figured it out. I’ve connected the dots. I’ve cracked the goddamn egg.”

Tommy made a face. “Wilbur? You’re freaking me out here.”

Wilbur grabbed his shoulders. “No, no, Tommy, I’ve figured it out! I know who’s causing all those weird nice loops! I’ve done it, I’ve cracked the case! It’s busted open.”

“Wilbur, please let go of Tommy’s shoulders,” Tubbo said gently. Wilbur immediately let go, looking a bit ashamed, and Tommy patted his arm to show there were no hard feelings.

“Okay, from the top then. You said you figured out who the stealth looper is?”

“I did!” Wilbur grinned. “So, with that many loops, I figured it had to be a new looper for us, right? But it couldn’t be anyone who came after the revolution, because things were continuously being changed as soon as we woke up. With that in mind, I was keeping an eye on the original SMP members and looking for tells, but no one was acting out of the ordinary... until I finally caught them in the act!” He motioned for them to follow. “This way!”

Tommy, Tubbo, Niki, and Karl, the other currently awake loopers, followed him to Eret’s castle. And to a side room in the castle.

Wilbur gestured dramatically to the person inside. “And here is our culprit! Our new looper!”

Everyone blinked at each other. “Really?” Karl ventured. “Are you sure? That doesn’t exactly fit the pattern.”

“Calliope said it wouldn’t always be someone Tommy and I are close to,” Tubbo reminded him. He turned back towards the person. “Right. Callahan, has time been repeating for you, recently?”

Callahan’s eyes widened. “I’m not the only one then. I wasn’t sure...”

“There’s a whole group of us,” Niki assured him. “Not everyone is looping all the time, but there’s eight of us in total. Nine, now that you’re here. How many times has time repeated for you?”

“Seventeen times,” he breathed. “I’m really... I’m really not alone then. I’m not going crazy. I’m not in some sort of hell. Probably. Sometimes I’ve been deaf or mute, sometimes I can speak. Sometimes I can save my friends, sometimes I can’t.” He slid down the wall. E-Ender, I had no idea what was going on. I still don’t. What’s going on?”

Karl sat down next to him. “It’s a long story, but I promise, we’ll answer any questions you have.”

Chapter End Notes

- 24.1 Is it really that awful? Or is Tommy getting a taste of his own Gremlin medicine?
- 24.2 They did loop in as Herobrine shortly after that.
- 24.3 That's a little odd.
- 24.4 With President Soot leading District 13, the revolution was a lot less bloody.
- 24.5 He still doesn't like donkeys much.
- 24.6 Not someone you want to piss off in a dark alleyway.
- 24.7 Sometimes the way to have the most fun is to just follow the script. (Muppets: Most Wanted)
- 24.8 She's amassing quite the collection.
- 24.9 Another client for Therapuffy!
- 24.10 Funny enough, this is a loop where the non loopers can keep up with most of them.
- 24.11 What happens when someone doesn't immediately blurt out how they're time travelling. Welcome to the loops, Callahan!

25.0

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

25.1

“You fucking asshole. You’re the worst person on this whole Ender-damned server. You’re a manipulative bastard who never cared for anyone but himself!” Tommy brandished his buster sword at his opponent.

“Oh, shut up! You think you’re in the right, but you’re not! You just flew too close to the sun, and then threw a hissy fit when I rightfully knocked you down a peg!” Tubbo shot back, keyblade in one hand and lightsaber in the other.

Joe and Grian stood back and watched as the two boys demolished their base in the ensuing fight. “What happened?” Joe finally asked.

Grian snickered. “They were playing Mario Kart. Tubbo Blue Shelled him.”

“Ah. That makes sense.”

Callahan blinked twice as he looked out on the battle raging across the Dream SMP, one unlike anything the server had ever seen before.

“What is all this?” Foolish asked. “What happened here?”

Callahan sighed. “The other loopers thought it would be a good idea to play Monopoly.”

“What’s Monopoly?”

“Trust me, you’re better off not knowing.”

25.2

Mike grimaced at the small boy in front of him. “Okay, red alert. We’ve got a not-Boo.” Ugh. As much as it could still be a bit painful to say sometimes, he missed Boo when the troublemaker wasn’t there. Not to mention there was a 50/50 chance of the replacement looping and causing trouble.

The blond squinted at him. “What do you mean not-Boo? You guys loopers?”

And we got that fifty. “We are,” Mike confirmed with a sigh.

Sully wasn't nearly as phased, as usual. "It's nice to meet you. I'm Sully, anchor of Monster's Inc. And this is my fellow looper Mike."

"Tommy," Not-Boo said. "Oh, I've watched this movie! You have that creepy crab guy as your villain, right? And the invisible creep."

"You're... not wrong," Mike admitted. "Just, try not to do too much damage, yeah? Sully and I are still going to have to clean up after you."

He hated the mischievous look on Tommy's face. "Don't worry. They'll never see me coming. You won't be in trouble for it."

"Then it's all good!" Sully encouraged. Mike just groaned.

25.3

"You know, I've been thinking about some shit," Tommy admitted, as he relaxed in the back of the camarvan. The fact that they'd placed an undetectable extension charm on it certainly got rid of the cramped feeling and helped with the relaxing part.

Tubbo perked up beside him, and Wilbur turned to look at him curiously. "What kind of shit?"

"Well, going by the hub, our family isn't really a family," Tommy pointed out. "Cause Techno said he's just Phil's friend, and Streamer Phil said I wasn't his kid. Wilbur's technically the only one who's actually his son."

"They haven't taken back the whole "getting found in a box on the side of the road and taken in" thing yet," Tubbo pointed out. "So I guess I'm still part of the family?"

Tommy slapped the bed for emphasis. "That's just it! Why do we have so many loops where we're all related? Hell, Techno is Phil's kid more often than Tubbo, and Tubbo's still baseline!"

Wilbur frowned. "That's... actually a good question. I don't know. Usually once something is confirmed for baseline, you stop getting nearly as much of those loops. Why is this different?"

"It could be because Streamer Phil used to say everyone was family." Tubbo shifted lightly, leaning into Tommy. "Plus, our canon is just weird in general. And does it really matter? Technically the Captain isn't confirmed as my dad, but he's still my dad anyways."

"True," Tommy agreed. "And Sam's my dad, despite what's happening between us in baseline. I guess it doesn't really matter. It's just been bugging me, is all."

He could *hear* Wilbur's smirk. "The great Tommy Innit, bugged about something--"

“Shut the *fuck up*, Wilbur.” Wilbur laughed and leaned over from his chair to ruffle Tommy’s hair, like an asshole.

25.4 (credit to Parisgrine_Falcon)

“Can we all take stock?” Wilbur wondered, the last to sit down around the table. “It’s another DnD loop, obviously. But who are we this time?”

Puffy raised a tentative hand. “Warlock. Previously the Captain of a ship. Current Furbolg, which is actually kind of fun.” She shrugged. “Pretty sure my patron is an evil sea deity, but what can you do about that?”

“Rouge. And currently a fucking goblin, as you can tell,” Tommy grumbled. “Was previously a Tiefling, but got fucking murdered and resurrected, because that’s a fucking thing now. Fuck.”

Tubbo patted his shoulder gently. “Half-elf Trickster Cleric, following a god named the traveler.” He smiled. “I’m actually having a bit of fun with this one. It’s not every day you get to draw dicks everywhere in order to further your god’s name.” This got snickers from everyone, including Tommy.

“Human Blood Hunter.” Karl sighed. “Woke up with a bunch of strange tattoos two years ago and no memory. Joined the Circus with Wil, and still trying to figure all of this out.”

“And I’m a Water Genasi Barbarian, which is something I never thought I’d be,” Wilbur admitted. “Well, I could guess the Water Genasi part. But it seems like our classes don’t really reflect us as people, do they?”

Puffy hummed in agreement. “But our backstories and races do, at least a little. I’m guessing this is more like Tommy, Tubbo, Niki, and Sam’s time in The Adventure Zone than it is a basic DnD loop.”

Eret made a small noise, and they all turned to them. Besides looking much filthier than they normally enjoyed, they just seemed unhappy in general.

“Eret?” Tubbo prompted gently.

Eret sighed. “Aasimar wizard. Got indoctrinated and tortured into becoming an assassin for the Empire, and broke when they made me kill my parents.”

This sunk in for everyone.

“Anyone up for dismantling an Empire?” Karl offered quietly. There were mutters of agreement all around the table.”

~

“Well look who it is!” Puffy grinned at the man who’s clearing they’d walked into.

Callahan sighed. “Looks like I’ll be brewing more tea, then. At least that’s been a nice thing to practice this loop.”

“Come on, have a sense of adventure! Don’t you want to help beat up some human traffickers?”

“That does sound nice, actually,” Callahan admitted. “But still, tea first.”

25.5

There was a *breaking* sound.

All around the egg, everyone stopped fighting and turned to the thing that had made such a noise.

There was a crack in the egg.

“*Shit-*” On instinct, Tubbo threw up a barrier around the egg, and just in time too, because what emerged looked almost like a warden, but red, and much, much bigger, wrapped in bloodvines that seemed to extend from where its eyes would’ve been.

It tapped the barrier. Once, twice. Then it roared, and reality itself ripped inside it’s magical cage.

Sam took a shaky breath. “Okay, we *need* to figure out a way to contain these things better.” In front of him, Bad shuddered, suddenly cut off from the no-longer-egg. His old friend looked towards the beast and gasped in horror.

“You have any ideas?” Puffy wondered.

“I’ll work on that.”

There was a *breaking* sound.

All around the egg, everyone stopped fighting and turned to the thing that had made such a noise.

There was a crack in the egg.

Then, a moment later, it dulled and split apart completely, leaving it’s contents to be shown. Everyone stared at the clearly dead mess as the last echoes of the creature it could’ve been died out from the minds it had hijacked.

“Well, at least we don’t need to deal with it anymore,” Karl offered optimistically.

Tommy made a disgusted face and poked the remains with his sword. “We’re gonna need to clean this shit up. Smells and looks disgusting.”

There was a *breaking* sound.

All around the egg, everyone stopped fighting and turned to the thing that had made such a noise.

There was a crack in the egg.

It split open completely, and out of it emerged a somewhat familiar figure.

Ant dropped his sword. “Velvet!”

“Ant!” The two ran to each other and embraced as everyone else put down their weapons.

Wilbur turned to Eret, frowning. “What about the mind control though? If it was just RedVelvet, why was it controlling people’s minds?”

Eret shrugged helplessly.

25.6

“So.” Sam Boddy looked around himself. “I think I’m in a rather precarious position here.”

“Really?” Colonel Wilbur Mustard smiled innocently. “I haven’t got a Clue what you mean.”

Tommy Peacock groaned. “You’ve been spending too many loops hanging out with Charlie, Wil. We all know where we are.”

“So what now?” Eret Green wondered. “I mean, we’re all relaxing at this mansion, yeah? We could just... not kill Sam, or each other.”

Puffy Scarlet looked thoughtful. “Do you think this is one of those loops that try to shoehorn us into a certain scenario? Like Final Destination does?” Sam hoped not. He didn’t really feel like being murdered.

Karl Plum shook his head. “I don’t think so. This loop is pretty tame, especially since it’s the book version.” At their curious glances, he added, “I’ve been here before. Participated in a baseline mansion murder mystery, remember?”

“Right.” Niki White sighed. Then she perked up. What about we change up the mystery? Maybe a theft instead of a murder.”

Tommy looked particularly excited at the idea. “That does sound fun.”

“I’ve got plenty of things I can put around the house,” Sam agreed, warming up to the idea. “I should warn you though, I won’t let you steal my things so easily.”

He was met with six challenging grins.

25.7

Tubbo walked into Callahan’s home to find that rather than a human, a genuine reindeer was sleeping comfortably on the bed. He opened an eye as Tubbo approached.

<Nice day today, isn’t it?>

Tubbo smiled. “Yeah, it is. Animorphs loop? Is that your first fused loop?” Then he winced a bit, remembering his own Animorphs loops.

<It is. I replaced the alien teammate, Ax. Their anchor, Tobias, as well as a nice kid named Marco, were able to help me through it.> Thankfully, Callahan felt just as relaxed in the force as he looked. <I like being a reindeer, actually. It’s very comfortable.>

“That’s good, that’s good! I have a feeling your friends will be very confused, though.”

Callahan gave the equivalent of a mental snicker. <You should’ve seen Alyssa’s face when she first saw me. It was priceless.>

25.8 (credit to Deceit/Mercury)

Tommy rolled his eyes at his brother. “Tubbo, you can’t just stuff everything you see into your pocket.”

“Like you don’t do the same,” Tubbo shot back. “But look at all this! It’s so ridiculous and fun! I’ve got to keep it, I can just copy it later if I need, that’s what magic and dupes are for.”

The screen in the safehouse turned on, revealing to them a video of how Phil, Techno, and Wilbur were all spies which was why they had been kidnapped.

Tommy snorted. “I can’t fucking believe they’re all spies.”

Tubbo raised an eyebrow. “Really?”

“Really.” And with that grin, Tubbo figured that Tommy had seen whatever fused loop they were in during a hub loop. “They’re definitely not cool enough.”

25.9

“Okay, and how many cups of flour?”

“Three. We’re making the cake rather large, so we’ll need more than normal.” Puffy nodded and measured out the flour. “Thanks for helping me with this.”

She smiled at Niki. “I wouldn’t miss it for the world. It’s been a while since we were both Awake at the same time. Twenty loops, for me.” Which was, in her opinion, twenty loops too much. It always hurt when she came to the SMP to find her girlfriend didn’t remember her.

She couldn’t imagine how Niki must’ve felt, waiting for so long. Puffy was so lucky to have someone like her in her life, and even more lucky to have her as a girlfriend.

And maybe...

“Twenty seven. I win.” Niki bopped her on the nose cheerfully. In return, Puffy took a handful of the unmeasured flour and blew it at her. Niki laughed as she shielded her face, before grabbing her own handful and taking aim.

~

“Hey guys, we were thinking of-” Wilbur paused in the doorway, looking in on the two women covered head to toe in flour and smiling sheepishly. “You guys are busy. I’ll be back later. With a smile, he closed the door behind him.

25.10

“What if we make L’Manberg into something other than a country, this time?” Tommy offered, as he threaded some lightning into his bandana. The other three L’Manberg loopers looked at him curiously.

“Do you have anything in mind?” Wilbur asked, feeling genuinely curious.

Tommy shrugged. “Nothing concrete. Just an idea. We’ve been pretty solid with keeping everything up to the betrayal baseline these past few loops, maybe we should switch things up a bit.”

Eret pondered this. “Well, it’s a solo-realm loop, which definitely expands our options, since we have more people to interact with. What about...” They searched for something interesting, and their mind found its way to Punz and Purpled. “A mercenary group?”

“Or a band of thieves.” Tubbo’s eyes sparkled. “We could be wandering rogues, taking on any job, as long as it results in no permadeaths. In other words-”

“Really, do you have to-”

“-A bunch of dirty crime boys,” he finished with a grin. Wilbur put his head in his hands and groaned lightly.

“It sounds like fun,” Tommy decided. “And it can't hurt to improve our stealth, right? So it all works out. We’re the Dirty Crime Boys.”

Wilbur made a face. “Absolutely not, that’s a stupid fucking name. We can be the L’Manberg Company. Only other loopers will know what that even means and where to look for us by our name. And it’s actually respectable.”

“You just can’t accept the greatness that is Dirty Crime Boys,” Tommy ribbed. “But sure, fine. L’Manberg Company it is.”

Eret cleared their throat. “As nice as this discussion is, are we going to tell Fundy about all of this so that he can join in? Personally, I’d like to.”

The other loopers thought for a moment. “I’d like to as well,” Wilbur agreed softly.

“I’m fine with it,” Tubbo decided.

“Sure, why not?”

Eret smiled at them all. “Alright then. I’ll go get him.”

~

Unsurprisingly, their first client ordered a hit on Dream. After a very quick deliberation, they decided to take the job. Not only was this loop’s Dream an asshole, but taking on such a high profile target would open them up to even more job opportunities, and they were only taking his first life.

“So, I get the need for stealth, but why the extra protection? Don’t we have more than enough Invis pots?” Fundy asked, slipping on his outfit. They’d informed him of the loops when he joined the team, and after a brief bit of shock, he’d taken it in stride. Not that it was very surprising, Fundy was generally one to take the loops in stride if they told him before he had any of his breakdowns. Being included in things from the beginning helped as well.

“Heat signatures, big man,” Tommy informed him. “Sometimes Dream’s pal Sapnap can see people’s heat signatures. These clothes will hide every vision but the normal kind, and that’s what the invisibility pots are for.”

Tubbo admired the new clothing. <You’ve really been getting into sewing lately. This is some expert work.>

Tommy grinned. <Hell yeah. It's always been a nice way to relieve stress, and it's pretty fun finding new ways to sew, and materials to sew with. That nightmare cloak was inspiration by the way, so thanks for that.>

<Anytime.>

"Words, you guys. The rest of us can't hear you," Wilbur reminded the two of them gently. "Or at least send to everyone." The two anchors jolted, then smiled sheepishly.

"Sorry. You know how it is."

Eret opened the door to the camarvan. "Everyone ready? Shall we get going?"

"Let's do this." With that, Wilbur led them out.

~

"*You know, I'm pretty sure we weren't hired to steal that,*" Wilbur sent lightly to Tommy, as his little brother slipped something into his subspace pocket.

Tommy shrugged, looking completely unconcerned. "*This is Unawake Sam we're stealing from. The least I can do is take some things for the next time I see Awake Sam. I think he'd like some of this stuff.*"

Fundy raised an eyebrow. "*Think he would be upset that you stole from a version of him?*" His mental voice was still a bit shaky, but he seemed to be getting used to the telepathy.

"*Only for a second,*" he defended. "*He'd probably criticize his Unawake self's defenses more than anything. And he'd appreciate it. Like Eret appreciates when Tubbo brings stuff from variant museums they're not awake for.*"

"*I've been thinking about making a museum for our loops as a whole,*" Eret admitted. "*See how far we've come, and where we've been.*"

Wilbur perked up at the idea. "*That sounds amazing, actually.*"

"Hate to interrupt," Tubbo interrupted, "*But we seriously need to get out of here before we're found.*"

~

"Wilbur," Technoblade greeted, standing outside their camarvan. "Mind if I come in? I've got business."

"Of course. Business is always welcome." Wilbur ushered him inside, and refused to show more than a smile on his face as Techno gawked at the much larger interior. In this loop, Techno was his godfather, and had helped Phil raise him as a child before leaving for bloodier pastures.

"Does Phil know what you've been up to?" Techno finally asked.

Wilbur shrugged. “Possibly. If he’s heard, it’s not from me. I just keep him updated on the little things. Too easy for messages to be intercepted, you know?”

His godfather fixed him with a critical look. “Or you just don’t like the idea of him finding out how dirty your hands have gotten. I heard you took that businessman’s second life two weeks ago. When I last saw you, I didn’t think you were the type.”

Unawake Wilbur had certainly been a bit of a romantic, and not at all a fighter. Wilbur suspected Techno was more bothered by the seemingly sudden shift than his actual work. “People change. A lot has happened since we last saw each other. But you said you had business?”

Techno held his gaze for a moment longer, and Wilbur met his stare unflinchingly. They both knew the piglin hybrid hadn’t really come for business. “...Yeah. Got some weird cultists popping up near my house. Would be nice if they’d at least move somewhere else.”

“Wonderful. Let’s talk about the details, and then we can go over payment.”

Techno’s eyes widened at the mention of payment. “Bruh. Don’t suppose I’d get a family discount?”

Wilbur smiled pleasantly. “Not a chance.”

25.11

“...Wilbur?”

“Yes?”

“Why are the Dream team running around in a massive ant colony?”

Wilbur shifted awkwardly. “Look, I saw my streamer doing an experiment-”

“Wilbur!”

“Oh fuck off, I’m not hurting them!”

Chapter End Notes

25.1 The only time the two ever fight (somewhat) genuinely.

25.2 Mike is too tired for Tommy's terror.

25.3 It's a good question.

25.4 Unlike Caleb, they have no mercy for Trent. (Critical Role)

25.5 They almost never let it get that far. The couple times it has... it's been strange, to say the least.

25.6 In the end, it was the Butler, in the Dining Room, with the Candlestick. Everyone was miffed that they were out-robbed by a non-looper.

25.7 Takes place before 25.4. Callahan sees the long-term benefits in shapeshifting and telepathy.

25.8 And they're not even at the wackiest parts of the loop yet. (Spy Kids)

25.9 Sweetness.

25.10 Phil did find out eventually, of course.

25.11 It was all in good fun, and no one got hurt.

26.0

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

26.1

Tommy sighed and slumped down next to Tubbo, who was nursing a bruised elbow from the most recent guild brawl. <Fucking Yggdrasil. Fucking hate it.>

Tubbo smiled sympathetically. <Why? Since you're replacing Laxus? I thought you were over being mad about the lightning thing.>

<I am! Most of the time. But don't think I don't remember when we watched this show, the guy's a major asshole and was a villain for a bit in the beginning.>

His fellow anchor patted him on the arm sympathetically. <I know. I am sorry about that. If it helps, you're not alone - Eret said that Karl's replacing Ultear, 'cause time magic.>

That made an unfortunate amount of sense.

"Hey there you two." The voice drew their attention as Eret, currently ice wizard for the Fairy Tail guild, sat down next to them. "Having fun?"

"So far," Tubbo offered. "I'm surprised I'm already here though, and Tommy's age, since I seem to be replacing Wendy as the Sky Dragon Slayer."

Eret shrugged. "Variants can be like that. We can always wait to see if Lucy and Natsu are the other two pings we felt and for Niki to get back from her own job before we jump into things." Niki currently seemed to be replacing Erza, and they'd made contact with Puffy through the force - she was replacing Juvia again. Everyone else seemed to be native to the Fairy Tail world.

"Fine, I guess." Tommy stretched. "Unawake Natsu didn't like me much though, so if he's not Awake I might skip out and do my own thing."

Eret frowned. "Why did Natsu dislike you?"

A bit of somberness leaked into Tommy's smile. "Even Unawake me wasn't a fan of all his collateral damage. Everyone always forgets that people live in the places that are destroyed, don't they? That it's not just the bad guys who get hurt."

"If you join the team, you could help us, mitigate the damage," Tubbo offered, knowing full well what Tommy was thinking of.

Tommy considered this. "Yeah, maybe you're right."

...Something was building. Dream could feel it.

There was tension in the air, after their little skirmish with the disks. Tommy and Tubbo seemed to almost walk on eggshells around him, which hurt a little bit. Not enough for Dream to apologize - it wasn't like he'd been in the wrong - but it was there.

And then Wilbur entered the realm.

At first it had seemed fine. The man built a van that he very lovingly called the Camarvan, for some reason. His little brothers started brewing potions with him there, and Fundy and Eret soon joined them.

There wasn't anything wrong with that, of course. Sapnap and Purpled had donned their netherite armor to pick on the group a little, which had led to some tensions, sure, but that wasn't *wrong*. There was - there were skirmishes on the server sometimes. Like with the disks, and Ponk's lemon tree. It wasn't that big of a deal.

Then the five of them drove Sapnap and Purpled out with netherite Dream didn't even know they had, and that was odd, because the two youngest boys had fought so hard for that netherite chestplate of Tommy's, and here they were, all decked out in full enchanted netherite armor with heavily enchanted netherite weapons.

Dream... almost felt a bit cheated. Had he really gone through so much trouble to get that chestplate when they'd had extras all along? Had the boys only put on a show about being upset over it?

He'd thought he'd won their little bout, coming away with that chestplate. And now they had the disks, and all he'd gotten was something that didn't actually matter.

But it was fine. It wasn't like they were wrong for playing dirty. He played dirty, after all, that was why he always won. It was just... frustrating. That he'd been bested, and by two sixteen year olds, no less.

And still, none of them were doing anything wrong, so all Dream did was keep an eye on the strange group.

Then they built the wall around their camarvan, a big fancy wall with yellow and Blackstone. Blocking everyone else out, maybe? Trying to steal some of his land? The tension was clearly coming to a head.

And then...

...It didn't go anywhere.

The group of five just lived in their walled area, and built strangely fancy houses and expectedly ugly cobblestone towers there. They didn't claim the land as theirs and not his,

they just lived there. And as more people joined his realm, they moved into that walled off space, which just expanded to accommodate them.

And there wasn't anything Dream could do with that, because they hadn't technically done anything wrong! The people living in those walls continued to interact with everyone outside of them. They never referred to their space as anything other than part of his SMP.

Was Dream going crazy? Why was he so worked up about this? Why did he feel disappointed?

"Hey, Dream!"

Dream looked up. Karl was waving at him.

"This little area is really pretty - want to build something in here?"

...

Dream let out a long sigh.

"You know what? Fine. Why not."

If he couldn't beat them, he might as well join them anyways. George was starting to call him a paranoid sore loser, and since Dream *clearly* wasn't that, he might as well build something nice for himself.

26.3 (credit to KiwiRen)

It was the day before the ball, and Tubbo was bored.

It was pretty obvious that he was in a Cinderella loop, and was subbing in for Prince Charming. Which meant that someone would come to dance with him tomorrow. Hopefully they would be another looper - he'd sent out a ping, and gotten one back - but if not, he was going to need to find a way to help remove them from their awful home without any sort of romance.

For now, all he could do was look out on his balcony and plan.

"Oy!" Tubbo jumped and looked down, immediately spotting Tommy, who was climbing up the side of the balcony. "What's the glum face for?"

Tubbo smiled. "Hey big man." He floated Tommy up and over the side. "You could've contacted me."

"Wanted it to be a bit of a surprise." Tommy shrugged. "I'm fucking Cinderella this loop, which means it's not just any Bad Dad Phil loop, it's a *really* Bad Dad Phil loop. Didn't want

to stick around and wait another day before the ball.”

“Understandable,” Tubbo immediately agreed. “Let’s get you cleaned up, and figure out how to explain you to my dad. He might not be Awake, but he’s still the Captain, I know he’ll understand.”

26.4

It’s been a while since we’ve had this type of variant loop, Tommy reflected, looking out on an expanse of white outside his window.

This being a royalty variant, specifically one with the Antarctic Empire. In this loop, Tommy had been found by Phil when he’d tried to pickpocket the man, not realizing he was the emperor of the strongest nation in the world (military-wise, at least).

Apparently Phil had seen something in his young self and taken him in, and by the time Tommy Awoke, he’d been living with the rest of the family for seven years, as the youngest prince of a beloved royal family.

At least Wilbur was awake, and Phil and Techno were their kindest variants. If anything, it might be a rather relaxing loop.

<Tommy!>

Tommy perked up. <Big T! How’s Snowchester? That’s where you are, right?>

<You got it.> Tubbo sounded a little smug. <And it’s closer than you think.>

Oh - *Oh!* Tommy ran to his bookshelf and pulled out a map - and yeah, there Snowchester was, just a little bit north from the Antarctic Empire.

<Looks like we get to see each other, this time.> Usually Tubbo, Eret, and Niki were way too far north for that. <Think there’ll be any military problems that come from this?>

<Not a chance. Your family wants to work with us due to our more advantageous trading location. And even if they did try something, we’ve got nukes.>

<Fair enough.>

~

Tommy rushed into the parlor room, all dressed up. “I’m here!”

“Yes you are. Didn’t think you’d be so excited for a party, mate,” Phil said, sounding amused.

Techno looked amused. “The royal family from Snowchester will be there, remember? Tommy’s been going on about how they’ve got a prince around his age.”

“Hey, that’s a perfectly good reason to be excited,” Tommy defended. “Do you even know how fucking hard it is to find someone my age who will speak to me like an equal? None of the other kingdoms around here have royalty my age.”

“That’s true.” Wilbur’s eyes sparkled with amusement. “Tommy, I know you’re excited to meet him and all, but don’t be too disappointed if you don’t get along, alright? Sometimes people just aren’t compatible, and that’s not your fault.”

Tommy rolled his eyes at Wil’s teasing. “Fuck you, it’s going to be great.”

“Wilbur brings up a good point though,” Phil said gently. “Just keep that in mind, alright?”

“Yeah, sure, whatever.” Tommy did appreciate the concerned looks on Phil and Techno’s faces though. It did mean they cared about whether he was happy, after all. Thankfully, he didn’t need to worry.

~

“Well hello there,” Tommy turned from the banquet table to find a very familiar and welcome face. “Fancy seeing you here. I don’t believe we’ve met. My name is Tubbo.”

He grinned. “Tommy. It really is nice to meet you for the first time, stranger.” They shook hands firmly, and Tommy could tell Tubbo was also trying to hold in his laughter.

Tubbo’s knight, who was apparently Ranboo, looked curiously between them. “If I might say so, despite your words, you two seem familiar with each other.”

Tubbo let go of Tommy’s hand and leaned towards the half-enderman conspiratorially. “We’ve exchanged letters before. This is our second meeting in person. You see, I found Tommy in the woods once and saved his life-”

“That is *not* what happened,” Tommy shot back. “Whatever. Anyways, yeah we’ve met. Mind keeping quiet about it? My family doesn’t know.”

Ranboo only looked surprised for a moment, before shrugging in acceptance. “If your Highness wishes.”

“Awesome!” Tubbo clapped his hands together. “Ranboo, my Beloved, I don’t suppose you’ve seen Niki and her dashing knight anywhere? Oh, and Tommy has to meet your adorable little brother.”

<Let me guess, Puffy’s her knight. And Michael?>

<Right on both accounts! They’re straight out of some romance novel, those two. It’s very sweet. Michael is even sweeter, of course.>

Ranboo let out a long suffering, but clearly fond, sigh. “Of course. This way.”

26.5 (credit to 223Meralds)

“That wasn’t there before.” Sam frowned as he looked at the small black rose in Karl’s hair. “Why are you wearing a Wither Rose?”

Karl smiled helplessly. “It’s not really a choice. I died in Mizu, and I woke up with this thing. I can’t get it off me, it’s sort of grown there. And Wither Roses are a symbol of the in between, so...” He took a small, shuddering breath. “Well, I guess we’ll see what happens next.”

“That’s a terrible attitude to have with this.”

“What do you even want me to do? I can’t change it, I can’t stop time-travelling.” He sighed. “It’ll be fine. It’ll go away next loop.”

~

“You’ve got another one,” Eret pointed out gently, looking at Karl’s face. “Masquerade?”

“Yeah.” Karl grimaced. “It’s covering my ear, which is really inconvenient. It’ll be fine though, I only die one more time, and that’s at the end of the loop, so-”

“Nah.” They got up and pushed a surprised Karl slightly. “It’s bothering you, obviously. Go talk to Sam or Puffy about it.”

He wilted. “It’s really not that big of a deal. It’s nothing compared to so many other loops-”

“But it’s bothering you, having to carry around symbols of the In Between everywhere.” Karl didn’t respond. “Go talk to someone about this.”

“...I want to talk to Quackity and Sapnap,” Karl admitted quietly. “But they’re not awake. They’re not even *looping*.”

Eret ached for their friend. “But they might understand anyways. Just - try it, alright? Talk to them before writing their help off.”

“...Yeah. Okay.”

26.6

“A bar?” Tubbo asked, curious and a little hesitant. “You want to put a bar on the *Benson*?”

“A Bake and Bar,” Niki corrected lightly. “We all hang out on the ship so often, it might be nice to have a bakery and bar ready for after strange and awful loops. And since some people want drinks while others want sweets, it would be nice to have both in the same place.”

<I’ve already had a few loops already where I’ve been a bartender, and Sam and Wilbur are willing to share their stashes until we’ve built it up more,> Callahan, mute in this loop, explained. <But we don’t have to do it if you don’t want us to. It is your ship, after all.>

Tubbo thought for a moment. “No, actually, I think that’s fine.” He nodded to himself. “That’s - that’s a fantastic idea, actually. We already grab both those things after bad and weird loops, depending on the person. It would be cool if we made it more official.”

Still, Niki didn’t want to push him. “Are you sure? It really is up to you.”

Tubbo nodded once, then again, this time with more confidence. “I’m sure. It’s a great idea. I can set up the room, and you guys can help me decorate it. I think it’s going to be great.”

26.7

Puffy Awoke in a prison cell. Not extremely rare, but still very uncommon. And it was an uncomfortable cell as well. Had she been caught as a pirate? That was the most common reason she’d been in a place like this.

She checked her loop memories.

Guess not.

It seemed she’d been a bodyguard of the empress, and had been framed for her murder and the abduction of her daughter. The empress’ spymaster, Hiram Burrows, was the true usurper. And she was to be executed for this crime tomorrow.

A fused loop, then. And one she hadn’t seen before.

How soon should she break out of this cell?

Her meal was slid into her cell. “You should really eat this,” the guard said lightly. “It’s special. From a friend.”

Poison or a way out, then. Puffy picked up the bread, and read the note that had been placed underneath.

The latter.

At the very least, it seemed like an interesting loop. Puffy grabbed a dummy look-alike from her pocket and placed it on the ground, arranging it so it looked like it was her sitting down. It wouldn’t fool anyone who looked too close, but it should keep the guards from noticing

long enough for her to escape without issue. She grabbed an invisibility potion, downed it, and slipped out of her cell.

According to the note, there was a clockwork explosive waiting for her in the interrogation room, so that would be her first stop.

She should probably knock out all the guards as well. They'd come running towards the explosion, and she didn't want to kill anyone she didn't have to in a world where everyone only had one life. Especially people just doing their job.

~

"You're the boatman, then?" Puffy asked, catching her breath as she approached the man. Now with enough time to think, she sent out a ping.

The man in front of her sent one back. "That's me. I'm Samuel. Anchor?"

"Captain Puffy. And no, just a looper." They both waited a moment, but no other pings were sent. "I guess we've got a stealth anchor, then."

"Well I certainly can't blame them," Samuel said lightly. Dunwall's not exactly the nicest place to live in at the moment. Sorry Captain."

He held out a hand, and Puffy accepted, climbing into the boat. "It's alright. I've been in some nasty places myself. Our nation gets blown to smithereens in baseline. At least we don't have those rats though." She shuddered, thinking of the vermin in the sewers.

"And you're very lucky for it." He smiled wryly as they sailed off. "To the Outsider, then. I'm sure you've got your own skills as a looper, but I think you'll like his gifts."

"I guess we'll see."

26.8 (credit to GoodbyeMyDignity)

"Tubbo, right?" Carlos started. "I've heard of you, you built nukes in baseline."

Tubbo laughed a little. "Yeah, that's me. I guess my reputation has sort of started to precede me on that."

"Mostly for other scientists," Carlos admitted. "I keep track of other scientifically minded loopers, since it's always nice to compare notes. Just, ah, don't let Cecil's words about intern death rates get to you, yeah? The looper casualty rate is much lower."

"No worries, big man. I'm used to Eldritch and creepy, I can deal. Plus, I've listened to this podcast before. You're not the only one who's got some scientific-based questions."

Carlos smiled. “I think this is the start of a wonderful loop, then.”

26.9

Tommy looked at Sam, who was hunched over a desk. “You okay, man?”

“Mmm. Just working.”

He huffed at that and tapped his adoptive dad lightly on the shoulder. “Come on, you’ve been working on this for like two days straight, take a break! Or at least tell me what you’re working on.”

Sam finally looked up. There were bags under his eyes, but he looked pleased. “I had a fused loop, last time. That movie, Labyrinth. And it gave me some ideas.”

Tommy looked at the blueprint Sam was drawing, and his eyes widened. “Another prison? Based on a labyrinth?”

“Yeah. See, several times we’ve run into the problem where we need to put something or someone away for a loop, but we don’t have any way to get them into Pandora’s Vault safely, without risking everything in our Pockets. This is a solution for that.”

It clicked in Tommy’s head. “Oh. *Oh!* This is a prison for your pocket. You put the dangerous thing in there and then take it out inside the vault. Shit, that’s smart!”

“Exactly! Thank you!” Sam looked pleased. “It’s still in the planning stages, obviously. Probably a lot of kinks to work out before it can be built and implemented. But it would make so many loops safer when it’s functional.”

Tommy smiled. “Yeah, it will. This is really cool, and smart.” Then he laid dramatically across Sam’s lap. “But before you go further, you gotta get some rest. And eat something, geez. I can hear your stomach, it’s really fucking loud. How do you work when your belly is screaming “feed me” like this?”

Sam couldn’t help but laugh. “Alright, alright. You got me. Let’s go get something tasty.”

“And then you take a nap.”

“And then I’ll take a nap. Promise.”

26.10 (credit to Whentheworldisending)

Tommy Awoke while three feet above the air. There was a moment where he braced himself for impact... but that didn't come. He just hovered there.

And, on closer inspection, he was transparent. Not a good sign.

Hesitantly, he checked his loop memories, a sinking feeling telling him he already knew what was going on.

...Just as he suspected. In this variant, he hadn't hit the water.

Tommy sent out a ping, and got one back. A pulse in the force showed it was Tubbo. <Hey, Tubbo?>

<Tommy! You alright? Coming back from Logstedshire? We can get you unexiled right away, hang on.>

Tommy winced. Of course Tubbo wouldn't realize, he'd seen the tower plenty of times, and assumed, but Tommy had still been alive. <That's... not gonna be necessary. I'm - I'm actually dead, this time. Phantommy.>

There was a long silence on the other end, and Tommy hurriedly continued. <It's not your fault! Hang on, I'm coming over now, it's gonna be fine, the two of us can take a vacation loop! I can annoy Dream! It'll be fine.> No response. <Tubbo? Talk to me, please.>

<...Phantommy is a stupid name,> Tubbo finally said. <I - okay. Vacation loop sounds - yeah. Okay.>

Tommy picked up the pace to L'Manberg.

It would be fine. They would be fine. They just had to get out of this place.

It was going to be fine.

26.11

"Tubbo. Tubbo, up we get. Come on."

Tubbo groaned and rolled over. "Five more mins, Capin."

Jordan chuckled. "Aw, come on. There's work to be done! We need to start bright and early today, remember? We're getting those infinity weapons forged."

"...Yeah. Yeah! I'm getting up, hang on." Tubbo finally sat up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. His dad smiled and left the room, and he got dressed as quickly as he could.

Crumb was already waiting for them in the kitchen, munching down on some pancakes. “Are we gonna go see Mr. Qi today? He’s a really funny man, I like him.”

The Captain smiled. “We are. As soon as Tubbo finishes his breakfast, we’ll head out.” Crumb grinned and turned to her older brother.

“Well? Hurry up then!”

“Could’ve woken me up earlier,” Tubbo yawned, sitting down and grabbing a pancake for himself.

“Would you really have wanted me to do that?” Jordan asked, amused.

Tubbo thought for a moment. “Yeah, I guess not. I’ll eat quickly.”

~

“This place really has turned out to be something, hasn’t it?” Wilbur mused, looking out at the bustling town.

They’d looped into what he was almost certain was Stardew Valley, except everyone was replaced by Minecraft loopers. Puffy and Niki owned the local bakery and flower shops, Callahan the local bar. Eret had set up a small museum that was steadily growing. Iskall manned a trading center, while Mumbo and Grain were essentially the local repairman. Everyone got their animals from Sonja and Tucker, except for their fish, who they went to Aphmau and Aaron for. Joe had his stunning vineyard, and the best wine any of them could ever make, which he mostly sold to Callahan.

Wilbur himself worked as the assistant Librarian under Stress and Doc. He was younger than usual, in his late teens, and he and Tommy had both been adopted by Sam, the local blacksmith in this loop. And still, that wasn’t accounting for some of the others who had set up shop in slightly more obscure places, like Scar and his wizarding tower.

In essence, it was one giant family town. And having a ten-or-so year loop where everything was peaceful and happy, and they simply got to live their lives, was the kind of loop that Wilbur would always cherish.

“We’re back!” Tubbo called out, as he, Jordan, and Crumb practically skipped back into town with glowing weapons at their sides. “And we got the Infinity weapons!”

“Why did you even need to get them, though?” Tommy argued. “It’s not like you don’t have a million weapons each already.”

“I don’t have a million weapons already,” Crumb pointed out.

“Oh, right. Sorry. Easy to forget.”

Jordan smiled. “Plus, it’s part of the fun, I think. We are the town’s monster hunters, after all. We might as well have our classic monster hunting weapons.”

There wasn't any arguing with that.

26.12

"Alright, and to counter your ace of clubs, I'm putting Pikachu in attack position, rendering your hand null." Eret smiled as Karl groaned, throwing his ace in the pile. "Next, I'll play the Joker, which allows me to skip forward in the order to anyone I want. Tubbo, you're up."

Tubbo smirked. "Why thank you, Eret. I've got one card I want to play." And he slapped down a +4 Uno card.

They stared at him for a long moment. "I'm going to choke you to death."

"Aww, thanks! But you know the rules." Eret grumbled and threw away four of their cards, including Pikachu, who let out a muffled yelp as they did so.

"Guess that means I'm next." Tommy flipped through his cards. "Fuck, not a great hand... wait, here we are. Blue Eyes White Dragon! All your life points are decreased by half, and given to me!" Everyone else at the table groaned. "And I'll use this opportunity to invoke a duel. Wilbur, you've gotta do a round of Slapjack with me! Whoever loses has to Go Fish."

"No thanks, I'm not giving up my hand just yet," Wilbur answered, looking at his Full House. "I'm going to instead lay down 'Being a dick to children', which means Phil will be going a round with you in my place." He put the Cards Against Humanity card down and turned to his dad. "Phil, you're up."

Phil looked at all of them with naked confusion and an increasing amount of terror. "What the *fuck* are we playing!?"

Chapter End Notes

26.1 Natsu and Lucy were awake, so things went relatively smoothly.

26.2 It's the paranoia that gets him, sometimes.

26.3 Tommy will have none of that "damsel in distress" trope.

26.4 A good, fun loop all around.

26.5 The flower he got from the Pit covered one of his eyes. Luckily, that was at the end of the loop.

26.6 Might as well have an official place for it.

26.7 Puffy easily pacifist-ed the whole thing. (Dishonored)

26.8 And hey, he grew on Cecil as well!

26.9 A more streamlined solution.

26.10 Can you tell they're both more upset than they'll admit?

26.11 One of everyone's favorite fused loops.

26.12 He figured it out eventually.

27.0

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

27.1

Tommy narrowed his eyes at his older brother. “I know that grin. What are you planning?”

Wilbur looked back at him, confused. “A prank, of course. I thought that was obvious?”

He rolled his eyes. “Yeah, I figured out that much. But what kind of prank? When are you pulling it?”

They were very early into the revolution, after all, and it was just him, Wilbur, Tubbo, and Puffy who were awake. The fact that Wilbur was grinning like this when barely any time had passed since they signed the declaration of independence meant that either his prank was coming soon, or it was so big that he couldn’t contain his excitement for it.

Wilbur pouted. “Can’t it be a surprise? Can’t I surprise my little brother?”

Tubbo popped his head around the corner. “It’s from the last loop he and I were in, when - hmmf!” Wilbur had covered his mouth with his hand, preventing him from speaking.

“No, no spoilers. Don’t give him any spoilers.”

Tommy couldn’t help but laugh. “Fine, geez. Can I at least know when you plan on doing it?”

“Really soon,” Wilbur admitted. “Our first big battle, actually. And depending on how funny it turns out to be, I might keep doing it.” Suddenly he pulled his hand away from Tubbo’s mouth, as if shocked. “*Fuck!* You licked my hand!”

“Yeah, and it was sweaty. Ew.” Tubbo made a face, and Wilbur pulled some water from the air to clean his hands with. “Not doing that again.”

~

The battle began, and both sides were in their normal positions, the Dream Team up at them while they stood on the wall.

Wilbur looked at the rest of them and grinned, pulling out a flute, of all things, from his pocket. “You’re going to want to block your ears.”

Curious, Tommy pulled out a couple pairs of noise cancelling earbuds and handed them around to the others. With that done, Wilbur started to play.

As soon as he did so, the Dream Team dropped their weapons and started to dance, all four of them, moving in perfect sync, and looking utterly confused and stunned. Tommy couldn’t

hear himself, but he could feel the laugh rising in his throat as he watched the dance. When he looked to his left, he noticed that Fundy was on his knees and heaving with laughter.

Eventually, Wilbur stopped playing, but by that time, the Dream Team were so exhausted they couldn't fight, and the L'Manberg fighters were able to chase them away with flaming arrows.

"That was so awesome," Fundy said, finally managing to catch his breath. "Holy shit, we gotta do that for every battle."

"Make them dance until they surrender." Eret nodded with approval.

Wilbur smiled. "I'm looking forward to it. And if any other threats show up... well, it would be a lot of fun to see someone like Technoblade doing the boogie."

27.2 (credit to HoiOimTemie)

The four current Ghostbusters let out a small sigh of relief as the figure disappeared. Tommy, Tubbo, Wilbur, and Eret were the only four awake at the moment, and as soon as they'd realized they were in the Ghostbusters world, they had taken to their new jobs with gusto.

Not that they played everything straight, of course. There were some incidents from the movie that none of them wanted to replicate, but with their unthinkable amount of experience looping, they were able to easily avoid those pitfalls.

Personally Wilbur was most stoked about the fact that he hadn't looped in as a ghost. When he thought about a Ghostbusters loop, he'd imagined that he would be Ghostbur, but thankfully that wasn't the case, and with his experience from the Danny Phantom loop, taking care of most of the ghosts was a cinch.

Tubbo lowered his ghost-catching weapon. "Alright, we did it! And no one thought about anything, right? So we're all good."

Thump. Thump. Thump.

The anchor narrowed his eyes. "Okay, which one of you went against one of the only rules of this world?"

Tommy threw up his hands in surrender. "I'm sorry! I just had a funny thought cross my mind, I didn't mean to make it happen!"

Thump. Thump. Thump.

"Somehow, that's not really reassuring," Eret deadpanned.

Tubbo sighed. "Whatever, everyone get ready!"

Wilbur flicked Tommy's ear gently, leaving his little brother sputtering as he got back into a more alert stance.

Thump. Thump. Thump.

The monster came into view.

Wilbur's eyes widened in disbelief. "Is that-? No. Tommy, please tell me you didn't."

"I didn't fucking mean to! I couldn't help it, it was funny!"

Finally, it stopped right in front of them.

"EY, TOMAS!"

27.3

"Okay, I've got an idea," Puffy offered, relaxing at the new Bake and Bar aboard the *Benson*. It was a loop where everyone was awake, which generally meant it was going to be lots of fun, with plenty of stories to tell. "Strangest thing you've been that isn't a human, hybrid, or mob."

Wilbur gestured at her. "You suggested it, so you should go first."

She grinned. "Alright then. I was an ocean, once. Like, a literal ocean. Had to spend an entire loop afterwards getting used to being small and having body parts."

Tubbo tapped the counter thoughtfully, before brightening and turning to look at Tommy. "Hey, remember when we were stars? Just, flaming balls of elements floating around in space?"

"Yeah, something like that is pretty hard to forget." Tommy pouted. "And that's what I was gonna use. Bitch. Fine, I'll go with that time we were elements, and I was fire."

"That was a while ago," Sam recalled. "Wait, if you guys were stars... how many years were you in that loop?"

Tubbo shrugged. "No idea. Kind of hard to count the years when there's no day, night, or year cycle to help you out. It was a lot, though."

"I was there as well," Wilbur piped up. "I was a black hole, though, so that's what I'm going with for weirdest thing I've been."

Karl stroked his chin. "Well, I've been both the In Between and the Other Side. As in the actual dimensions. Sometimes both at once."

“You guys have all been such cool things,” Sam sighed. “I’ve been the prison, before.” He perked up. “Wait, no! There was this time I was a sentient magic forest designed to lure in and trap wanderers.”

“The concept of baking,” Niki offered. “I think that’s the weirdest one for me.”

Eret smiled at her. “I remember, I was in that loop too. I was the concept of kingship. I think I’ll go with that one for the question.”

“The SMP,” Callahan said. They all turned to look at him as he took a sip of apple juice. “I was the literal SMP. This body was just an avatar I occasionally used. Eventually I just deleted the egg and kicked Schlatt out.”

Tommy raised his own apple juice. “And a cheers to that!”

27.4

Tubbo Awoke in a classroom, blinking a couple times before focusing on the yellow octopus monster in the front of the room.

Loop memories. Apparently, he was Shiota Tubbo, a member of Kunugigaoka Junior High’s 3-E, considered the worst in the year. In fact, everyone else was encouraged to hate on them, bully them, and crush their spirits. They had to hike up the mountain to an old building with no air conditioning every day, and they weren’t allowed to join in any extracurriculars. The only way to go back to the main campus was to score in the top 50 on the midterms or finals, and to get an OK from one’s former teacher.

Tubbo had been sent to 3-E for his abysmal English and Japanese grades. And in this loop, he had a mother, not a father, and she was...

Well. She sucked, to put it mildly. He felt the ponytail on the back of his head, and promised himself that he would cut it off as soon as he could. Then he’d run to Tommy’s house - it seemed they were at least somewhat good friends in this loop, even if Tommy was suspended. He sent out a ping and got three back - and one of them was Tommy. Perfect.

Another was Niki, who was sitting in front of him. The third was from the octopus.

Apparently, he called himself Korosensei, could move at Mach Twenty, and would blow up the earth by the end of the year if they didn’t kill him beforehand. But since he was a looper, it was doubtful that would happen.

Still, it should be an interesting year.

“Just a moment, class,” Korosensei said, in front of the board. “If you’re by any chance feeling loopy, could you raise your hand?”

Tubbo raised his hand. So did Niki. Korosensei clapped two of his tentacles together.

“Wonderful! If you could see me after class, that would be great. I have a special curriculum in mind, just for you.”

~

The class itself was actually a lot of fun. Sure, Tubbo could do this work in his sleep, but having an impossibly fast teacher with a bit of a manic streak made it far more enjoyable. As the rest of the class left, Tubbo hung back.

“The third looper is one of our friends as well,” he told Korosensei. “Tommy. Currently he’s suspended, but I think he’ll be joining E Class soon.”

Korosensei nodded, his ever-present smile still on his face. “Indeed. I suspected as much. Your friend is replacing one of my normal students, Karma. I look forward to meeting him.”

“First things first.” They both looked to see Niki storming up to them, her face a mix of many complicated emotions. “I have fucking tentacles in my neck, they hurt like a bitch, and my loop memories are saying you killed my sister. Help get these out, and then we need to talk.”

“Of course! Hold still please.” There was a blur of yellow, and Niki sighed with relief, slumping down. Tubbo quickly caught her. “Do you feel better now?”

“Yeah.” Niki looked back up at him. “Seriously though. My sister? An explanation would be nice, right about now.”

“Yes, it’s best to clear these things up now.” And so Korosensei told them a story, about Aguri Yukimura, and the truth behind him blowing up the earth, and his reasons for teaching 3-E. “All that being said,” he finished. “I am a teacher, first and foremost. At the moment, you and your friend are my students. I have learned many things over the loops, and so if there is something you wish to focus on, please let me know, and I’ll be happy to teach you.”

An idea popped into Tubbo’s head. “Since you mentioned it, I’m here for my bad English and Japanese, but I really am dyslexic. If you have ways to help me better work around that...”

Korosensei’s head turned red, a circle surrounding his face. “Say no more! I’d be happy to help.”

And with that, Tubbo decided that he was going to like this upcoming loop.

27.5 (credit to Midnightspookers)

“You know, I really didn’t think we’d make it this far,” Ranboo admitted, nervously pacing backstage.

Tubbo grinned. “Why not? You’re great at base. Tommy’s a great drummer and pianist. I happen to be excellent at singing, and piano, and guitar, and ukulele-”

“We get it. You and Wilbur like learning as many instruments as you can.” Tommy rolled his eyes. Usually Wilbur was the one to go out and become a musical superstar, but he’d decided not to this time, so they could have the spotlight. “How about we focus on the right now, yeah?”

“I still can’t believe the right now is happening,” Ranboo muttered.

Tubbo patted him on the back. “Seriously, don’t worry about it. Like I said, you’re great! We’re all great! It’s gonna be a ton of fun, and if you don’t like it, we can fade into obscurity with all the money we’ve made.”

Tommy coughed something that sounded suspiciously like “*Gold digger*”. Tubbo politely ignored him.

Their non-looping friend took a deep breath. “Alright. Yeah, we can do this.”

Their name was called, and the Bench Trio headed out to face the cheering crowd.

27.6

“Tommy?” Puffy looked at the muttering boy with a bit of worry in her eyes. “What’s wrong?” When she received no response, she turned to Tubbo, hoping for an explanation.

Tubbo gave her a helpless shrug. “It’s not anything big. This loop almost entirely follows baseline. *Almost* entirely.”

“And then there’s the almost. And it’s a really fucking annoying almost,” Tommy grumbled.

“Yeah, he’s not really a fan of the almost.”

Puffy nodded slowly. “Okay, I can see that. But, what is it? Why is it bothering him so much?”

Tubbo let out a long sigh. “Everything is baseline, not a little bit changed. Except that Ranboo’s sides are the opposite of what they normally are, and it makes looking at him feel like you’re looking through a funhouse mirror. There’s nothing different about his memory, or personality, or anything. Just a simple color-swap.”

Tommy’s incomprehensible noise of frustration reminded Puffy very much of his older brother.

27.7 (credit to Ivory)

Eret took in the sight in front of them.

Everyone had shown up at Niki's bakery, not even bothering to summon the Benson. Puffy was quietly whispering into a shaking Niki's hair. Sam was holding Karl, who was staring out at nothing in particular. Wilbur was hugging his younger brothers tightly, and the two seemed to have an iron grip on each other's hands.

They turned to Callahan, who was entering the room with treats in hand. "What happened? A bad loop?"

Callahan raised an eyebrow, as if to say *no duh*. Which was fair, honestly. It was pretty obvious, from the way everyone else was acting.

"Okay," they corrected themselves. "What kind of bad loop?"

Callahan passed them a plate of cookies, which they set down on the table in front of everyone. <Fused loop. Ever heard of The Magnus Archives?>

Eret paused, turning to him in horror. "*Shit*."

<Yeah. That's a good way to put it.>

Puffy was the first to reach for a cookie, followed by Sam. Eret made their way over to Tubbo, Tommy, and Wilbur, before sitting next to them. Tubbo leaned into him slightly.

"Would you like to talk about it?" They asked gently.

Tubbo didn't look at him. "Wil woke up in the Lonely and was stuck there for a month. It tried to take Tommy too. Karl had to deal with the Spiral. The Desolation really went after Niki, and the Eye tried to get Sam. Puffy and Callahan were okay throughout all of that, but they had to watch it all happen."

"Tubbo attracted the Extinction," Tommy finally spoke up. "With, you know. Nukes." Tubbo shivered.

Eret winced. "I'm so sorry. Is there anything I can do to help you guys?"

"I think this would be a good loop to pull a George," Puffy finally said, as Niki leaned up against her, nodding. "Just forget politics and all that. Sleep the loop away."

Sam raised a hand. "I'm all for that." There was a general consensus of agreement from everyone else."

Callahan stood. <I'll go get the blankets and fort building materials then.>

“I can set up the sub-reality,” Tubbo said. “So we’ll be left alone by Dream and Techno. Just... give me a day?”

“Of course. Take all the time you need.”

27.8

“This is a quaint little farm,” Tommy commented, looking at Techno’s Pogtopia potato farm. “I like it. Looks like you’ve been working hard.” Although technically Tubbo had set it up, Techno had spent all night growing the potatoes, like he usually did.

“Quaint is one way to put it,” Techno agreed, wiping the sweat off of his brow. “Course it’s nothin’ compared to my best potato farms, but it’s good for what we have to work with here.”

Tommy grinned. “Oh, well if we’re talking about any sort of farm, then this is much less than quaint. Quaint would be that Skyblock potato farm you’ve got going on. This is just tiny. But whatever, man.”

Technoblade turned to him, red eyes narrowed. “I’m sorry, did I just hear you calling my Skyblock farm *quaint*?”

“Well, I mean, yeah? If we’re just talking about farms in general, then definitely.” He snickered at the highly offended look on the piglin hybrid’s face. Techno wasn’t their brother this loop, just a friend of Phil’s, so it was much easier to pull something like this off.

“What’s going on?” Wilbur asked as he entered the room. He did know what was going on, of course, but this was all part of the fun.

Techno gestured empathetically at him. “Your little brother is criticizing my potato farm! Calling it quaint! I did not slave away for months to be insulted by this gremlin child. I know I joined your revolution and all, but I have standards. I expect to be treated well.”

Wilbur smiled sympathetically, holding back his laughter. “I really am sorry about that. Tommy says things without thinking sometimes. Well, most of the time, really-”

“Hey!”

“-It’s just, after we saw the Valley of Wheat, most farms look quaint in comparison,” he finished, ignoring the interruption. “It’s really not your fault.”

That made Techno take pause. “The Valley of Wheat?”

“What, you haven’t heard of it? Aren’t you an anarchist?” Tommy scoffed. “Dude, it was only one of the most amazing things on 2b2t! And probably the most amazing farm anyone has ever seen, like, ever. After taking a walk through that, of course no Skyblock farm was ever gonna compare in terms of grandeur.”

Technoblade stared at them in silence for a long moment, and Tommy wondered what he was thinking. Finally: “You two have been to 2b2t?”

“We have,” Wilbur confirmed. “Tubbo, our spy in Manberg? He’s from here, born and raised. He’s taken us on a few tours of his home before, which meant we got to see things like the Valley of Wheat in their heyday.” He turned to Tommy. “I don’t suppose you have a vault card?”

Tommy grinned. “Course I do. You think I’d let something like that go? Come on Blade, we’ll take you to the vault, so you can see what the Valley of Wheat looked like. It’s gonna blow your mind.”

They headed to the nether portal, which Tommy tapped with his vault card. The purple shimmered and turned to a lighter color, and they stepped inside, entering the vault. It was a pretty empty day, and they were able to usher Techno over to the Valley of Wheat download without a problem.

They stepped through, and the brothers exchanged matching grins as they watched Techno’s mouth fall open, taking in the grandeur of the now grieved farm at its prime. The three of them walked around for a while, taking in the sights, before heading back to Pogtopia.

“Now you see why other farms feel quaint?” Tommy asked Techno lightly, as they returned to the small potato farm.

Techno stared at the farm, then turned back to the two Pogtopians. “Okay, sorry. No revolution right now. I have a Valley of Potatoes to build.”

27.9

It was a clear day outside, barely a cloud in the sky, a perfect temperature where it wasn’t too hot or too cold, and Technoblade, Dream, and Philza Minecraft were preparing for Doomsday.

Techno had his hounds ready by now, and the dogs seemed aching to go. Dream was putting the finishing touches on the obsidian grid, periodically double-checking the Redstone and standing back to admire his handiwork. Philza was on wither duty, and he had brought a ton of skulls and sand with him, and was forming the sand into Ts, ready to deploy at a moment's notice.

“So we’re gonna attack in about twenty minutes, right?” He said, turning back to his companions. They’d told L’Manberg that they would be starting the assault fifty minutes from now, but it was always a smart move to keep details like that hidden.

“That’s ri-”

There was a red blur for only a second, and then Dream was laying on his obsidian grid, unconscious, with no one else around.

“Bruh, what the fuck?” Technoblade looked around, clearly as confused as he was. Philza summoned his sword.

A red blur again, and Techno was also laying down, unconscious.

Then, standing in front of him, was Captain Puffy, of all people. She gave him an innocent smile.

“Heard you were starting early. I’m going to have to take this all down now, hope you don’t mind.”

Phil looked down at his unconscious, but not dead, friend and ally. “What the fuck mate?” Is all he managed to get out.

Puffy shrugged nonchalantly. “Well, I am a therapist. And it’s part of my job to help my clients not face any more unnecessary trauma. At least, I think so. I know you’re not really good about that sort of thing at the moment. Anyways, maybe we should talk, when all this is done. Who knows, you might get something useful out of it!”

And then he was unconscious, and knew no more.

27.10 (credit to Yume_star)

The bell rang, and Tommy grabbed his things, heading for the next class. Thankfully, the science class he had just finished was one of only two classes that Tubbo wasn’t also in. Even more thankfully, as a looper, none of this information was new to him.

He found his English class and sat down in his usual seat next to Tubbo, who was looking over something from math. “You look like you’re having fun.”

“Most classes are enjoyable, if a little boring,” Tubbo admitted. “And I really wish I could do better in English, but considering how long I’ve been looping, it’s not so bad.” And then, quieter: “Plus it’s... kind of nice. I’m sure it wouldn’t be as fun if we had to loop into high school as our baseline, but compared to wars and murder and nations it’s... kind of a breather.”

Tommy nodded. He thought of how in this loop, he, Wil, and Techno had all been adopted by a nice version of Phil. How his biggest troubles were getting good grades and pissing off the teachers one too many times, and they weren’t going to beat him or destroy his things because of it.

“It’s not bad,” he finally agreed. “It’s not bad at all.”

For two teenagers who had been through hell, a normal high school could be a real breath of fresh air.

27.11

“So... Time travel?”

“Yeah. In two different ways.” Karl shifted awkwardly. “It’s really complicated but you’re my fiancé’s, and I can’t just not tell you. I don’t know what you both think of that...”

“Dude,” Sappnap laughed. “You’re telling us you’ve been traveling through time for like a million years-”

“Not that much yet!”

“-Half a million years, and you’re still choosing us over anyone else? Why would we be upset with that?”

“Sure, we don’t have a clue how that all works, but we’re happy to help, if you let us,” Quackity agreed.

Karl smiled. “Thanks. I’m - thank you.”

He was so lucky to have them. He wanted them both to loop so badly, but he was lucky to have any version of them nonetheless.

27.12

“Okay, let’s set all of this straight,” Tubbo said. “The two of us are newly arrived campers at Camp Camp, a scam camp the director, an international criminal, set up. I was supposed to be going to Magic Camp, and you...?”

Tommy shrugged. “Just camp. Phil wasn’t really picky.”

“Right. Most of our campmates are here for different camps, so we’re going to be doing some of everything while we’re here. Our two counselors are Techno and Wil, and Techno doesn’t give a shit but Wilbur does.”

“That’s true,” Wilbur piped up from behind them. “There’s even a camp song for me and everything!”

“Wil, wait-”

“~There’s a place I know that’s tucked away, a place where you and I can stay~”

Chapter End Notes

27.1 A nonlethal and hilarious way to incapacitate enemies. Techno looked hilarious doing the Boogie.

27.2 At the very least, Wilbur wasn't a ghost.

27.3 They've been some very weird things.

27.4 With all the loops he's done, Korosensei is still one of the best teachers in the multiverse.

27.5 Ranboo got very into it, as a matter of fact.

27.6 It's the little things, sometimes.

27.7 Another fused loop that's no fun.

27.8 It became the pride and joy of the dsmp.

27.9 All part of the job.

27.10 High School may be hell for most, but it's practically a vacation for two people who never got to be kids.

27.11 The pain of waiting and hoping.

27.12 And no, it's *not* hyperbole!

28.0

Chapter Notes

Have another term for the looping dictionary!

Travelling Looper: Some loopers, whether due to messed up code, unbearable home loops, or other miscellaneous reasons, become travelling loopers, who almost always end up in fused loops, and rarely loop into their home branch.

I hope you enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

28.1

“Okay, I’ve got a fun question.” Tucker tapped his glass. “Most annoying tiny change in a variant loop that drove you a bit crazy.”

Aphmau smiled. “That’s a good one! You start, since you suggested it.”

“Right. I’d have to say the Loop where Mianite’s eyes were basically googly eyes. It didn’t change his demeanor at all, it was just that when he nodded his head, his pupils swiveled like they were glued to a card.” Next to him, Ianite snickered, clearly remembering that loop. “And you?”

Aphmau looked thoughtful for a moment. “There was a loop where I couldn’t cut my hair. Any sharp blade would break the moment it tried to cut through. And it just kept growing. This didn’t change anything, but eventually I had to adjust for way more hair than I could possibly deal with.”

“Speaking of hair,” Wilbur piped up. “There was a loop where everyone’s hair was the color of their streamer’s hair. Most hair colors didn’t change, but then Phil’s was sort of reddish, and people like Techno and Bad had normal colored hair on top of being a pig or a demon.”

“I was a leftie once,” Tommy sighed. “That took way too much time to get used to.”

“My name was Ham rather than Sam, and I could only eat pig meat,” Sam grumbled.

Tommy snickered. “That sounds so fucking stupid.”

“It *was*!”

Tubbo chuckled. “I remember a loop where everyone sounded like they’d come right out of Alvin and the Chipmunks. Hard to take things seriously when everyone has a chipmunk

voice.”

“Everything tasted like asparagus,” Puffy sighed, sinking down on the couch. “*Everything*. No seasoning would help, then it would just taste like seasoned asparagus.” Niki patted her girlfriend on the back sympathetically.

“You know how everyone gets their color taken away when they die in Demise, and the machine to re-color them results in some weird looks?” Joe asked. Everyone nodded. “Well, those weird looks were how people normally looked. They only looked normal after getting re-colored.”

“I was the Poultry Man pretending to be Grain.” Grain took a sip of his drink.

Iskall frowned. “Isn’t that normal, though?”

“No, no you misunderstand. Normally I’m Grain who pretends to be the Poultry Man. This time it was the other way around.”

They all took a moment to process that.

Mambo shuddered. “One time, everything was the same, except that whenever I sat down to do some grinding, Grain’s silly “Mumbo AFK” song would start playing.”

Grain snickered. “Oh yeah, that was a lot of fun.”

Mambo slammed his hands on the counter and stood up. “That was *you!*?”

Grain did the sensible thing, and ran like hell.

28.2

Tubbo Awoke to a familiar room, looked around, and winced. It seemed they were either currently planning the Butcher Army attack, or had already gone through with it. A check of the loop memories showed that while they hadn’t gone after Technoblade yet, Phil was already under house arrest.

Definitely not a pleasant time to Awake in. He sent out a ping and received a few back - Tommy, Puffy, Niki, Eret, Sam, Karl... it looked like everyone but Callahan and Wilbur were currently awake. They could deal with this.

Tubbo summoned his compass around his neck. <Tommy? Big T? You alright?>

The response came back immediately. <I’m okay. Dream’s not here right now, I’m already leaving Logstedshire.>

Instantly, most of the weight fell off his shoulders. <Great. I'll make the end of your exile official in a moment. Just gotta deal with this meeting.>

<Course, big man.>

With that taken care of, Tubbo focused back onto the meeting room, which was...

Eerily silent.

Ranboo looked confused as the sudden lack of speaking. Fundy was just staring around the room, wide-eyed and open mouthed. Quackity looked like he was about to burst any second now.

Predictably, Quackity spoke up first. "Okay, what the actual fuck. How the fuck am I here? This place is *fucking gone!*"

...*Oh!*

Fundy looked like he was about to collapse in relief. "Oh thank Ender, I thought I was the only one. This is a dream, right? I'm dreaming about being in L'Manberg again?"

...*Holy fucking shit.*

Ranboo looked at the two older men, confused. "What are you guys talking about? Everyone just got really quiet all of a sudden, and now you're acting weird."

Tubbo smiled at Ranboo. "Don't worry about it, it's all good. Do you mind checking on Phil, please?"

Quackity sent him a perplexed and suspicious look, and Tubbo countered it with a stern glance that seemed to throw him off even more.

"I - sure, I guess. If you need me too." They all watched Ranboo head out of the meeting room.

<Tommy? New plan. Gather everyone up and get here as soon as possible. We've got two new loopers.>

<Tubbo, what the fuck? Okay! Wait, who?>

<Quackity and Fundy. I'll try and explain as much as I can to them before everyone gets here.>

With Ranboo gone, he turned back to the other two. "Okay, let me guess. You guys remember Doomsday? And the Vault? Dream getting locked up in prison?"

"Yeah," Fundy breathed, still looking pale. "Shit, all three of us remember, then? Is this some sort of second chance, or something? Why the three of us, and not Ranboo?"

Quackity looked less accepting. “This is so fucking weird. We’re seriously in the fucking past? If whatever sent us here wanted to give us some sort of second chance bullshit, why weren’t we sent back further? Before Schlatt?” He looked at Tubbo warily. “You said you remember Dream being in prison. Do you remember what - what happened after that? With - with Tommy?”

Ah. Unlike Puffy, they seemed to remember the expanded baseline events. That made things trickier. Tubbo winced. “I do, sort of. We always prevent that - okay look, this is going to be a long story, it might be easier if we sit down.”

~

“So you’re saying we’re in a time loop,” Fundy summarized. “And it’s not just the three of us, it’s Tommy, and Niki and Eret, and-” He paused, choked on his words. “And Wilbur, who doesn’t remember right now.”

“As well as Sam, Puffy, Karl, and Callahan,” Tubbo added, noticing the hope in Quackity’s eyes at the mention of Karl. “But yes, essentially. I contacted Tommy already, he’s bringing the others here. It should be easier if we’re all together.”

Quackity frowned. “You contacted Tommy? When? How? Is he alright? He’s in exile right now, isn’t he? Are we gonna get him out of that?”

Tubbo pulled out the compass from underneath his suit, holding it up for them to see. “We made these in the loops, they’re not the ones Wilbur got us. You know how I mentioned fused loops?” They both nodded. “Well, you can usually keep the skills you gain from different loops, as well as the materials. With these, we can talk telepathically no matter how far away we are.”

He sighed. “As for the other questions, yes, he’s currently in exile. He also said he’s alright, he’s run away from that already. We’ll make it official that he’s unexiled as soon as possible, but we also wouldn’t kick him out anyways, and Dream can’t do shit about it, so things will be fine.”

“Dream can pull another Doomsday,” Fundy reminded him. “He probably will, if he finds out we let Tommy back in.”

Quackity swiveled around to face him. “Tommy fucking died to Dream! We’re not going to just leave him!”

“I never said we would!” The fox hybrid held his hands up. “I’m just putting that out there.”

“We don’t need to worry about Doomsday,” Tubbo assured them, and they both looked at him with surprised expressions. “We can easily prevent that. Like I said, we’ve been at this for a long time. We can handle Dream, Techno, and Phil. Give it a bit of time, and both of you will be able to as well.”

Tommy burst into the room at that moment, the others not far behind him. At the sight of the new loopers, Karl let out a strangled cry and ran straight for Quackity, enveloping him in a

tight hug.

“Oh Ender, oh gods. Finally, *finally*. It’s been so long, I’ve waited so long for you and Sapnap, and you’re here, you’re really here!”

Understanding seemed to flash across Quackity’s face, and he hugged back just as tightly. “Hey, I’m here now, aren’t I? Like you said. We’ve... we’ve got a lot to talk about, don’t we?”

“We do.” Karl let go just a little, and wiped his eyes. “I have so much to tell you, so much I was afraid to say in baseline, but you and Sapnap, you both deserve to know. I was losing my memory, losing myself, and then I started looping but both of you never remembered.”

“...Well fuck, that explains a lot.” Quackity’s eyes were watery. “You should’a told us, man. We would’ve helped you.”

“I know that now.” Karl laughed a little. “I guess I just didn’t want what might be my last memories of you two to be you worrying about me.”

“That’s what fiancés *do*, idiot. That’s our job!” Karl laughed again, sheepishly this time, and the room seemed so much brighter. Tubbo could see Puffy and Niki watching the reunion, smiling, fingers intertwined.

Eret put a hand on Fundy’s shoulder, the man still looking stunned. “We’re really happy to have you with us,” they said gently.

“Fuck yeah!” Tommy grinned. “That makes all five of us now! The full L’Manberg set! This is gonna be so fucking cool.”

“So I was the last one, then?” He asked quietly.

Tubbo nudged him gently. “Hey. Of the five of us, maybe. But people like Technoblade, Philza, and Dream? They’re not looping yet. None of the Dream Team is looping yet. Most people still aren’t looping. Ranboo’s not even looping yet! Don’t beat yourself up over it.”

“Plus it can be a bit random,” Tommy added. “I mean, before you and big Q was Callahan. We barely even knew Callahan before he started looping! And before him were Wilbur and Puffy, and *Karl* was before them! Don’t stress about it, it doesn’t matter.”

Fundy nodded slowly. “Dad... Dad is really looping, then? He’s - alive? Is he...”

“Not anything like he was in Pogtopia,” Tommy promised. “He’s like he was during the revolution, but even better. And he loves you so much, and he does whatever he can to be the best dad possible. He’s gonna be so happy that you’re looping.”

Fundy still looked hesitant, but he nodded. It was a good start.

“Quackity, we’re gonna need to talk about the prison,” Sam finally said. The ‘Oh shit’ look on Quackity’s face was enough to make Tubbo laugh.

28.3

Fundy Awoke as the Declaration of Independence was being signed.

...He really was in a time loop, then.

Not that he doubted it, after what he had seen. The way the loopers had effortlessly dispatched Dream, Techno, and his Grandad, laughing the whole time, was a crazy sight to see and left no doubt in his mind that they were telling the truth.

It was just - he was in the past again, and even further back, to when they said the loop usually started. Which meant he really was looping.

Would he be like them one day? Able to do all of those crazy things, to feel so happy, even after everything? It seemed daunting, almost impossible. He was so far behind, anyways.

He felt what the other loopers called a ping, and hesitantly sent back one of his own. There were four others, besides him. And they were all in the same room.

One of them came from his dad.

Wilbur spun around to look at him, eyes wide. There was no anger, suspicion, bitterness, or madness in them. There wasn't even the innocence that Ghostbur carried. He just looked... surprised. And hopeful.

"Right." Eret said. "Wil, last loop, Fundy and Quackity became loopers. You weren't Awake at the time."

Fundy tried for a smile and an awkward wave, internally cringing. Waiting for... he didn't know. Screaming? Disbelief? Wilbur to say that he wished Fundy would go back to not looping?

"Fundy?" Wilbur asked, softly, hopefully. "You're looping? Really? You're here?"

"...Yeah," Fundy managed. "Hi, Dad."

The next moment he was being swept off his feet, held tightly in a hug.

He was being hugged. After everything, Wilbur was hugging him. His dad was himself again. And he was hugging Fundy, even though he must've known what Fundy did after he died, how Philza hated him, how he hurt L'Manberg in the original Doomsday and didn't defend them. Why would Wilbur hug him?

"Because you're my son," Wilbur said, and Fundy realized he was speaking out loud.

"Because I'll always love you, no matter what. Because I was a terrible father originally, and I hurt you so much, and I promised myself I would never hurt you like that again, that I

would do better, *be better*, for you.” He let go, pulling back and looking at him as if Fundy was the most amazing thing in the world. “I understand if you don’t forgive me, I won’t be upset-”

“Shut up,” Fundy finally managed, and his dad flinched. “Shut up, I missed you so fucking much. And you hurt me, but you’re here again, and I hurt you, but I want - I wanna try. I wanna see if it can work out because I fucking missed you.” Fuck, he’s crying now, isn’t he?

Wilbur was crying too, at least. “Whatever you need. Whatever you want - I promise.”

It was - it was more than Fundy could’ve ever imagined.

Maybe life had finally thrown him a bone, after spending so long as its chew toy. Maybe these loops would be a good thing for him after all. Maybe. Hopefully.

He supposed that he would find out.

28.4 (credit to havingamothtime)

Eret awoke at the steering wheel of a large car, and pushed aside ideas of looking through their loop memories to focus on driving. They could hear four people laughing in the back - Tubbo, Wilbur, Fundy, Tommy - and then silence. They sent out a ping, and got four of them back.

“Can’t check my loop memories until we pull over,” they said. “Don’t suppose you guys can tell me what we’re up to?”

“Friendship road trip,” Wilbur answered. “You and I are college friends. Fundy and Tommy are my little brothers, Tubbo is your little brother. We’re heading across the US, from New York to California.”

“I think we’re in the Midwest right now. Considering all the corn and everything,” Fundy offered. Eret could see him waving his arm in their peripheral vision and guessed that they were gesturing out the window.

“You know,” Wilbur mused. “We’re in a camper, not an old van-”

“Wilbur no.”

“But we’re definitely going to be driving for twenty hours-”

“Why don’t you and I switch seats and you drive rather than do this?”

“Jokes on you, I don’t have a driver’s license. Anyways, I’m just saying. We’re heading through the Midwest. What a road trip!”

“Uggggghhh.”

28.5

Wilbur Awoke in a rather comfortable chair, looking out upon the beauty of the End void.

Wait - no. They weren't in the End, they were in space. He checked his memories more thoroughly, and smiled at what he saw.

“You alright, Captain?” First officer Tubbo asked, eyes sparkling as he sent out a ping.

“Never better,” Wilbur, Captain of the *Starship L'Manberg*, answered. “How are the rest of the crew?”

“Well, Niki says navigation is all good. Tommy's being a good helmsman - he says we should be able to enter warp speed at any time now. Eret's been checking communications, we're all set there. And when I talked to Fundy, he grumbled something about being a “fighter, not a doctor,” but he's doing his job well.”

Wilbur snickered. “Well then everything seems perfect, doesn't it?” Star Trek loops were always fun as hell, especially ones focusing on Kirk's time, where they were now. “We should get boldly going, then.”

Tubbo stifled a laugh. “As you say, Captain.”

28.6

“So,” Tommy stretched, letting his wings stretch out with him. “Somewhat weird loop, huh? I mean, we've all been mystical creatures before.”

“Not like this though,” Tubbo pointed out. “It's usually us being hybrids of some sort, not the actual creatures disguised as humans. I mean, usually I'm not a complete dragon, just a dragon hybrid, unless everyone being dragons is a thing with the loop. So this is a bit different.”

Wilbur looked intrigued. “I've never been a siren before. Usually Niki's the mermaid. This is a lot of fun!”

Niki giggled. “And I've never been an angel before. And it's Fundy's first time too, right?”

“Right.” Fundy seemed a bit distracted, but it was hard to blame him. Going from one tail at most to five tails really would throw someone off. “Yeah, apparently I'm a Kitsune? I - I can

create illusions, and foxfire, and grant good and bad luck. It's - strange."

"A good sort of strange?" Eret, currently a pixie hovering on Tubbo's shoulder, asked.

"...I think so." He gave a small, contemplative, shrug. "Is anyone else in this loop some sort of creature?"

"Pretty sure Sapnap's a fire elemental," Tubbo answered. "Bad's a demon as usual, and I think Karl is a living house."

Tommy snickered. "Really?"

"From what I've seen."

"This is going to be a fun loop," Eret decided. "And not just because we're going to take photos of Living House Karl."

28.7 (credit to Thaazer1)

"I love this loop," Tommy announced cheerfully, bashing in the head of an alien invader. "Being Spiderman is a lot of fun. And I'm not the lightning person! That's Niki this time!"

"You're not the only one who's reprised their old role." Tubbo blasted away some fighters trying to sneak up on them. "Usually I'd be with the X-Men, but since you guys are all Avengers, there was no way I was missing out. You think Wilbur will keep the shield?"

"He'll definitely keep the shield. Probably repaint it with L'Manberg colors."

"That would be neat, actually!"

"*Hey you two,*" Sam called down, from where he was flying in his suit. "*Is there anything we can do about the nuke before it launches? I'd be fine bringing it into space, but if I don't have to-*"

"I took care of that," Tubbo assured him. "The nukes won't even get off the ground." Sam let out a noise of pleased affirmation.

The loopers were a bit scattered this time - Wilbur was with them as Captain America, Sam as Iron man, Niki as Thor and Eret as Hawkeye. But the others were more spread out, with Karl looping in as Doctor Strange, and Puffy mentioning how she was cruising around the galaxy as Starlord. Quackity was yet to enter the life of hero-ing, and no one had heard yet from Callahan and Fundy.

And Tubbo had *plans* for this loop. There would be no deaths by Thanos because there would *be no fight* with Thanos. Hopefully if they played their cards right, they could make that a reality.

28.8

Phoenix Awoke, took in the fact that he was in his sweatshirt jacket and beanie, and sighed. It was always frustrating, being unable to prevent his disbarment, as well as everything else that had happened before then.

At least he still had Tubbo - wait. Tubbo?

Phoenix checked his loop memories.

It seemed Tubbo had replaced Trucy as his adopted kid this loop. He wasn't the only one - his loop memories told him that Puffy had replaced Lana, and someone named Quackity was to be defending him in court with Kristoph, rather than Apollo. He sent out a ping and got three in return, most likely from the visiting loopers.

Tubbo bounded up to him with a smile. "Phoenix! It's been a while!"

Phoenix smiled. Tubbo wasn't Trucy, but he was still a sweet kid, and he'd looped into Phoenix's world quite a few times at this point, so they knew each other decently well.

"Tubbo, good to see you again. Do you have a new looper, or is Quackity-?"

"Right, big Q is looping now!" Tubbo bounced a bit on the balls of his feet. "Oh, this is gonna be great, Quackity is really good at law and super interested in it, he loves when we have solo-realm loops where he can study it more. He's going to enjoy this world a lot! Not to mention getting to learn from one of the best lawyers in the multiverse."

And hearing that never stopped being embarrassing. But Phoenix was always happy to meet a fellow looper, and from what he remembered of Tubbo's loops, it would be best if Quackity had someone who could help steer his skills as a lawyer towards being a force for good.

"Well now I'm really excited. Let's go, and you can introduce us, yeah?"

"Yeah!"

28.9

Karl looked at the burning wreckage of the ship for a moment longer, before turning to the much more intact ship curiously.

On the deck, Tommy waved at him. Karl grinned and teleported over.

~

“So, how did this happen?” Karl wondered, looking at the assorted crew.

Wilbur shrugged, smiling. “Tommy and I were royalty, sons of Philza and brothers of Technoblade, and all that. Then a merchant ship we were on was captured by pirates, and we escaped to become pirates ourselves.”

“Eret, Fundy, and I were also on that ship,” Tubbo added. “The Captain’s my dad, and the current pirate king and all that, but we got separated. Eret’s a former Duke, and Fundy was a blacksmith’s apprentice.”

“It’s still a bit weird, not being Wilbur’s son,” Fundy admitted. “But I do have some new techniques when it comes to weaponsmithing to try at home.”

“The pirates that took those five were the SMP,” Callahan explained. “When they escaped, I ran with them.”

Niki gestured to herself and Quackity. “Our hometown was razed by Schlatt the nobleman. So when the *L’Manberg* passed by, of course we joined up.”

Puffy sighed. “Awoke post-mutiny on my own ship due to a slimy first mate. I’d like to get her back for that.”

Sam raised a hand. “I was the blacksmith Fundy was apprenticed to. Set out to find him, ended up joining the crew.”

“And I’ve got no loop memories before Awakening while looking at that burning ship, so it’s not like I have anywhere else to go.” Karl smiled at his fellow loopers. “We’re going to take the high seas by storm, aren’t we? Bring in a new age of piracy?”

Wilbur grinned. “That’s exactly what we were thinking.”

28.10

“Quackity, I think we should talk about what happened in the prison,” Karl finally said. Quackity, who was sitting next to him, gave a bit of a start, then sighed.

“I haven’t done it again since I started looping, you know that. I’m not beholden to fucking Schlatt. I’m not dumb enough to deal with him anymore. I don’t pool votes with him for precidency if I run, he says I have the fattest ass and I fucking ignore him, I can move the fuck on, you don’t leave me behind-” He cut himself off with a choking sound.

Karl frowned lightly. “Q, you told me that helping each other through this stuff is what fiances do. And you’re right. But that goes both ways. Let me help you as well!”

“You - you left me, though,” Quackity finally said, uncharacteristically quiet. “You and Sapnap and George, you left me. And I know! I know you didn’t mean to, that you were

dealing with memory problems, I know that! And I should let it go but it still...”

“It still hurts,” Karl finished softly. “Quackity, I wish I could change that. I wish I could change my baseline self’s actions. I can make things better every loop that I’m awake, but I can’t change your first loop, even if I wish I could. I’m so so sorry. But you should know that - it doesn’t mean I love you any less.”

“...I know,” Quackity admitted. “And you weren’t even the Karl that forgot about me, since you started looping before that even happened. I just feel like such a piece of shit, that it’s still on my mind like this.”

“We can figure it out together,” he promised. “If you want. Take your time. I can leave, I can stay-”

His response was immediate. “Stay. Please.” The two of them leaned up against each other. “I - I want to be better again. I want to be the person you fell in love with, not the one you’re horrified by. I don’t want this to come between us. I don’t want to think about *Schlatt* anymore. I want Sapnap to be here too.”

“I want you to be whoever you want to be. I want Schlatt to pay for everything he did to you. And I want Sapnap to be here *so badly*.” Karl paused. “But hey, we’ve got an eternity to work on these things, don’t we?”

Finally, Quackity smiled. “We do. We really fucking do, don’t we?” In front of them, Technoblade and Dream were subdued by some of the other loopers. “You really think I can do that one day? Beat up Technoblade so easily?”

“Absolutely. If you want, you should talk to Wilbur about how to do it. He’s not a fighter either, in baseline, but he can kick Techno’s ass blindfolded now.”

“I’m so gonna do that,” Quackity decided. “He’s not gonna know what fucking hit him.”

Chapter End Notes

- 28.1 It's hard to run anywhere when you're in a bar, on a flying ship.
- 28.2 A two for one. Welcome to the loops, Fundy and Quackity!
- 28.3 A long awaited reunion.
- 28.4 That interstate is really paved with memories.
- 28.5 And so they lived long and prospered.
- 28.6 And really, what else would Fundy have been?
- 28.7 Think they can pull it off? Avoid the Thanos fight?
- 28.8 When it comes to law, Quackity has a very good teacher.
- 28.9 The origins of the fiercest ship on the high seas.
- 28.10 Quackity does *not* have Chrysalis Syndrome.

29.0

Chapter Notes

I'm going to need a little break after this, sorry! But once I'm a bit less exhausted, I'll be back to our usual schedule!

That said, I hope you enjoy. :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

29.1

It was a nice, peaceful day in L'Manberg. Schlatt had been taken down once again, and Techno was easily put out of commission before he could even summon the withers.

Fundy had helped with that. He'd conjured the illusion of the withers to distract Techno as the others took the sand down, and the look on Techno's face when he realized his greatest weapons were just mirages was priceless.

Fundy had done that. He'd helped take Techno down. It was still a wild thing to process. Being a kitsune was strange, but it was also sort of wonderful.

And with Wilbur awake, there was no need to worry about his declining mental state. He hadn't been mad at Fundy for being a spy, because he never was. Fundy let him know immediately anyways, because that changed everything when Wilbur wasn't awake, and it was a good habit to get into.

Currently, the two of them were fishing together on Tubbo's docks as said looper ran the country, a much easier task when there was no need to rebuild. Fundy knew Philza was there, but they hadn't really talked, and with his Dad alive and caring and loving, Fundy was much less desperate for his Grandad's approval.

"I've been meaning to ask," he said, as Wilbur pulled a saddle out of the water. "About Mom. In the loops, is she...?"

Wilbur made a thoughtful face. "It varies from loop to loop. Sometimes she's a salmon hybrid, sometimes a fox hybrid. Sometimes some other hybrid, or not a hybrid at all. Occasionally she's an actual salmon, but I try not to think of those times." Fundy snorted, but agreed with the statement.

"Still though." His dad smiled. "If there's one thing that's generally a constant about her, it's just how much she loves you."

“I - that’s. Thank you,” Fundy managed, trying to play off how choked up he was and probably failing. “Will I - will I get to meet her? Does she ever show up in the loops? She doesn’t have to be looping or anything, just - I want to meet her. Can that happen?”

“It can, and it will,” Wilbur assured him. “There’s going to be quite a few loops with her in them, I promise.”

“Okay.” And, surprising himself, he gave his dad a quick one-armed hug. Wilbur seemed equally surprised, but looked happy all the same. “Also, what’s this I keep hearing about another uncle? I know Tommy and Tubbo count in the loops, and Techno is one sometimes, but apparently there’s a fourth?”

“That’s Grian,” his dad explained. “He’s a Hermit - we’ve been half-brothers so often we both consider each other family. You haven’t had a loop with him yet, but he’s very excited to officially meet you.”

“I think I’m excited too.” And he was. Going from no family to a massive amount of family was a bit overwhelming, but in all the best ways. He wanted to get used to this.

29.2

Callahan finished setting up the Bar part of the Bake and Bar and smiled at his handiwork. It seemed that he got faster with each loop, ready to go at a moment's notice.

It would’ve been even quicker, except for the Backdoors. It was hard to tell, sometimes, whether the other loopers in the Minecraft RP branch were awake, but when it was a server-loop, Callahan always made sure to leave Backdoors to their worlds, just in case they also needed to reach the bar.

It may have been a whitelisted server, but even without looping, Callahan held quite a good amount of power during server-loops. These days, there was little Dream could usually do to stop him, save for a few particularly powerful admin loops.

This was not one of those loops, and so the Backdoors were set up and ready to go.

This turned out to be a good thing, as shortly after he was done setting up, Joe and Grian practically fell into the bar, looking more than shaken. Callahan immediately grabbed their usual orders, and prepared to make something stronger, just in case.

“Is Wilbur awake?” Joe asked, voice wavering only a little bit. “We’re the only Hermits awake right now, and Grian...”

“Mumbo’s not awake,” Grian finished softly. “He usually helps with these loops. So does Iskall, but he’s not awake either.”

Callahan nodded. “Wilbur and the anchors are awake. I’ll call him over.”

Most loopers developed some kind of specialty to practice and perfect beyond human capacity. With his loops in Animorphs, Babylon 5, A Certain Magical Index, and Star Wars, to name a few, he could easily say he was the best telepath in their branch.

<Wilbur? Can you come to the Bake and Bar? Looper emergency.>

The response was immediate. <Of course. What's going on?>

<Grian and Joe are here. Bad loop, by the looks of it.>

<I'll be there.>

With that, Callahan turned back to the Hermits. "He'll be here soon. Drinks?" They both accepted gratefully.

A few minutes later, Wilbur entered the Bar, followed by Tommy and Tubbo. "Grian! Are you alright?"

Grian managed a small smile. "I'll be fine. Just a really bad loop." Wilbur sat down next to him and put a comforting hand on Grian's shoulder while Callahan passed both of the boys milkshakes.

"What was the loop? If you don't mind me asking."

"...Tokyo Soul," Joe finally admitted, and everyone else winced. It was hard not to know of that infamous RP. And no wonder the two looked so awful.

"Usually I don't really end up there much," Grian admitted. "I'm not an anchor, and that world doesn't have one. Plus, unlike Evo, it usually sort of takes place in it's own world, rather than before Hermitcraft. If it is before Hermitcraft, I usually just remember going through it, I don't have to live it. But this time Joe was there with me, and we were both in it."

"And it was a null loop," Joe finished glumly. "We both escaped, made off to a peaceful island, got a certain someone arrested by the authorities and genuinely locked away. But it was still horrible."

"I can imagine." And by the look in his eye, Callahan wondered if Wilbur had been to Tokyo Soul himself. Still, he smiled at his brother and fellow looper. "Whatever you two need, we're here for you, alright?"

"Thanks, that helps a lot." Grian's smile looked much more genuine this time.

29.3

The revolution for L'Manberg's freedom had always been fun.

Sure, they had losses, and plenty of them, originally. And the final control room was awful and scarring and cost four of them their first lives.

But compared to the rest of their loop? It could almost be considered relaxing. They had one enemy to fight, and that enemy wasn't resorting to manipulation and child abuse yet. They had a far more clear sense of who was in the right and who was in the wrong.

And now? Now all five of them were finally looping together.

The Dream Team never stood a chance.

"Okay, this is actually really fun," Fundy admitted, dispatching Punz with ease. The loop where he'd been a kitsune seemed to be just what he needed to find his groove in the loops. Now, illusions seemed to be his preferred magic, and he'd thrown himself into fighting his opponents more freely, winning with the overwhelming experience he hadn't seemed to realize he'd been building up before.

"Right?" Tommy agreed, dancing around Sapnap. "The early parts of loops like these are practically therapeutic."

"I wouldn't say that," Tubbo snarked. "Those times are when Puffy arrives."

"You know what I mean, asshole."

"We don't!" Dream finally snapped. "What the hell are you guys talking about?"

Wilbur responded to this with a hard bonk to Dream's head, knocking the man out. "None of your business. It's sleepy time now."

29.4 (credit to Unwanted_Human12)

"You look exhausted," Tommy noted, amused, as Tubbo finally appeared in the Zeta tube.

"Batman's awake," Tubbo replied, flopping down on the couch next to his friend. "Or, he just woke up, he wasn't awake when we started this loop. So I just got the full interrogation I've heard about. I don't think he likes me."

Tommy blinked. "Why wouldn't he?"

Tubbo raised an eyebrow. "Nukes in baseline," he said, like it was obvious. "Got a whole lecture on how we don't do those kinds of things in Gotham, and if I tried he would stop me. I promised I wouldn't, I just like being Robin. He's willing to let me be a part of the Team, since all of us are loopers, but I don't think he wants me hero-ing in Gotham just yet."

"Bullshit. You were doing fine before he woke up!" But they both had heard tales of how stubborn the looping Bruce Wayne was. He was still a force for justice, and he had yet to kill

anyone in his billions of years of looping. That didn't mean he also wasn't paranoid, especially when it came to the safety of his city. "Oh well. At least if Barry Allen wakes up, he'll be cool. Maybe assure Bats about us, since we've met him before."

"So would Dick, except he's not awake this time, since I've replaced him." Tubbo sighed, thinking about the friendly anchor they had met during their first loop into this universe. "Whatever. I can deal with this. Where's Eret?"

"Hey." They both jumped as Eret popped up from behind them. "You know, I'm actually having a lot of fun as Superboy. I think I'll like this loop." They took in the two's downcast faces. "What's wrong?"

"Batman woke up, and he's being a dick."

They winced. "Shit. Sorry about that."

"How long do you think this loop will go?" Callahan wondered. He was floating in the air, having replaced Miss Martian. "All three seasons?"

"No idea," Tommy admitted. "Guess we'll find out. Hey, wanna ruin the Light before they become as much of an issue?"

"Absolutely."

~

Tubbo Zeta-ed into the Batcave, tired but pleased. They had just taken down the Injustice League without Puffy having to put on the Helmet of Dr. Fate, like Aqualad had originally, and had subdued everyone before the League had to arrive. Plus, they'd been contacted by Zatanna earlier today - she was Awake, and had agreed to teach Tubbo more magic. An all around success of a day.

Still, when he arrived home, he was met with Bruce's cowl-less and unhappy face, and automatically winced. "Is there a problem?" He asked, stepping back slightly. Bruce was an extremely old looper, enough to make him look like an infant. He really didn't want to get on his bad side.

That seemed to make the man even less happy. "I want to offer you an apology."

Tubbo blinked, taken off guard. "Really? For what?"

"I misjudged you," Bruce admitted. "I had heard about someone who created nuclear weapons in a fantasy world in a few weeks, and even if you were young, that was still something to be cautious of. I neglected to do proper in-depth research beyond that, and so I want to apologize for how unwelcome you've felt here."

"Oh." Tubbo shrugged. "It's fine, I wasn't too bothered. I mean, most loopers think it's interesting, and a lot of people treated me worse in baseline anyway, so it wasn't really that bad."

“And you were sixteen in your baseline, from what I’ve found.”

“Yeah? I was seventeen eventually, though. ”

“Right.” Bruce pinched his nose. “Okay. We can talk about that later.” He didn’t quite give Tubbo a smile, but it was a lot warmer than before. “Would you be interested in a patrol?”

Tubbo beamed at him. “I would be very interested!”

29.5

It was a couple days into the revolution when Dream showed up at the camarvan, the rest of the Dream Team behind him.

“I’ve come to officially negotiate a peace treaty,” Dream told them. “With a less heated look on things, I’ve decided that it would be best for all of us if L’Manberg was to secede in peace. If you’re willing, Wilbur, I’d like to go over possible terms for the treaty.”

Wilbur blinked. “I - yes? Alright, that works for us. We would be happy to make peace. A room to negotiate the terms will be set up shortly.” Behind Dream, his friends looked as perplexed as Eret felt.

Still, things went off without a hitch, the treaty was signed and L’Manberg declared officially independent, and throughout it all, Dream gave no sign of knowing any sort of future, or having repeated any sort of time.

~

The day after the treaty, Dream showed up at the camarvan, a familiar grin on his face.

“Man, I got you guys good! You were all so confused!”

“Wait.” Tommy’s eyes widened with recognition. “Big Q?”

There was a shift, a rolling of indigo across the skin, and Quackity was standing in front of them, a wild grin on his face. “Hell yeah it’s me! My last loop was one of those fused loops, where I replaced Mystique in the X-Men. And it carried over!”

“That... makes a lot of sense,” Tubbo admitted. “Especially considering your streamer and Mexican Dream, and all of that.”

“An illusionist and a shapeshifter,” Fundy mused. “That’s an interesting duo, isn’t it? Maybe that’s why we started looping at the same time.”

“Maybe you’re right. It is kind of weird,” Quackity admitted. “I’m just happy that I’m looping at all, honestly.”

Still, Wilbur was frowning. “What about the real Dream though? Won’t he be angry when he comes back?”

Quackity snickered. “Nah. I gave him a five-hour presentation about how much of a piece of shit he is in the future before I replaced him. He practically offered me his place after that. Thank Ender for sensible versions of him, am I right?”

29.6

Sam blinked awake, in both terms of the word, and felt someone else in bed beside him.. For a moment he panicked, before checking his loop memories and sighing with relief. No one-loop relationship. This was much better.

Next to him, nine-year old Tommy woke up rather slowly, paused, and looked up at him. “Sam? You loopy?”

“I am,” Sam confirmed. He sent out a ping, and got quite a few in response, including to more besides him and Tommy coming from the house. “Mind letting your brothers know? I’m going to go make some waffles.”

“I can let them know for waffles,” Tommy agreed, yawning. He reached over and gave Sam a nice hug, before slipping out of the bed. Whatever nightmare had brought his Unawake self to Sam’s room last night, it seemed it didn’t bother him now. Sam took a moment more to lay there, content, before finally getting out of bed.

Wilbur and Grian were already downstairs, chatting lightheartedly with each other. They both waved as Sam passed them, heading for the kitchen.

“I’m actually pretty excited,” Grian was saying. “I applied to several colleges based on their architecture and engineering programs before we all Awoke, and loop memories say those letters should be coming in soon.”

Wilbur looked at him curiously. “I get the architecture part, but engineering?”

Grian smiled. “Unawake me wanted to apply to the same places as Mumbo. Unawake me had good taste.”

“Wish I could go to college like you guys,” Tommy huffed. “I’m stuck as a fucking nine year old.”

“Language,” Wilbur joked, and Tommy punched his arm. “Besides, I’ve got another year before I apply to any colleges. And you don’t have any homework you have to do.”

Tommy considered this. “That’s a fair point. You gonna apply to Juilliard or something when you can?”

“As well as a few others,” Wilbur agreed. “It never hurts, right?”

“You’ll definitely be getting in, wherever you apply,” Sam finally pitched in, laying the waffles down for everyone to grab.

“Oh I know, of course I will.” Wilbur slapped Grian’s hand away from his waffles. “But back-up plans are always important.”

Sam smiled at their antics. While Grian and Wilbur weren’t really his kids, they were Tommy’s brothers, and he cared about them a lot, even if it was in a different way.

It was going to be a nice, and hopefully long, loop.

29.7

There was a curious pause, as the nether travelers came to a halt in front of a very small piglin boy.

Tommy peered over his best friend’s shoulder. “Is that-?”

“Michael!” Tubbo knelt down to get closer to Ranboo’s and his baseline self’s son. Micheal looked at him curiously for a moment, before running over to meet him. “Are your parents around right now?”

Michael shook his head.

“I thought he was an orphan,” Tommy pointed out.

“Yes, but we don’t know when specifically he lost his parents,” Tubbo argued. “I don’t want to steal him away from family. But if he doesn’t have any...” He turned back to the boy and spoke in piglish. “Would you like to come home with us?”

Michael looked between him and Tommy for a long moment, before nodding slowly. Then, in very hesitant English: “Das?”

Tubbo laughed at Tommy’s sputtering. “What - no. No, I’m gonna be your uncle, okay? Uncle Tommy. I’m not your Da, Tubbo can be your Da. Tubbo, does he always just immediately call Ranboo and you his dads?”

“Every time, apparently.” Tubbo smiled. “It’s okay, I don’t mind being his dad this time. Especially since Ranboo isn’t around to take care of him yet.”

~

“I want to see white flags, at dawn-”

“Shhhh!” Wilbur hissed, casting a Quiet spell and shutting Dream up. “You’ll wake him!” At Dream’s confused look, he elaborated. “We’re taking care of a child now. You can’t blow up our home, you’ll be hurting and possibly killing a two year old in the process.”

George looked horrified. “You should’ve said something before!”

“You never stay still long enough for us to tell you!” Wilbur huffed. “Anyways, his name is Michael, and I’m clearly the favorite uncle. Want to see some pictures?”

Dream, still silent, nodded.

~

“Wait, how did we win this election?” Fundy wondered, looking on as Wilbur celebrated his presidential win.

Tubbo smiled, bouncing Michael on his lap. “People took one look at Micheal and decided to vote for his family. Cute kids will do that, you know? I mean, Eret’s not even awake, and they couldn’t betray this adorable face, even if Dream didn’t agree to peace.” He poked Michael’s cheek lightly, and the boy giggled.

~

Technoblade looked at the scene in front of him blankly. “Guys, why is there a baby here? Why does Tubbo have a baby on his lap?”

“He’s my Da,” Michael announced, in impressive English. Techno’s eyes widened.

“We found him in the nether,” Tubbo explained. “His parents were gone, so I adopted him. Now he’s our family, and Tommy and Wilbur fight over being the favorite uncle all the time.”

Techno bent down to Michael’s level, looking at him curiously. “And he’s not a zombie piglin even though he’s in the overworld?”

Michael booped his nose. Techno leaned back and blinked.

“He’s special.” It wasn’t worth getting into what the loopers could do to fix or prevent that sort of thing from happening.

“Indeed.” A beat passed, then, in Piglish. “Hello Michael. I’m your Uncle Techno. It’s nice to meet you, young man.”

“You talk like me too!” Michael giggled. “Hi, Uncle Techno!”

“Welp. I’m going to be his favorite uncle now,” Techno decided. “Wait until Phil hears he’s got a grandson.”

“Technically he has two. Fundy is Wilbur’s kid.”

Techno had already met Fundy at this point. Tubbo could see the dots connecting in his brain. “Bruh. Bruh, what the fuck?”

Tubbo just laughed at that.

29.8 (credit to I_Likes_This)

“I hate this,” Fundy groaned, as he and Karl ran through the mansion. “This is such a dumb name for a dumb person, I *hate* it.”

Karl snickered. “Blame your streamer for looping in as him, then. We’ve got an egg to destroy.”

“And a billionaire to kill,” Fundy agreed. “The best part of this loop, I think.”

Karl winced as Ranbob fried in lava. “Are you sure about that? What if he doesn’t have three lives?”

“We don’t have three lives,” Quackity pointed out. “Fair’s fair. I looped into Mizu really early in my loops and got killed by him. He can burn, this time.”

Karl tried very hard not to laugh as the emperor gaped and Tubbo in the arena, winning his fights and the crowd, and looking very happy with himself.

“*How?*” The emperor managed.

“Sometimes,” Karl offered with a smile, “The ones who seem to be the most loopy are the ones that take these things by storm.”

29.9

“So... fairies?”

“Magical transforming fairies,” Tubbo, fairy of the Sun and Moon, agreed. “If we want to use our fairy powers, we’ve got to transform into our fairy forms to do so.”

“Basically, we’re magical girls with a different name,” Tommy, Fairy of the Dragon Flame, sighed. “I think I liked being a part of W.I.T.C.H better.”

“Hey, don’t knock it just yet,” Niki, Fairy of Nature, protested. “We only just awoke here, it might end up being fun!”

“I’m certainly okay with my power set,” Wilbur, Fairy of Music, agreed. Learning more music magic certainly can’t hurt.”

Fundy, Fairy of Technology, nodded. “Yeah, I think this could be fun. Let’s just give it a shot, right?”

Tommy sighed. “Right, okay. Off to fairy magic school we go, then.”

29.10

“You know, now that we’ve livened the place up a bit, it’s actually rather comfy,” Puffy admitted, looking at their work in satisfaction.

Niki giggled. “You know, we might be borrowers and living in someone’s walls, but I doubt we were meant to turn the entirety of their infrastructure into an elegant wooden mansion.”

“Hey, it all turned out alright! Plus, their walls are actually sturdier than before we came, right?”

“Right,” Niki agreed. “Magic can be pretty amazing, can’t it? I’m just glad it worked.”

Puffy nodded. “Hey, with you enforcing the wood? There’s no way it wouldn’t have worked.”

“You’re just saying that.”

“I’m not, I swear!” Puffy draped her arms over Niki’s shoulders. “Shall we fill this mansion with a million trinkets, now?”

“What even is a mansion for, if not to fill with trinkets?”

“Why is it that whenever we try to go on a date this loop, it always gets interrupted by some monster horde?” Puffy asked rhetorically, spearing a vampire right through the heart.

“It is pretty fun,” Niki admitted, sending out a burst of light and incinerating an entire section of the approaching monsters. “But I guess I’ll admit that it’s getting a little old. We already deal with mobs back home, do we really need a loop like this?”

On instinct, she ducked, and Puffy fired over her head, finishing off the werewolf sneaking up behind her.

“The loops aren’t really known for giving us only nice things.” Puffy blew on the tip of her gun before sending a wave of water to wash out some mummies.

“True,” Niki laughed. “But I guess it just ties into what they say about every day being a new adventure.”

In the canals of New Venezia, three boys, a blond, a burnette, and a redhead, were laughing as they raced their gondoliers through the canals. On a terrace above them, two women watched with amusement.

“How many customers do you think they’re going to get, with that kind of attitude?” Niki asked, aloud, sounding rather amused and extremely fond.

Puffy smiled. “I dunno. They’ve certainly got my attention. It does seem like a fast way to explore the city. Get the high speed tour, so to speak.”

Niki chuckled as she sipped her coffee. “Wilbur won’t stop complaining about it. Says they need to get their act at least a little bit more together.”

She and Puffy had Awoken on Aqua, the completely terraformed water paradise that used to be Mars, and had immediately decided to set up their usual flower and bake shops. With cookies and plants that were literally out of this world, business was booming, and it was always so nice to do it together.

The sun shone down on another beautiful day, and Niki couldn’t help but cherish loops like these.

“I guess it’s tea time, then?” Niki, currently decked out in a blue and white dress, practically skipped into the clearing as soon as she saw who was there.

Puffy grinned and tipped her hat politely. “My good dear, it is *always* tea time.”

“Excellent.” Niki scooped up some tea and pastries. “Let’s overfeed the Queen of Hearts until she has to let me go.”

Puffy rose as well. “Sounds like a fantastic plan. Or at the very least, hilarious.”

Sometimes, the best kinds of loops where ones where everything was peaceful. Where there were no wars, and no one to fight. Where everyone could simply relax and be themselves.

And sometimes, the best kinds of loops were worlds of adventure, where they could fight off swarms of enemies and use their looping skills with impunity.

This was the latter kind of loop, Puffy reflected, as she summoned two new guns to stun the people trying to stop her and her girlfriend from stealing from an evil mega-corporation.

After all, taking down tyrannies and helping the common people always left a nice feeling in her chest.

The sun was setting one day, in the later months of a normal loop, and Niki and Puffy had just finished putting the finishing touches on their flower shop. Puffy was shifting about a bit, perpetually nervous.

She'd been acting that way the entire loop, Niki noted, brushing off any concerns about why.

Still, it couldn't hurt to ask one more time. "Puffy?" She walked over to her girlfriend, who was looking out at the beautiful sunset. "You know if something's bothering you, you can talk to me about it, right?"

Puffy managed a smile, but that didn't seem to reassure her. "I do, I promise. It's just, there's something I've been waiting to do for a while, and I guess I was sort of hoping for, I don't know, the perfect loop. The best place to do it."

"Ah." That made sense, and calmed Niki's nerves - she'd hoped it wasn't anything she had done. "Is there any reason you can't do it now? I mean," she gestured out the window. "It's a beautiful sunset. Our flower shop is gorgeous and complete, so you don't need to worry about finishing it. We already exorcised Dream, so he's a kind variant, no problems on his front. Unless it's something you need a fused loop for?"

"...No, you're right. I don't need a fused loop, and this is a really wonderful loop. A really wonderful night." She seemed to relax. "Maybe I've just been putting it off because I was nervous. But I think now would be a great time. I, um. I hope you think so too, and it isn't too plain." She took a deep breath.

Then Puffy got on one knee.

Niki's heart skipped several beats.

"Niki Nihachu. You are the light of my life, a shining beacon in this world, this multiverse. I've always been so lucky to be your girlfriend, and even luckier to get to spend forever with someone as amazing and loving and fierce and kind as you are. Nothing would make me happier than to spend the rest of eternity with you. And we may already be together for that time, but I'd like to make it official, if you would. Niki, would you give me the honor of being your wife?"

It took a moment for speech to return to her, but the heartfelt "*Yes!*" Was already flying out of her mouth.

The sun set on a not-so-normal loop.

- 29.1 The confusion that comes with someone who never shows up on-screen. They can change constantly.
- 29.2 Tokyo Soul, aka Yandere High School. Not a fun place to be. Hopefully will never start looping.
- 29.3 It's always nice when the five of them are together.
- 29.4 Looping Bruce may be a paranoid bastard, but he's still a softie. (Young Justice)
- 29.5 This can only end well!
- 29.6 Just a quiet comfort.
- 29.7 L'Manberg's secret weapon: weaponized cuteness.
- 29.8 It might be the same song and dance for Karl, but the others like switching it up.
- 29.9 Another day, another magical girl transformation. (Winx)
- 29.10 It's about time!

Chapter Notes

I LIVE!!

Welp, it's been a while! I'm so sorry, irl has been really busy lately. But we're back to our regularly scheduled updates again! I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

30.1

“You’re engaged!?”

The two women laughed at the faces of their fellow loopers. Seconds later, they were both enveloped in hugs and nine people shouting their congratulations all at once.

“My sister’s getting married! Finally!” Tubbo cheered. Eret hugged her tightly, their eyes watering a little. Niki hugged back, laughing fondly at their excitement.

“I can’t believe they’re going to beat you to the wedding,” Sam chuckled, looking at Karl and Quackity.

They both shrugged, unbothered. “We both agreed to wait for Sapnap before then,” Karl explained. “It wouldn’t feel right otherwise.”

“We’re hoping for it to be a little low-key,” Niki admitted. “But we do still want all our friends to come. There are eventually mass loops sometime after a looper’s marriage is planned, so...”

“We don’t know the exact loop it’ll happen, and we’d like to get all the invites out beforehand,” Puffy finished. “Everyone else from our branch will be invited, obviously. And the Remnant loopers, the Equestrian loopers, the Stardust loopers, all of our friends from the Clone Wars...”

“Basically, it’ll need to be a *really* big loop,” Wilbur summarized. “Really, whenever it happens, we’re so happy for you guys.”

“Thank you.” Niki smiled, feeling like a million diamonds, fingers intertwined with her fiancé (her *fiancé*!) “We’re really happy too.”

“Marriage!?”

To anyone outside of their group, it would've seemed like someone had just said everyone was being turned into admins, considering the level of noise all the loopers were making. Puffy and Niki quickly found themselves buried under the sheer weight of congratulations and excitement from everyone.

Aphmau hugged Niki tightly, tearing up, and next to them, Jordan gave Puffy his extremely heartfelt congratulations. Drinks were called for everyone (save for those who didn't drink). In a short matter of minutes, a party was practically underway.

"So you don't know the loop specifically, but you'll be waiting for a mass fused loop?" Joe confirmed. He looked around at his fellow hermits, who had seemed to make him their spokesperson. "If you plan on this loop being a Minecraft loop, the Hermits would be happy to build everything for the ceremony."

"That would be amazing!" Puffy agreed. "Just, keep it a little low-key, if you don't mind. We aren't looking for an entire server being terraformed."

"Of course," Joe agreed easily. He turned back to the other hermits. "Alright, you heard them! All hermit project, with restrictions."

Niki nudged Puffy lightly. "You think maybe we should've made it a little more clear how much we actually want for this?" She murmured, as their friends cheered and immediately started drawing out plans.

"...Maybe. At least they seem to be having fun." Niki laughed at that.

30.2

"That's a new one," Eret noted, as Wilbur literally blasted the Dream Team away with his music.

Wilbur gave his friend a smile. "Looped into an MMORPG a little while ago. There's a class there called Maestro, where music is the literal ranged weapon. It was... interesting, but it could be fun, sometimes."

"I was there too!" Fundy reached into his pocket and pulled out a long staff. "Was a battlemage. Lots of fun! Still like illusion magic best, but it's nice to get more magical variety."

"Karl and I were both mages, and Tommy was a rifleman," Tubbo added. "At the very least, crushing all of the competition was fun."

Eret blinked. "Rifleman? That's a bit different from the others."

"Hey, I'm not complaining! And check this out." With that, Tommy pulled out his new rifle, faced back towards the Dream Team members, and took aim.

“Somehow, this is super unsurprising,” Quackity snickered.

Wilbur rolled his eyes. “Says the other Bard of the group.”

“Are you both musicians?” Resident anchor Shiro asked curiously, looking at the visiting looper’s classes.

Wilbur - Bard

Quackity - Bard

Tommy - Samurai

Tubbo - Sorcerer

Niki - Druid

Eret - Summoner

Karl - Cleric

Fundy - Enchanter

Callahan - Assassin

Puffy - Guardian

“Not the most balanced party I’ve seen,” Shiro admitted. “But I’m sure you guys can make it work. Are you planning on becoming a guild, or just staying a party?”

Wilbur smirked. “I think we’d do well as a guild. And L’Manberg would be an excellent guild name.”

“Or maybe one of these days we could do something original that doesn’t have to do with our home loop,” Callahan muttered under his breath.

30.3

“You’re looking out of it,” Karl noted softly, sitting down next to Quackity. The two of them sat in comfortable silence for a moment, overlooking a L’Manberg with an Unawake Wilbur at the helm. “Care to share?”

It took Quackity a minute to respond. “What was it like before I started looping? With the elections, I mean.”

Karl raised an eyebrow. "It was switched up a lot, to be completely honest. Sometimes everyone would let Schlatt win so they could have some fun in Pogtopia. Sometimes they'd find a way for you to not pool votes with him, and then Wilbur would win. Sometimes Coconut2020 managed to rig the votes in their favor. It was pretty all over the place."

"Yeah, that makes sense. We're just totally ignoring baseline at this point, aren't we?" Quackity shifted, a bit awkwardly. "You know, most of the time I just don't pool votes with the bastard. Just totally ignore him. But sometimes I do, and we win."

Karl said nothing, waiting for him to continue. He seemed to struggle with himself for a moment.

"It's just - it's so easy to take revenge once he starts hurting me again. Shift into him and make him look like an idiot in front of others. Jinx his bottles so they're always just out of his reach. Poison his protein powder. Flat out kill him in other ways."

"And you know the others would have problems with that," Karl said softly. He wasn't surprised at what he was hearing - his suspicion was what had brought him to talk to his fiancé currently.

"I know, I fucking know. Sakura Syndrome and all that." He grimaced. "What's the fucking point of getting back at your abuser if you can't do it without falling down the rabbit hole? It's so fucking unfair."

Karl put a hand on his fiancé's. "The bottle jinx and shifting scheme aren't so bad. Those aren't Sakura Syndrome level. But I'm worried that your hurting yourself more than anyone else with this."

Quackity flinched at the soft accusation and refused to look at him, staring determinedly at L'Manberg. "Okay, so maybe I am. Does it really matter?"

"It *does*," Karl insisted, turning him slightly so that Quackity would be forced to face him. "It matters because I love you. Because Tommy and Tubbo see you as an older brother, and Fundy sees you as an important friend. Because you're family to all the loopers. Because Sapnap loves you, even if he's not looping yet." He took a breath. "No one who matters would want you to keep doing this."

Quackity took a shaky breath and practically collapsed into Karl's arms. "It hurts. This whole loop thing, dealing with Schlatt over and over again - it hurts."

"I know. I'm really sorry."

"How do I figure out what I'm supposed to do? What I can do?"

"Well," Karl thought for a moment. "I know a lot of us have our niches. Some that were forced on us, but others that we cultivated ourselves. Time travel is what Yggdrasil gave me, but I've actually discovered a fondness for writing that I want to explore. Wilbur with his music, Callahan with his bartending, Eret with the soon-to-open museum - pick something you enjoy, and work at it. It makes things a lot easier."

“I really did like working under Phoenix Wright,” Quackity admitted. “And I like shapeshifting.” Finally he smiled, face free of a scar that hadn’t been there for a very long time. “Thanks, man.”

“Of course. Anytime you need. And if it’s really getting hard, talk to Puffy, yeah? Trust me, it helps a lot.”

30.4 (credit to Unknown_BaSe)

“You know what the funniest part of this is, I think?” Tubbo said, as the four of them drove to Uncle Scrooge’s house.

“The fact that we’re ducks, but Quackity isn’t here for some reason?” Fundy offered.

Tubbo waved him off. “Nah, I’m sure he’ll turn up later. It’s that you’d think we’d get full SBI in a case like this, right? I mean, we’ve got Tommy and you and Wilbur who’s missing. Or at least have Techno or Phil be part of the family at all.”

In the driver’s seat, Grian mock-pouted. “What, am I not good enough for you?”

“You’re fantastic,” Tubbo assured him, amused. “I was just wondering if it said something about how the tree is prioritizing loop relationships over baseline ones.”

“SBI isn’t baseline, remember?” Tommy rolled his eyes. “I’d much rather have Grian here anyways.” He grinned. “We’re gonna have some *real* fun with Scrooge.”

30.5

It was the beginning of the revolution, and everyone was getting ready to fight. As it sometimes was in these loops, other Awake loopers had come to join them early, and so L’Manberg was more than prepared for the fight.

And as the Dream Team was approaching... They were each smack unconscious from behind, their helmets suddenly off their heads.

<Puffy?> Tommy guessed. <She’s the only one awake who’s not here. Think she’s going for a Ninja loop?>

Tubbo shrugged. <Maybe. She has gotten more stealthy after her dishonored loop. And it seems like she’s got a plan in mind.>

<No kidding.> Tommy snickered as they checked the definitely unconscious Dream Team.
<I'm certainly interested.>

~

It was the Manberg-Pogtopia war, and everyone was ready to fight, Dream leading the Manberg side-

And then they were all unconscious. Including Schlatt.

“What’s the game here?” Karl asked, looking around at their opponents in confusion. “What’s the trick?”

“Glad you asked!” Puffy beamed. “This loop, I’m going around using only the greatest weapon of all. Behold!”

And she pulled it out.

“I’ve got a jar of dirt!”

30.6

When Niki awoke, the first thing she noticed was that she was at some sort of school. The second thing she noticed was that she was younger than normal.

She quickly consulted her loop memories. It seemed in this world, she went to a dance school, specifically for ballet, and was one of the top students, with a boyfriend named Mytho. The school in question was in a very strange town - things from years that shouldn’t have been together were, and when she tried to think of anything outside the town, her mind went a bit blank.

There was something more, hidden underneath. With delicate precision, Niki used the force to pry it open.

Daughter of a fairy tale monster raven. Mytho is the prince that shattered his heart to seal the raven away.

Being in a fairy tale explained a few things. Still, Niki had no intention of following the path the story seemed to have set out for her.

“...Niki?” Niki turned to face the voice.

Fakir. Friend of Mytho, also knows about the story.

Niki smiled at him. “Hello. Sorry, I’m feeling a bit loopy, can I help you?” Curiously, she sent out a ping.

None came back in return, but Fakir twitched.

...A new branch, then.

“I don’t suppose time is repeating for you?” She tried again.

Fakir’s eyes widened. “How-?” He collected himself, looked around. The two of them were alone. “Yes. Ahiru and I have been repeating time over and over again. We assumed it was Drosselmeyer, but he clearly doesn’t know, or he wouldn’t react to our changes the way he does.”

“I don’t know who Ahiru and Drosselmeyer are,” Niki said carefully. But I can explain what’s going on with the time loops. Just one question, though, do you have loops where she doesn’t seem to remember? Or is it the other way around?”

“The former.” Fakir frowned. “So that’s a part of it as well?”

“And perfectly normal,” Niki assured him. “See, all universes are a part of the world tree, Yggdrasil...”

~

“And this will go on forever,” Fakir finished, wincing.

“Yeah,” Niki agreed. “It does get easier, although this Drosselmeyer guy seems like a real piece of work.” An understatement. He seemed like Dream, if he had the ability to literally rewrite their lives.

“I’ve been able to keep Drosselmeyer from sinking his grip too deep into my friends with my own story spinning, but it’s slow going. I guess I do have all the time in the world to get better, though.” He stood, and turned to face Niki. “I’m guessing you know your role, and are going off script. Should we help Tutu give Mytho his heart back?”

Niki accepted the offered hand and stood up. “Sounds good to me.”

30.7

Fundy looked blankly at the flopping figure before him. “Should - should we help him?”

“He’s gotten places well enough on his own so far,” Quackity snickered.

“Don’t be mean!” Tubbo chided, helping his friend into his chair, after which he immediately flopped down onto the table. “He still has feelings, you know!”

“Sorry, sorry. But you do have to admit, it is sort of funny.”

<I don't think I get the joke here,> Callahan admitted, from where he was leaning against the wall of the white house door.

Fundy rolled his eyes. "Ranboo's an invertebrate this loop. You know, 'cause he's spineless."

Quackity was still snickering. "Who wants to be that if he does have a backbone, it's made of a chocolate éclair?"

Tubbo's head whipped around to face him. "We are not finding out!"

30.8 (credit to ' _')

"So, you guys are all time travelers that are stuck in a time loop?" Bad summarized. "And normally I get possessed by an evil egg thing, and Dream goes crazy, and L'Manberg gets destroyed?"

"I know it sounds wild," Tommy offered. "Especially since we prevented all three of those things. Egg's been destroyed, Dream has been exorcised, and L'Manberg defended. But baseline isn't exactly like that."

"No, I do believe you. I saw you wear a shirt made of literal light, that's sort of a hard thing to deny at that point." Bad chuckled. "It's just a lot to take in. And I am a little bit confused - why am I the person you're telling all of this to?"

Tommy grinned. "Well, I did mention that I'm hundreds of thousands of years old, right?"

Now Bad was looking a bit weary. "Yesssss..."

Tommy leaned in close. "That means I can say *all of the swears*. And you can't *fucking* stop me."

"I can too! And *language!*"

30.9

Callahan sent off the last patron for the night and sighed contentedly, getting ready to close up shop. In this loop, he'd landed in a place called the outlands, on the outer plane of Faerun, in the city of Sigil.

Being a druid was fun, he would certainly admit. And he'd settled down and made a life for himself at the bar he now owned.

He'd felt other pings, ten of them, and he was fairly certain they were his fellow Dream SMP loopers, but they were so far away, it was hard to say for sure. He hoped that at some point, they would be drawn to Sigil, and he could meet up with them.

And then-

A frantic pulse in the force. Two people in Sigil, Niki and Karl.

Callahan sent out what was practically a telepathic beacon, just for their senses. Sure enough, about seven minutes later, they both burst through the door, looking worse for wear, with Niki looking particularly bad.

Immediately, he was alert. "What happened?"

"We both ended up in different outer planes," Karl explained glumly. "I ended up in Limbo, which was bearable, all things considered. Made myself a place out of the literal chaos before I got out. Niki ended up in Pandemonium."

"Ow," Niki emphasized. Callahan guided them both to some plush seating and got out the drinks as they collapsed onto it. He headed back with their favorites, plus something a little stronger. "Thanks."

"Do you want to talk about it?"

"No. Not right now."

"Alright then."

They were only the first two to come. About an hour later, Wilbur found his way to the bar, looking like he'd been through hell.

"Ended up in Acheron," was all he said about the subject.

After him was Fundy and Eret, and while Fundy didn't seem too bad, Eret looked shaken.

"Mechanus is not a place for humans," they told the group as the two settled down, Fundy nestled between Eret and Wilbur, comforting them both. "It's lawful neutral for a reason. We're not orderly enough for the beings that live there."

"I was in the Bytopia, which was rather nice," Fundy admitted. "But I ran into Eret, and they really weren't looking too hot."

Then came Quackity and Puffy, both looking rather happy. "Gladshiem is fucking awesome," Quackity announced as they entered the bar, sounding content.

"And Mount Celestia is stunning." Then Puffy spotted Niki, and she rushed over, Quackity right behind her, splitting off to comfort Karl.

Finally, Tubbo came in, dragging an unwilling Tommy behind him.

“I was in Elysium,” he said shortly. “It’s a nice place. Tommy was in Arborea, but the place is apparently fucking addicting, and now-”

“Why did you drag me out!?” Tommy demanded. “I didn’t want to go!”

“I see the problem,” Callahan admitted. “Gotta make him cold turkey?”

“That’s what we’ve been advised.”

“Why would an Outer Plane be addicting when the egg isn’t for us?” Fundy wondered.

Tubbo shrugged. “My best guess? Two vastly different levels of power and influence. Let’s chill this turkey.”

“Don’t call me a fucking turkey!”

30.10

Dream blinked. Once, twice. Shook his head for good measure.

The image didn’t go away.

“It’s really there,” George informed him, a bit of amusement in his tone. “Blinking at it won’t make it go away.”

“But, *why*? And what are they even doing?”

Sapnap grinned at him. “Why don’t we go find out?” With that, he hopped out of the tree the three were perched in, and made his way over the L’Manberg wall. Dream and George exchanged glances, before following him.

The whole of L’Manberg had been transformed into one giant stage and stadium, with two figures on separate sides of the stage, and everyone else cheering for them. Now that they were closer, they could see and hear that the two people were Wilbur and Fundy, clearly locked in some kind of musical battle.

“You know,” George said dryly, as they watched Wilbur telekinetically play seven instruments at once, “I think I’m starting to understand how we lost to these guys.”

Chapter End Notes

30.1 The actual marriage will need to wait a little while, but it will come!

30.2 Wilbur will always be the bard. (Log Horizon)

30.3 It's a thin line to walk, isn't it?

30.4 Jokes on them. Scrooge loves it when the kids are more trouble than anyone else can handle. (Ducktales)

30.5 Puffy keeps in touch with her fellow looping pirates.

30.6 It's always fun when new worlds start looping! (Princess Tutu)

30.7 Every joke becomes literal at some point. Ranboo's spine was, in fact, a chocolate éclair.

30.8 BadBoyHalo will never stop being himself. Unless an egg forces it to happen.

30.9 Alignment realms can be really fun, or they can *really* suck. (Planescape)

30.10 They also had a vodka drinking contest before this. You can imagine the music-off got even wilder later.

31.0

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

31.1 (credit to funtimesinfiction)

“You know, I can admit that this is actually a bit fun,” Tommy said.

Philza (Yellowza?) ruffled his hair. “Aww, thank you Toms! I’m so glad you agree. It is a lot of fun, isn’t it?”

“Don’t push your luck.” Yellow Philza was strangely chipper, and that was definitely taking some getting used to.

“Coming back again tomorrow?” Eret asked their blue-clad visitor lightly. “You know, the museum isn’t going anywhere.”

Blueza smiled sadly, and if Eret weren’t older than hell, they might even say the man had an ancient look in his eyes.

“I do know that. It’s simply... nice. Having a museum dedicated to history. I hope it persists for a very long time.”

Eret chuckled. “Trust me, you don’t need to worry about that.”

“Dad.”

Purpleza looked up. “Hmmm?”

“I know this color or version or whatever of you is kind of like an emo rockstar, or whatever, but seriously. Both of those things are kind of my forte.” Wilbur smirked. “If you really want to get into that kind of stuff, ask me about it before embarrassing yourself, okay?”

“What the fuck does that mean?” Phil’s eyes narrowed. “And what do you mean by ‘Version of me?’ What are you trying to say?”

“Don’t worry too hard about that.”

Fundy laid down on the grass, soaking up the sunshine and the warm breeze that tickled his face. “Okay, you’re right. It is pretty nice to just stop and breathe for a bit.”

“Isn’t it?” Pinkza agreed. “And doing so with my grandson makes it even better.”

If only all versions of him felt the same way. But right now, Fundy would enjoy this version of his grandpa.

Next in the weird string of color variants was Greyza, and he was... unnerving to say the least. Not as much to the loopers, but even to them, a horrible chill seemed to follow wherever he went, and they decided to stay away.

Well. All except for one.

“You think he’s just... like that?” Tommy wondered, as he watched Tubbo cheerfully chatting up the strange variant. “Not Phil, Tubbo. I mean, there was that weird version of him in the elevator.”

Next to him, Fundy looked curious. “Elevator?”

“Oh yeah, I haven’t told you about that yet. See, there was this cursed elevator we were stuck in a while back...”

Everyone looked blankly at the demolished form of Redza, then at a sheepish looking Tommy.

“What?” The anchor defended. “I thought he was Eggza! It’s an easy mistake to make!”

31.2 (credit to kuragir_i)

Fundy awoke on what was clearly a ship, but also clearly not the *Benson*. Which made sense, of course, as Tubbo had to bring that out at the beginning of each loop, but it was always the first ship he thought of.

Checking loop memories...

Huh.

Well, he was right in the ship not being the *Benson*. Instead, it seemed it was the *Hispaniola*, and he was Fundy Hawkins, travelling with Dr. Livesey, Captain Smollett, and the infamous Long John Silver.

This was kind of exciting, actually. He sent out a ping and got none in return, indicating a stealth anchor. Maybe that meant he could just do whatever he wanted? What did he want to do?

...*Play it out*, Fundy decided. This was an awesome story that ended well for the person he was replacing. If nothing else, it was going to be a lot of fun.

31.3 (credit to MarsDoesExist)

Tubbo awoke in a small but cozy room, feeling much smaller than he usually did. A quick look revealed he was much younger as well. And then checking his loop memories... it seemed like he was going to have a lot of fun this loop!

He sent out a ping and got two in return, from the two others in the room. Tommy, sitting on his own bed, looked just as excited as he was.

"I see that you two are a bit loopy, then?" Their current nanny asked in amusement. "I'm a bit loopy myself, so that's alright."

"Don't worry, we can keep you anchored. I'm Tommy, that's Tubbo. We're co-anchors."

"Absolutely delightful. I'm Marry Poppins, but considering your expressions, I assume you already knew that." The woman smiled at the two of them.

Tubbo laughed a little. "Do we get to go into the chalk world?"

"Oh absolutely. What would be a visit to this little corner of the world tree without a dip into the chalk world?"

"Then this," Tubbo decided, "Is going to be incredibly awesome."

Tommy couldn't agree more.

31.4 (credit to RavenclawReader)

Fundy Awoke in a suit, which was certainly unusual for him. Even more unusual, he seemed to be in some sort of church. And said church was decorated for a wedding. His wedding?

He really hoped it wasn't his wedding, that would be super awkward. Wasn't there a non-baseline wedding his streamer did as a joke once or something?

He checked his loop memories. Then he reached.

His dad, also newly Awake, patted his back sympathetically. "There there. At least you can break it off without much issue, right?"

"Can I?" Fundy sighed. "Everything here seems to be the same as baseline, except that Dream and I are getting fucking married. And according to my loop memories, I really love the guy, witch is something, I guess? But I'm just not sure why."

“We’ll figure something out,” Wilbur assured him, as the dreaded music began to play, and Dream, admittedly looking pretty good in that wedding gown, started walking down the aisle.

Still, Fundy was in shock the whole time, going through the motions as Dream reached him, and Wilbur started the ceremony.

“If any wish to object to this marriage, speak now, or forever hold your peace.”

There was a moment of silence, then Tommy stood up. “Okay, seriously, are we all actually on board with this? Are we just going to let this happen?”

“I OBJECT!” George yelled, running into the church.

Dream was too busy looking at his friend in surprise to notice Fundy’s sigh of relief.

In the end, Dream and George ran away together, the wedding was called off, and Fundy could admit the whole thing was rather amusing, if a bit absurd.

31.5 (credit to itsjustjac)

“You know Dream,” Wilbur said, wearing a long but fancy blue coat, and hiding behind an illusion of magic. “You may be a villain, but you’re not a supervillain. There is a difference. And do you want to know what that difference is?”

“Oh?” Dream sneered. “Fine, what is it?”

“*PRESENTATION!*” And with that, the illusion dissipated, and Wilbur rose high into the air, surrounded by glowing lights and the water from inside the lake. He waved his hands dramatically, sending out showers of sparks and fireworks all around him. Below, Dream gaped up at him, clearly not expecting anything like this.

“I don’t know why he’s so surprised,” Tommy laughed, watching contentedly as Wilbur demolished the usual fiend in a suitably over the top and hilarious way. “Wilbur’s always been a dramatic bitch, hasn’t he?”

“Oh, agreed.”

31.6 (credit to hahaheart1)

“Thanks for helping me with the bees,” Tubbo smiled as he and Punz put the finishing touches on the apiary. “It’s been a lot of fun.”

“It has,” Punz agreed, setting up the last box. “Always nice to spend time with someone who appreciates bees just as much as me.”

“Mhm.” It was nice, hanging out with Punz. He was a chill guy, and generally a mercenary, but he still clearly had a good heart under all of that.

After so many memories of him saving them from Dream in the vault, it was hard, losing him to the egg. It was hard losing anyone to the egg, but his possession just seemed to hit a bit more than Bad or Ant’s did.

Luckily, they did get the egg destroyed before it could cause any real damage most loops. That didn’t mean that in the loops where they couldn’t it absolutely sucked.

Thankfully, this wasn’t one of those loops, and Punz was safe. Tubbo could just enjoy building with the man, and not have to worry about what might happen to him next.

“I do have another pet I think you might be interested in,” Punz said, as they left the apiary together. “Do you want to see him?”

Tubbo thought of Squeeks and smiled. “I would love to! Thank you, really.”

Punz blinked. “Yeah, of course. It’s no big deal.”

31.7 (credit to CalmWaveofChaos)

“You seem to be having fun,” Tommy noted, amused, as Wilbur shifted from shark to bird to seal, and back to sort-of-human.

Wilbur grinned. “That’s because I am. I like all this “being different animals” loops. And Maui’s a pretty cool guy. Wonder if I can keep this hook to add to my collection of things?”

“Don’t see why not.” The two of them were sailing along on their boat, currently under a cloudless sky. This loop had started when Tommy was on his island, before having to leave to go on the ocean-sent quest, and he’d found Wilbur stranded on a deserted island soon after.

He was also fairly certain the ocean was an Awake Puffy, but he couldn’t prove it quite yet.

All in all, the loop had been a ton of fun so far. Those coconut pirates were hilarious, and watching Wilbur get into a sing-off with a shiny giant crab was even more so. Tommy was actually glad he hadn’t seen this loop in the hub yet.

He wondered what awaited them at the end?

31.8 (credit to Star3Fire)

“Hmm, alright.” Eret spun the arrow again. “Okay, Tommy? Left foot on green.”

“What the fuck, Eret!? My other foot is on red! You asshole!”

“Eret didn’t pick what the spinner landed on Tommy, don’t blame him,” Fundy snickered. “You’re just mad about our no powers rule because you’re less flexible than Tubbo and I.”

Tommy rolled his eyes. “Yeah yeah, whatever. At least I’m more flexible than Wilbur is.”

Wilbur, who was already out of the game, stuck out his tongue at his little brother, like any mature person would.

“Hey, can you guys pay attention, at least?” Came the desperate call of someone from the Dream Team, all of whom were struggling to get up off the ground.

Eret shook their head with mock exasperation. “You’re all such attention whores.” Without looking, they summoned their bow and fired it four times, hitting all four of their targets, before turning back to the spinner. “Okay, Tubbo? Right hand on yellow.”

“Got it!”

31.9 (credit to xXAshSkyXx)

Tommy twitched. Once, twice. Then he went to the nearby wall and started banging his head against it.

Eret watched him do so, concerned. “Is he alright? What’s wrong with the loop?”

“Variant loop.” Tubbo rolled his eyes. “One of those small irritating ones.”

“It’s so irritating. Like fu-*muffin*.”

“Language!” Came the scandalized voice of Bad from nearby. “Can’t you fuckheads stop swearing for once?”

Eret found themselves viscerally flinching at the demon’s words, unable to say anything, trying to comprehend what had just come out of Bad’s mouth.

“Yeah, that’s the variant,” Tubbo sighed. “Fuck and Muffin have swapped meanings. So fuck isn’t a swear, but muffin is. Which means Bad is constantly saying fuck, to avoid swearing.”

“But that - wait - that’s so strange!” They protested. “Muffins are a kind of food! Do you eat a chocolate chip fuck in this variant or something?”

Tommy banged his head against the wall even harder.

31.10 (credit to Leafheart)

“Wait, hang on.” Karl rubbed his forehead. “So, we all have Chats like Techno in this loop? Are they the same Chat? Are they different Chats?”

We're the same! No we're not! Some of us are. Karl can hear us, pog! Can't believe our person is in a time loop. NNNNNNNNN.

Karl sighed.

“I don't see what the big deal is,” Niki admitted. “Sure they can be a little annoying, but it's not that bad. Nothing that would pressure me into killing a teenager or anything like that.”

“I think your Chat is a little different than Techno's Chat,” Wilbur pointed out gently. “Every time I look at a building, my Chat tells me I should blow it up. They really should know by now that I'm not the person they think I am.”

Time traveler Wilbur! Timebur! Timebur! Timebur's not insane, pog! Blow it up! Blow it up! Kill them! Vilbur, I want Vilbur!

Wilbur grimaced. “Yeah, I'll be happy when the loop ends.”

“I think my chat hates me,” Tommy groaned.

“My Chat keeps telling me to torture people,” Tubbo said with false cheeriness. “They're not all bad though, whenever I see a bee, they all go “BEE!!!!!!” so surely they're not so bad of a group as a whole.”

Aww, he loves us! Tubbo! Tubee! We love bees! We want torture cause its fun, don't be mean! Powerful Tubbo! Hey guys, I'm in Techno and Dream's Chat and I told them about the time loops!

Everyone paused to take in that last message.

“Well,” Wilbur finally said. “This is going to be an even more interesting loop, at least.”

Chapter End Notes

31.1 They many gradients of Colorza!

31.2 It's hard not to be up for an adventure like that. (Treasure Island)

31.3 A spoonfull of sugar helps the loops go down.

31.4 There's only one wedding currently on everyone's minds. Sorry Fundy.

31.5 He's got the flair for it! (Megamind)

31.6 Just because they spend lots of time with their fellow loopers doesn't mean they don't make time for those who aren't looping.

31.7 Wilbur got super carried away with his songs, of course. (Moana)

31.8 Fundy won, and he never let the others forget it.

31.9 If only this could've happened before the question about irritating variants!

31.10 A loop aware Chat is a terrifying thing.

32.0

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

32.1

“~*I was meant to be your-*” Wilbur Awoke mid-sentence, shaking himself a little bit and taking in his surroundings.

Pogtopia. Fantastic. Just where he didn’t want to be.

What was he singing again?

...*Oh.*

He let out a long, aggravated sigh. “For the last fucking time Yggdrasil, I’m not like JD! Not anymore!”

Tommy, also newly Awake, was wholly unsympathetic and snickering. “We’ve all got our lots in life, Wil. At least you’re a good enough singer that your can carry the creepy tune.”

“Fuck you too, Tommy.”

Tommy snickered some more. “No thanks. I’m not interested in that.”

Techno, re-entering Pogtopia after a long day of grinding, was greeted to the sight of one of his brothers possibly trying to murder the other.

32.2

“I can’t believe I haven’t tried this before,” Quackity admitted, reclining in the president’s seat in the White House. “Are you sure you don’t want the job, Tubbo?”

Tubbo shook his head, smiling. “I’ve been president so many times that it’s gotten rather boring. I’m happy to hand it off to someone else.”

“This isn’t even New L’Manberg, so Tubbo being president doesn’t make as much sense anyways,” Fundy pointed out, feet up on the table. “You did win the election, so now you’re president. That’s how it goes.” He looked thoughtful. “Think Coconut2020 could win sometimes? I wonder what kind of president I’d make.”

“A good one,” Tubbo told him. “You’ve won before in variant loops, and if I step down I hand it off to either you or Quackity, and unless you’re a variant of yourself, you both do a

great job.”

His friends grinned at him, and Tubbo had to admit that he missed this a bit. Sure, he loved the people he’d befriended throughout the loops, but Quackity and Fundy had been there for him since baseline, the three of them surviving Schlatt and heading the New L’Manberg Cabinet together. Quackity especially.

(Karl had told him about his worries that Quackity was slipping towards Sakura Syndrome, and Tubbo was determined to make sure it never happened. He wouldn’t fail his friend like that.)

“I’m still processing this whole “time loop” thing,” George admitted, looking at the rest of them with wide eyes. “Why did you guys tell me of all people about it?”

“You’re my VP, man,” Quackity said, as if it was obvious. “That means you gotta know at least a little bit about what goes on around here! How could you do your job if you don’t even know the rest of us are time travelers?”

By the look on George’s face, he never expected to get this far anyways. They all knew he’d agreed to be Quackity’s VP for a couple of laughs with his friends. Now he was stuck in a room with three super powerful time travelers, watching Fundy levitate his mug to his mouth, being sworn to secrecy through magical means, and hearing about all the ways they took down their enemies in the past, and it was clear he was a bit overwhelmed.

Still, Tubbo could admire how well he was taking it, all things considered. Never let it be said that George didn’t have a tolerance for the bizarre.

All things considered, their “Manberg without Schlatt” idea was shaping up to be a fun loop.

32.3 (credit to CalmWaveOfChaos)

“So...” Wilbur, Dust-Talent Fairy extraordinaire, looked out on their current loop’s home in amusement. “Fairies again! But small and fun this time.”

“Last time wasn’t so bad!” Niki the Garden-Talent Fairy laughed a little, watching as a very different version of Dream zoomed by, clearly a Fast-Flying fairy. “Puffy’s having a lot of fun too, she’s getting all of her animals to their proper places at the moment.”

“And Sam’s in his workshop, as usual. Not surprised that he’s a Tinker-Talent.” They both turned to see Karl, a Water-Talent fairy, waving at them. “Also, you should probably know that apparently Eret and Tubbo are both winter fairies, which means, Tommy’s probably gonna break the laws and cross over to see them as soon as possible.”

Wilbur smiled. “Well, that’s completely unsurprising.”

“Kind of disappointed I’m not there with them now,” Niki admitted. “Oh well. Guess I’ll go join Tommy in breaking the law!”

32.4

“How about...” Eret deliberated. “Variant version of yourself that irritates you the most. It doesn’t have to be the worst version of you, just the one that gets on your nerves an unreasonable amount. For me it’s the variants where I never end up regretting my betrayal.”

“Vilbur,” Wilbur said automatically. “I know you said it doesn’t have to be the worst variant, but it’s still super annoying. He makes me at my worst look *tame*, and that’s never a good thing.”

“If Puffy is Awake we send Vilbur to therapy. If she’s not, we take him down, because no non-looper should deal with that,” Tubbo agreed. “For me, I’d either say variants where I basically have no free will of my own and really am just the extension of Tommy Dream saw me as, or I’m genuinely the tyrant Techno saw me as.”

“Call it strange, but I don’t like loop variants where I’m more involved with things,” Callahan admitted. “Usually because I side with Dream in those loops.”

“So it’s more you don’t like loop variants where you actively side with Dream?” Fundy proposed.

Callahan shrugged. “I guess. I really just like not being super involved in general. Less trauma that way.”

There was a murmur of agreement from everyone in the Bake and Bar.

“I’m the opposite. There’s been a few loops where I’m so uninvolved with everything that I barely even exist,” Niki sighed. “Those are really irritating, cause it seems like I’m just there to pad out the scene a bit.”

Puffy munched on her cookie. “I’ve awoken in a loop variant where I somehow broke Dream out of prison because he was my Duckling and Unawake me had decided he didn’t deserve prison. That was more than a little irritating, especially because Dream was still a bastard in that loop. Soon as I realized that, I teleported him right back in his cell.”

“Don’t suppose I could say baseline me irritates me the most?” Sam muttered. “I don’t know, it’s pretty hard to top letting your son get murdered by your prisoner.”

Tommy slurped his milkshake with more force than necessary. “Protégé Tommy. Fucking hate the bastard. If I ever looped into a variant like that and I wasn’t him, I’d punch him. I’d troll him so fucking hard, too.”

“Maybe save the punching for the person who made him that way,” Tubbo said lightly. Tommy just shrugged.

“Oh I would. I’d do that first, and then I’d punch other me. I can do both.”

“I’d say the me that wasn’t spying on Schlatt but actually worked for him until the end,” Fundy decided. “I woke up after that variant once, and it was just super awful. Thankfully Tubbo, Tommy, Niki, and Eret were awake, otherwise it would have just been a completely miserable loop all around.”

Quackity took another swig of his drink. “There are some variants of me during New L’Manberg that really piss me off. Mostly the ones where I’m super shitty to Tubbo. Fucking bullshit. Hate it when that happens. I know I wasn’t the best by far, but I never intentionally hurt him like those assholes did.” His eyes slid over to Tubbo as he said this.

“I know,” Tubbo assured him. “Don’t worry, I know you’re better than that.”

“You guys have all talked about some pretty shitty variants,” Karl sighed. “And here I was, thinking about ranting over the variant of me that only spoke in haikus.”

32.5

<This is amazing!> Tubbo finally said, as he looked around him.

Looking might’ve been the wrong word, though. Sure he could see, but it wasn’t with physical eyes.

<Just when I thought I’d be taking a break from coding,> Fundy breathed. Callahan nodded in agreement.

They were in a server-loop variant, and in this loop, it seemed there was a fourth dimension after the Overworld, Nether, and End - the Code. And the best coders could access that fourth world, and see all the knots and bolts keeping the other three dimensions running, and mess with them as they pleased.

Tubbo floated around the digital representation of L’Manberg - a pretty floating island with small strings attached to each of its members. <It’s beautiful.>

<It is.> Callahan frowned. <It seems dangerous though. With how fragile Yggdrasil’s own code is, I think that while we can explore, we shouldn’t make any great changes.>

The other two quickly agreed.

Pretty wasn’t worth the cost of damaging their world more, after all.

“Something new you want to try?” Eret repeated curiously.

Fundy grinned. “Yeah. It’s not for the pit, that’s hand-to-hand. But there was a recent loop I was in where I got some great new powers to add to my skill set, and I’ve been itching to try them out. Couldn’t last time, obviously, since Techno was a nicer variant, but he’s full asshole this loop.”

“Fair enough,” Eret agreed. Considering Doomsday was about to occur, that wasn’t a point they would argue. “I’m sure you’ve got this all thought out. I can’t wait to see it.”

Fundy grinned at them, and then suddenly reached out and squeezed their hand. “You’re really great, you know?” He said softly. “I want you to know - when Dad’s Unawake and awful you go through with the adoption, and when I need you you’re there, and - Wilbur might be my dad, but you’re a parent to me too, okay?”

It took a moment for Eret to be able to speak, their vision getting a bit blurry. They blinked back the tears and smiled. “Thank you, Fundy. Wilbur and I - we’re both so lucky to have you.”

There was a bit of awkwardness in the way that Fundy hugged them. But it was heartfelt, and Eret hugged back just as tightly.

~

It was before the start of Doomsday, as two of the three usual perpetrators were setting up - with Wilbur Awake and alive, this Phil could be swayed not to join Techno’s crusade. Fundy climbed up the walls of the buildings before hopping onto the forming obsidian grid, masked by an illusion. Dream and Techno were spread out - if he did this quietly, Dream would have no idea, and Fundy could move onto him next.

A small swirl in the air was all it took to invoke Galestorm, and Techno was flying off the obsidian grid, popping a totem down below. Fundy floated back down to meet him.

Techno was already up and about, looking around. “An invisibility potion?” Fundy heard him mutter. Well, alright. They’ll still have to get close eventually. And no floating armor means no gear.”

Fundy smiled to himself, before shifting the illusion slightly, letting a vague outline shimmer around him, in a way that an invisibility potion could never cause. Techno, eyes catching hold of the outline, seemed to realize this, and was suddenly on much higher alert.

If he did this right, that wouldn’t matter.

Fundy sent a Power Slash at his opponent, cracking his armor, and Fundy moved in, summoning his Ben’s Knife and driving it right through his opponent.

There was a moment where Techno seemed to wait for his next totem to kick in, eyes widening when he realized his totems were gone, before he vanished, first life taken.

And now, not only had Fundy defeated Technoblade, but he had a bunch of awesome totems for it.

On to Dream, then.

“You planning on using your new magic?” Tubbo asked curiously, as he watched Quackity test out his blades.

“Nah. Not for this. Don’t get me wrong, Satan Soul is fucking sweet, and I’m always down for more shapeshifting magic. But this will be baseline weapons and armor only. No extra magic.” He summoned one of his best netherite axes. “This is personal. I need to be able to do this without skills from fused loops.”

“You’ve got this,” Wilbur encouraged. Quackity grinned at them both, nerves in his eyes, before heading out onto the obsidian grid.

Niki had already taken care of Dream, and Tommy had captured Philza. Dream was the worst in many loops, but this wasn’t about Dream. This was about evening the score.

“*Technoblade!*” From where he was laying out obsidian, Techno looked up at the sound of Quackity’s voice. “I want a duel. One-on-one. If I win, you leave L’Manberg alone.”

Technoblade actually laughed. “First they send Tommy for Phil, then Niki for Dream, and leave me with *you*.” Then his gaze sharpened, and it was clear he was taking this seriously. “Fine. When I win, I want Phil back here *now*.”

“If you win,” Quackity agreed, shoving down his nerves.

He could do this. He was fuck-off knows how old at this point. He’s taken down much greater adversaries with less. He’s seen things Technoblade could only dream of.

He could do this.

Technoblade moved first, and Quackity dodged easily. The anarchist’s armor had *Thorns*, which meant getting past that would be an issue. He jumped back and switched from an axe to a crossbow (but not a rocket launcher. He didn’t want to knock Techno off the grid yet) and fired shot after shot at him, before chugging a couple gapples and dashing back in.

His axe was maxed out on the most powerful enchantments, and so was his sword. He was wearing maxed out enchanted netherite armor. As long as he could dodge Techno’s blows, he could tank the *Thorns* enchantment.

It was a rhythmic pattern, after that. Dodge, block, hit, repeat. Sometimes in different orders. Techno attempted to get distance between them, but Quackity wouldn’t let him, closing the gap each time.

And when he was close enough, he snatched away the totems. The loop where he and Fundy had trained under Carmen Sandiego had taught him well.

Finally, Techno brought out his own rocket launcher. Quackity knocked it aside with his axe, before switching to sword and taking the opening.

His sword went right through Techno's teeth - and the rest of his face. Technoblade vanished, leaving Quackity alone on the obsidian grid, panting for breath.

He - he had done it. He had beaten Technoblade. And with his own PvP skills.

Suddenly, everything seemed so much lighter.

32.7 (credit to Adora_ble)

It was a war unlike any other. Thousands of projectiles flying through the air, hitting their targets at high speeds, and causing them to fall. Massive fortresses built for protection, people huddled behind walls, gripping their ammo carefully. Machines of mass chaos were in place, ready to take the battle to an even higher level. So many had fallen, and those who were left would stick it out to the bitter end to avenge their fallen comrades.

In short, the Branch-Wide all-out snowball fight was going fantastic.

"Release the cannonballs!" Tubbo commanded. Sam obliged, flipping the levers on the machines and watching as the foot long and foot wide massive snowballs were launched at their nearest enemies, which was currently the Israphel loopers. "Load them again, get ready for another assault!"

"The Hermits are approaching from our other side," Callahan reported swiftly, appearing next to him. "Our temporary alliance with Tiem Reister should hold them off until we can subdue our current foes, but there's always the chance of a betrayal."

Tubbo and Tommy nodded seriously. "Karl and Puffy are manning that side of our snow fort, I'll let them know," Tommy said.

They would win this fight, no matter what!

32.8

"It's done!"

Karl looked up from his book and over at his friend. "What's done?"

Sam had an almost manic grin on his face. This loop, creeper hybrids looked a bit more like centaurs, and his skin was much greener than it usually was. That didn't stop him from jumping around a little bit with excitement.

"Pocket Prison. I'm calling it Pandora's Labyrinth. To keep with the theme, you know? But with this finally working, we've got a place to contain some nasty variant things when there's no way to get them into the vault."

Karl smiled. "That's great! I know you've been working on that for a really long time." Long was a bit of an understatement. Or maybe not. The loops had certainly skewed everyone's sense of time. And while they weren't baby loopers anymore, not by a long shot, but they were still young compared to most loopers out there.

"It's been a challenge," his friend admitted. "I had to make sure the Labyrinth was completely sealed off from anything else in my pocket, first off. I don't know if anything I put in there would be able to use anything, but I didn't want any chances. And sealing off every possible escape method took a long time."

"Wouldn't that make it hard for you to get the prisoner out?"

He shook his head. "I made sure I could access the prisoner and bring them out without taking anything from the Labyrinth out as well."

Karl nodded appreciatively. "And defenses?"

"Everything in the prison is meant to disable, not kill. It's a containment center first and foremost, until we can find a place to put whatever's in there before any given loop ends."

It all sounded extremely impressive. "That's super cool, Sam."

Sam shrugged, clearly pleased. "Well, Yggdrasil did give me this trope. I might as well make the best of it."

32.9

Tubbo opened his eyes.

Well, sort of. He opened his digital eyes, at least. This wasn't even like a code-loop, it was clear he was in some sort of simulation. He did seem capable of experiencing sensation, at least, to near the same amount he would in the real world. He wasn't sure about taste and smell, but he did have the other three senses.

He seemed to be in a bedroom, and one that looked rather similar to how he usually decorated his bedrooms. Rather cozy and spacious, with light peering through the window. It was all pixels and data, of course, but Tubbo could appreciate that as well.

It seemed his first habitual response after sitting up was to check a tablet next to his bed for messages.

No new messages in 871 days.

...What?

Finally Tubbo checked his loop memories.

A planet colliding with the Earth, slowly getting closer and closer. Spending his last days staying far away from the news and being kept happy by the Captain, his dad, as he worked on something. Being set into the single person rocket and hooked up to the simulation. Being sent off before they were hit.

...He had spent over 2 years alone in space.

Tubbo fell back into his pillows, trying to take all of that in, trying to remember how to breathe, trying not to panic. He sent out a ping, and no one responded.

Had the Captain been Awake for any of that? He hoped not, he didn't want to imagine that.

How long would this loop last?

...Tubbo wasn't sure he wanted to imagine that either.

For now, he picked up his tablet again, and his stylus, and started creating the simulation around him. At the very least, he could be entertained a little bit. Hopefully the loop wouldn't last too long.

Tommy Awoke at the signing of the declaration as usual. Immediately, a ping was sent out, and he sent one back, followed by nine more. Everyone was here.

"Oh thank Ender." Tubbo's voice sounded hoarse, and Tommy turned to look at him curiously. "It's over, it's finally over. Thank Ender."

"A solo loop?" Eret asked, sharing Tommy's worry.

Tubbo nodded blankly. "Four years. I spent four years alone in that loop, with no one else there, everyone else was dead, I was the only person who survived Earth's destruction-" His voice cracked and he broke off. "Four years completely alone."

Tommy reached over and hugged him, and Tubbo practically melted into the touch. Not a great sign. "We got you, big man. It's gonna be alright."

Even at their age, four years was a really fucking long time to be alone.

Phil had been worried when Wilbur had stopped sending his letters. Techno had never felt the need, save for a few sparse updates, and Tommy had gotten it into his head that sending letters was beneath a “big man like him”, but Wilbur sent Phil letters with semi-consistency.

It made the fact that he hadn't gotten one in weeks concerning.

But Phil was whitelisted. Theoretically, he could go check on all of his boys, see how they were doing. Make sure everything was alright. Even if he didn't stay, it would ease his worries.

So Phil packed his things aside, and headed to the nearest hub portal. Surely things would be fine, and he was just overreacting.

They had to be fine.

He spawned in, and right in front of him, Tommy crashed into the ground, hard. Seconds later, he was back on his feet, *lightning* sparking in his hands, and glaring upwards. Instinctively, Phil followed his gaze.

Hovering above them was Wilbur, hair shock-white and eyes glowing green, grinning down on the two of them. Tommy sent out a bolt of lightning, something Phil was still struggling to comprehend, but it phased right through Wil, who swooped down and-

-Bonked Tommy on the head gently. “You’re it.” With a cackle, he flew away.

Tommy muttered some choice curses under his breath, before turning to Phil. “Sorry ‘bout that. We’ve got like thirty different people from different servers who have come to play, and I can’t get Wilbur the dickhead ‘cause of the rules, but I’m not being “it” longer than I have to. See you in a few.”

And with that, he bolted away, leaving Phil still struggling to understand what had just happened.

Chapter End Notes

32.1 Wilbur's not a fan of the Heather references.

32.2 George is going to need a *long* nap after this.

32.3 No Great Divide to worry about here! (Pixie Hollow)

32.4 Really, Karl was the only one who actually followed the spirit of the question.

32.5 There are some pretty neat and useful code-variants out there.

32.6 Fundy had looped into Okami, in case you were wondering.

32.7 It isn't really about the win, but the fight itself.

32.8 That should come in handy!

32.9 Just wait until they learn what Wilbur goes through. (SHELTER)

32.10 Loop-wide games are a lot of fun, but the non-loopers can get very confused.

33.0

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

33.1

“Well, this should be fun!” Tubbo smiled as he looked out of the airship heading to Beacon, surrounded by his fellow loopers. “Fundy, this is your first time here, right?”

Fundy nodded. “I’ve met the RWBY loopers, but I’ve never been in the universe before. And being a fanus isn’t that different from my normal form, so it’s not like I need to get used to that.”

It was the sort of fused loop where the two worlds blended together, and quite a few of them were looping - Tubbo, Tommy, and Fundy were heading to Beacon along with people like Purpled and Jack Manifold. Puffy, Niki, Quackity, and Wilbur were two years above them, forming team SCAN, (or as they called themselves, team NAPS). People like Philza and Technoblade were established hunters.

Teams RWBY and JNPR were all Awake as well, and everything seemed to be shaping up as a rather fun loop.

From what he knew, Fundy’s semblance was illusion based, and Tommy’s was to revamp his own aura if it was ever broken. Tubbo’s semblance seemed to be Paralysis, which could immobilize someone for as long as he wanted. It fit with the fact that he was also a bee fanus, gossamer wings on his back.

He honestly rather liked that. Sure, being a dragon hybrid was what he usually went with, but he still did love being a bee.

There was the whole “getting caught up in explosions during a grimm attack left him with his usual scars” thing, but really, he could work around that.

He turned to Blake, who was next to him. “What do you think is the plan for this loop?”

Blake shrugged. “Not sure yet. You guys are the guests. We’re not big fans of playing completely baseline, obviously, but you aren’t either, so I think you get that.”

“Sometimes the only war we even have is the original revolution,” Tommy piped up. “And Doomsday, if Dream and Techno are awful enough to try and destroy L’Manberg no matter what.”

“Exactly. So, whatever you guys want to do.”

Fundy looked thoughtful. “Play it straight until Communications are going to be hacked, then start preventing things?”

“That works.”

“So,” Ruby piped up. “Weapons. What do you guys have?”

“Gun daggers.” Fundy tossed them up before catching them. “Wanted to try something different this time.”

Tommy grinned. “Same here. Sickle-SMG.” Ruby ‘oohed’ as she looked Tommy’s weapon over.

“I couldn’t decide what I wanted,” Tubbo admitted. “Sword, bow, gun, axe, rocket launcher... so I made it all of them!”

~

They all gathered for the entrance exam on the platforms, before being launched into the air one by one. Tubbo, being able to fly, wasn’t very bothered, and buzzed around a bit before touching down in the middle of the woods.

It wasn’t just the normal grimm they had to look out for, considering the nature of the fused loop. No zombies or skeletons, but creeper-grimm were known to show up in places, as well as enderman-grimm.

There was the sound of fighting ahead, and Tubbo jogged forwards.

In the clearing ahead of him was Jack, striking down grimm with his sword, which was set ablaze. Jack looked over, and the two of them locked eyes as he pulled his sword out of a Beowulf.

“Partners?”

Tubbo smiled. “Partners. Let’s go get that relic, yeah?”

~

“...And for our next team, we have Fundy Soot, Tubbo Underscore, Tommy Innit, and Jack Manifold. They will be known as team STTM (Storm), led by Fundy Soot.”

Tommy nudged a pleased looking Fundy. “Nice going.” Fundy grinned back.

<You know, we should probably tell this Jack about the loops,> Tubbo mused.

<Yeah, probably. How do you think he’s gonna react?>

<If I had to guess? Decent enough.>

Despite the mess that was Jack’s Team Rocket-like relationship with Tommy in baseline, Tubbo really did like the guy, and hoped that he would be looping one day. It would be nice to spend more time in the loops with him.

33.2

“The disks were worth more than you ever were!”

And then Tommy awoke, blinking at the destroyed community house, at all the people surrounding him, at Tubbo in his presidential uniform facing him down. Everyone around them was completely silent.

Shit. He sent out a ping, and got one back from Tubbo. At least there was that. Hopefully things wouldn't be too bad then-

Tubbo winked at him, and Tommy couldn't help but snort.

“Tubbo, don't give away my disk, for you are a bitch,” he said, keeping his face as even as he could.

Tubbo nodded agreeably. “I am a bitch. This is your disk. Oh no, I'm so angry at you. What will I ever do?” He handed Tommy this loop's Mellohi, and Tommy stored it away in his pocket. “How rude of you. You're so mean, Tommy.”

“Indeed I am, Tubbo. What a horrible situation we're in. I feel like fighting to the death some more.”

“So do I. But we should do that somewhere that's not being watched by almost everyone on the server.” He looked up at the others. “Sorry, could you leave? It's not really a personal fight to the death if everyone is watching.”

“...I feel like something really weird just happened,” Technoblade finally said, everyone else still gaping at them.

“What gave you that idea?” *Don't fucking laugh.* “We want to fight to the death in privacy.”

Finally, Dream exploded. “What the fuck, Tubbo. After everything, after he broke the exile, after all he did, you just *gave him the disk!*?”

Tubbo looked at Dream with zero emotion, and Tommy, who could feel his best friend's amusement in the force, wished he had that kind of control. “Yes. Is there a problem with that, or can you leave so we can get back to fighting?”

“Can you guys just not fight?” Ranboo pleaded. “Seriously! Why do you need to fight anymore, Tubbo gave you back your disk!”

“Didn't we just tell everyone why we're fighting?” Tommy pointed out. “We're so angry at each other.”

“Yeh don’t seem like it,” Techno said dryly. “Seriously Tommy, what is this? What are you even doing? You have the disk, let’s get out of here!”

Tommy shrugged. “Technically, Tubbo gave me the disk. You didn’t help with that at all. And Tubbo and I still have a score to settle.”

“If you help him blow up L’Manberg, we won’t fight to the death,” Tubbo warned him.

“Shit. Guess I’ve gotta help you save L’Manberg then. That way we can fight to the death afterwards.”

“It’s a deal.”

Tommy was pretty sure he heard a few yells of frustration, but they were drowned out in all the effort it was taking him not to grin.

33.3 (credit to Merkisthename)

<Got another cartoon loop,> Tommy said with a grin, sitting on the right of Wilbur and the left of Tubbo, as the three of them relaxed on the top of the camarvan. <I think I’m gonna test out this new skill as soon as possible, because it’s gonna be hilarious for the rest of the loop.>

Tubbo quirked an eyebrow. <Well, now I’m interested. Mind sharing what it’s gonna be?>

He shook his head, smirking. <You’re just gonna have to find out, like everyone else. Trust me though, it’ll be great.>

“Telepathy,” Wilbur said dryly, tapping his forehead lightly. “You’re doing it again.” The two anchors seemed to realize this themselves as well, grinning sheepishly.

“Maybe what we’re talking about is top secret, and you can’t find out,” Tommy teased. “Nah, just a new skill I’m gonna pull off. You’ll see soon enough.”

~

One of the first battles of the revolution was underway, and everyone was having a good time battling against the Dream Team. Dodging and parrying and sparing was like second nature to the loopers, even without using any of their looping skills. This time, however, Tommy seemed to be purposefully toning himself down to baseline level, allowing himself to take all the hits from his opponent, in this case, Punz.

Then, after a well placed punch from the latter, Tommy stumbled back... and exploded. Sort of. Pieces of him, mini-Tommy's, went everywhere, one of them landing on Tubbo’s shoulder.

“Holy shit,” Tubbo managed, looking at the small Tommy, who was grinning up at him. Most of the Tommy’s had come back together and were now easily taking down Punz, but a few remained.

“And we’re all still Awake,” Mini-Tommy informed him. “This loop is gonna be a lot of fun!”

33.4

“Have you found a good date yet?” Katarina asked curiously, as she dangled her legs over the walls of L’Manberg.

Niki sighed and shook her head. “Not yet. Still waiting on a good loop. Don’t get me wrong, it’s not bad. We might not be married yet, but sometimes I still can’t get over that Puffy’s my fiancé, and that we’re *going* to be married. It still feels amazing. It’s just, being able to have our wedding would be nice, yeah?”

“I understand completely,” Katarina assured her. “Maria and I are fine simply dating for now, but in the future... I don’t know. Maybe? And it’s not something that any of us can control, so...”

“Yeah.” The two of them sat there, contemplating things as birds chirped and flew by overhead.

“I’ve actually had a version of Dream in my loops once,” Katarina admitted. “He was replacing Sirius, that time Wilbur also replaced Alan. It’s strange, seeing him in his usual loop. He’s very different.”

That Dream had done some awful things, but was still a suffering teenager. This Dream just seemed... monstrous, for lack of a better word.

“It’s complicated,” Niki admitted. “He’s never constant. He can be a nice guy under possession, or slowly fall to insanity, or be evil the whole time. We never know before the loop starts. He’s totally locked out of looping because his personality is so unpredictable.”

“Is it hard? To deal with nicer versions, when you know how bad he normally is?” The visiting looper asked curiously.

“It was at first,” she admitted. “No one wanted to be around him at all, and considering how often we deal with his horrible acts, could you blame us? We all got over it, though. Now it’s just nice to have a loop where we don’t need to deal with him. He can be pretty decent, when the loops decide he will be.” She smiled. “This time he isn’t, though. Would it bother you to help us take him down?”

Katarina smiled back. “Not at all. Sounds like fun!”

33.5

“Do you know what’s frustrating, looper?”

Callahan looked up at GLADOS curiously, before slowly shaking his head.

“Every single one of you is like Chell. *Every. Single. One.* You don’t do tests properly. You screw things up. You make things hard. You put WHEATLEY in charge of the facility *even though you know what happens when you do!*”

To be fair, Callahan did know what would happen when he put Wheatley in charge of the facility. He just found it nicer and a lot more fun than having GLADOS in charge. Wheatley wasn’t currently Awake, his attempts at villainy were amusing, much more than GLADOS.

GLADOS let out an electronic groan. “And I’m stuck with another mute looper as well. Have I ever mentioned how much I hate loopers who refuse to talk?”

She had. Technically, Callahan could speak this loop, he just chose not to. Like Chell, he didn’t really feel like giving the resident maniacal AI the satisfaction.

“Fine. Just go. Another loop of idiots like you, I swear...”

At least he could keep the portal gun. He was having a lot of fun with that.

~

<Tubbo?>

<Yeah, big man?>

<Why are we robots?>

<Don’t you recognize the shapes? We’re in the two-player version of Portal.>

Tommy let out a mental sigh. <Oh fantastic. First chance I get, I’m screwing up these tests. GLADOS can suck it.>

If Tubbo’s body was capable, he would nod along. <How much do you think we can ignore her before she scraps us?>

He could practically *hear* Tommy’s grin. <Let’s find out!>

33.6

“This is one of my favorite variants,” Fundy admitted, as he and Tubbo worked on their newest contraption. “It’s just really nice and peaceful, you know?”

“Comparatively speaking,” Tubbo agreed. “Not counting all the death machines.”

“*Accidental* death machines! Not intentional ones!”

Tubbo laughed, and Fundy pouted. Usually of course, he was paired with Ranboo, and Tubbo was working with 5up. Sam usually switched sides every time he looped in as well. But they’d decided that for this Cogchamp variant, they were going to work together, and it was already a lot of fun.

Especially when Crumb came. He knew Crumb wasn’t part of any RP, but he knew Tubbo and the Captain really wanted her to start looping. He could see the way Tubbo’s face lit up whenever she was part of a loop.

Still, for the time being, they were in Cogchamp, were having lots of fun, and didn’t have to worry about the traumas of the Dream SMP. They could simply be.

Fundy loved these loops.

33.7

<You know, I really don’t get why we have these kinds of loops,> Tommy admitted, shooting lightning at the oncoming horde. <I mean, we already have monsters in our home loop. Why do we need a monster apocalypse?>

Next to him, Tubbo shrugged. <Well, it’s not on this scale, I guess. We can live our lives without worrying too much about the mobs. This is a much more overwhelming variant. Although really, we could just build something up in the air this time.> An arrow whizzed past his head, and he retrieved a fancy-magic looking shotgun from his pocket, firing at the creature.

Tommy looked at the gun curiously. <That’s a new one.>

Tubbo smiled, looking proud. <Made it myself. Eret might be the gun collector out of all of us, but sometimes I like to keep guns from different loops, then take them apart and see how they work, and if I can make my own version.>

<Huh.> Tommy blinked a couple times.

< Is that a good *Huh*?>

<Yeah, definitely.> And it was kind of nice to think about, that even after all this time, the two of them still didn’t know every little detail about each other. That there was still more to learn.

33.8 (credit to 1Ili_Hades_daughter)

“Fundy?” Quackity looked over at his friend curiously. The fox hybrid seemed close to tears, and his emotions were a mess in the force. “What’s up, man? What’s with this loop?”

Fundy swallowed, choosing his words carefully. “I checked my loop memories. Have you done that yet?”

“Not yet,” he admitted. “Why?”

“It’s um. Mom. She’s - she’s alive in this loop. Sally, my mom. She’s alive, she’s here in L’Manberg with us, I don’t-” He finally caught his breath. “I’ve been waiting for a loop like this for so long, and now it’s here and I don’t know what to do. Dad’s awake, he’s already with her, but he was fine with me saying I need time, but I don’t even know what I’m doing! I should be spending all the precious time I have with her, why am I out here worrying!?”

“Because you’re human and you’ve waited for this longer than humanity has been around?” Quackity offered pointedly. “Look, I can go with you if you want. But you can’t waste this chance, yeah? I can’t imagine how scary it is, but think about how you’d feel if you don’t go talk to her, and you have to wait hundreds of thousands of loops to see her again.”

“Yeah. Yeah, you’re right.” Fundy wiped his eyes. “Thanks, I needed that. I’ll go talk to her now!” And with that, he sprinted off.

~

“So, you two are both in a time loop?” The current fox hybrid said, looking at her husband and child curiously. “And when the loop ends, there’s a good chance I won’t be there again?”

Fundy and Wilbur exchanged nervous glances. “We just - I’m sorry, this must sound crazy, but we had to tell you, you deserved to know-”

Wilbur was cut off by a tight hug. Sally had her arms wrapped around both of them, and after a moment, both men hugged her back just as tightly. “I’m not angry, and I believe you. I’m thankful that you both trusted me enough to tell me. If I might not be there next loop, let’s make this loop as special as possible for all three of us, alright?”

“Yeah,” Fundy choked out. “Let’s do that.”

He was going to miss her so much when this was over. And other variants of Sally would certainly be different, maybe even crueler. But in the moment, his mom was everything he imagined and more, and he would always cherish that.

33.9

Tubbo Awoke in a rather nice suburban home, sitting in what seemed to be his own bed. Curiously, he checked his loop memories.

....No.

Absolutely fucking not.

The door to his room swung open so hard it nearly went off the hinges. “Egh, Morty - fuck, no, you’re not Morty. Fucking looper replacement, ugh.”

Tubbo stood up to face his in-loop grandfather. “If you think I’m just going to let you do to me what you do to Morty in baseline,” he said coolly, “Then you’re sorely mistaken. Don’t try that with me.”

Rick rolled his eyes. “Whatever. Don’t you fucking give me another goody-two shoes lecture, I’ve seen them all. You want to mope about here with fucking *Jerry*? Fine, go right ahead. Just don’t be surprised when I ditch you if I need to jump universes.”

That definitely didn’t sound pleasant. “I never said I wanted to stay here,” Tubbo pointed out. “I just said I refuse to be treated like Morty. You think I want to stay in suburbia when there’s whole universes to explore?”

This seemed to make Rick marginally less irritated. “Yeah, egh, fair. What are you proposing, then? Might as well just spit it out. Get on the same level.”

What would be the best thing to say here that wouldn’t get him stranded on a fucked up planet or turned into an experiment?

“An intellectual partnership,” Tubbo finally offered. “I’m an inventor, and an engineer. You make a ton of cool shit in just baseline. I took three weeks to make nukes in a medieval fantasy baseline. I want to know how you made your stuff.”

“Nukes huh?” And with that, Rick looked a lot less irritated. “With that background? Guessing you’re a lot older than Morty is.”

Tubbo shrugged. “I had just turned seventeen.”

“Fine. Intellectual, egh, partnership it is.”

~

“You know, Tubbo?” Rick said, as the two of them got back from Atlantis. “I don’t get you.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah.” Rick gestured vaguely. “Most loopers try and preach to me and get all up in my business, and you don’t. You don’t bat an eye at all the gross stuff we find, you rolled your eyes at the purge, you make nukes in baseline, but you also go out of your way to help any

idiot you come across, like that's actually going to matter, and you don't participate in anything yourself. What the fuck is your deal?"

Tubbo thought about his answer. "Well, I'm a looper. I've seen far grosser things than this loop can throw at me. But I don't participate in any of that murderous stuff cause it's a thing our loopers have agreed to. If we didn't set moral standards for ourselves, we might just wipe out like a fourth of the people in our branch sometimes."

"So why not do that?" Rick asked. "Sounds like it would save you some trouble."

"They're still human. And it's much more satisfying to prank them and mess with them. Save the fighting for the one or two who deserve it that loop."

"I dunno, sounds a bit sadistic to me."

"I prefer cathartic," Tubbo corrected lightly. "Look, if I had to call myself something, it would probably be anti-nihilist. I'm pretty sure I've been that way since baseline, even if I didn't have the word for it then. Yeah, people will die. I'm going to fail at things, a lot. After a year, our loop will reset and the non-loopers won't remember us again. All our hard work is gone. But that's all the more reason to enjoy the middle."

"Fucking hell," Rick muttered. "And here I thought I wouldn't get another lecture."

Tubbo sighed. "I won't lecture you then, even if I do think your attitude is boring as hell and generally pointless. You've been given this amazing chance and you just waste it drowning in your sorrows and complaining about how life sucks and nothing matters. Either make life suck *less*, or stop *bitching* about it to the rest of us."

For once, Rick was quiet. Tubbo counted that as a win.

33.10

The minute Puffy Awoke, she could feel something was different. It was hard to describe, but the world seemed almost strange, like she was viewing new colors, new smells and sounds and feelings, for the first time ever. And those strange feelings extended far beyond what they normally would.

Curious, she checked her loop memories.

Oh. Hm.

It looked like Tubbo wouldn't be the only looper like this anymore.

~

Of all the things to happen on Doomsday, Dream had to admit that *Drista* showing up was the most surprising. Usually she just hung around to tease Tommy or mock Dream about his lost godhood.

Still, there she was, appearing right in front of him. “Fair warning,” she said lightly. “Mom’s here. And she’s pissed at you.” With a small smirk, she vanished again.

“DREAM WASTAKEN!”

Dream’s heart stopped.

There, in all her glory, was Puffy, goddess of the sea and protector of children. “*What the hell do you think you’re doing, young man?*”

“I didn’t - I don’t-” Dream stuttered. “Wait, what are you doing here?”

“I came to see my fiancé,” his mother said. “And here I find that you’ve been harassing her and her siblings!”

“Puffy!” Niki called out, appearing on the grid and hugging his mother tightly. “I missed you!”

Well shit.

Dream was absolutely screwed.

33.11

There was a moment of brief confusion and disorientation, and then Sapnap was looking at the original camarvan in L’Manberg, the original walls around it, Dream and George by his side. A bunch of weird *somethings* echoed a bit in his brain for a moment, before vanishing.

...What?

He stood there, blankly, as Dream turned back to them after receiving the Declaration of Independence. “I think I’m going to make a Declaration of War,” his former friend, who should be in prison, said. “Show them they can’t pull something like this in my own realm. And if I let them get away with it, they’ll just ask for more and more, and we’ll never hear the end of it.”

George shrugged. “Makes sense to me. Can any of them even fight that well?”

Dream smirked. “Not super well, no. And not like us, that’s for sure.”

His smirk looked... playful. Not malicious. But could Sapnap really tell? Did he ever really know Dream at all?

“No, let them have it,” he found himself saying. “L’Manberg is like, the size of Punz’s house. Maybe less. And there are five of them living in that cramped space. Just let them have their fun.”

He didn’t want to do this again. To relive all this again. Why was he even here? Was this all a dream? That was the only thing he could think of.

Dream frowned. “But-”

“*Please*. Please, just let them have this. Don’t do this.” Sapnap forced down the slight irritation at begging for anything, because it was this, this revolution, that started everything, and he knew L’Manberg would never be convinced to back down, and he didn’t want to fight Tommy and Tubbo, not after all that had happened. George growing apathetic and sleeping through everything, Dream becoming unrecognizable - or was he always that way, but hiding it? Surely not - everything, he couldn’t do it all again.

He was so confused. He wanted to see Karl and Quackity. He wanted this dream to be over.

“Sapnap?” George sounded concerned, reaching out and grabbing his arm. Sapnap could feel the grip.

...Not a dream?

“Listen,” he finally said. “I know it’s irritating. I get it. But trust me - it’s better if we just let them have this, okay? Let them do what they want, they’re not hurting anyone.” He couldn’t help but look at Dream. “Don’t be the one who starts the hurt.”

Dream looked uncomfortable, and a little unnerved, which was something, at least. The Dream Sapnap met in the prison would never look so vulnerable. “I guess, if you’re so passionate about it. But really, are you okay?”

Sapnap let out a long sigh of relief. “Yeah, I’m fine. I just... had a bad feeling. About going to war.”

His best friends still looked concerned, but Dream signed the Declaration of Independence, and went to hand it back to Wilbur. The leader looked strangely surprised, and Sapnap felt the *something* again. He tapped the side of his head curiously.

For some reason, Wilbur’s eyes widened.

As the three of them left, Sapnap found himself pulled aside by a wide-eyed Tommy. And alive Tommy, one who hadn’t lost any of his lives, hadn’t been through hell like the Tommy Sapnap remembered had. Who hopefully never would.

“Sapnap, is time repeating for you?” He asked.

Oh.

“So it’s not just me then,” he sighed in relief. “I thought I was dreaming for a second there. We’re really back in time?”

Tommy nodded, looking excited. “We are. A lot of us are. And we’ve done it a lot - hang on, Tubbo’s getting the *Benson*, we’ll explain there. And we’ll get Karl and Quackity, both of them are Awake - have time traveled. It’s a bit of a variant, so Big Q’s here early.”

And that was maybe the best news Sapnap had heard all day. “Okay then. What exactly is the Benson?”

Tommy grinned.

~

Sapnap sat in a comfy chair on the flying ship and tried to process everything he was told.

A time loop, lasting for eternity. A whole multiverse to explore. A Wilbur who had healed, a Sam who never let Tommy die. His fiancés, who repeated time while he never remembered them. Different versions of Dream, who could be possessed or declining or evil from the start.

And now he was a part of that.

Before he could begin to ask any questions, the door to the interior of the *Benson* slammed open, and there were Karl and Quackity.

“You said - we heard!” Quackity managed. They both spotted him. “*Sapnap?*” He sounded so hopeful.

Sapnap gave them an awkward wave. “Hey, I’m here! They just explained things to me, I’m still a bit confused, but - sorry for making you wait, I guess?”

The next moment he was smothered in two hugs. “It’s not your fault. Ender, finally. *Finally.*” Karl sounded close to tears. Quackity made a small strangled noise.

Sapnap hugged them back just as tightly. He was still confused, sure. But with them here, he was certain he could handle it.

Chapter End Notes

33.1 They make a very good team! (RWBY)

33.2 This is very serious business.

33.3 Every Awake looper got a mini-Tommy!

33.4 It's a tough waiting game, but they're making due. They can't just settle for any loop, after all.

33.5 Sometimes, looping gets to GLADOS. Usually she's much calmer than this.
(Portal)

33.6 Cogchamp is always fun!

33.7 You can always learn new things about your friends.

33.8 They took lots of pictures and made lots of memories. This Sally was not forgotten,
33.9 Tubbo Underscore is having none of your grimdark "Life sucks and nothing
matters" bullshit.
33.10 All hail Puffy. Also, Drista.
33.11 Welcome to the loops, Sapnap!

34.0

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

34.1

“The museum is ready?” Niki asked, excited.

Eret nodded. “For now. I want to show you guys first, before anyone else, but everything has been set up.”

“Well this is definitely exciting!” Wilbur nudged his friend gently. “We all can’t wait.” They smiled, before leading the group to a small door in the cliffside. They opened it, and everyone stepped through.

“Welcome to the Dream SMP Museum of Looping History! Or just the history museum, for short.”

The inside was enormous, walls and pillars of white marble everywhere, unique stands on display. Sections that seemed to be dedicated to each looper, even a small walled-off one that was mostly likely for Sapnap once he got more experience. In the center was a slightly-small scale model of the *Benson*, and surrounding it where exhibits that were more about the loop as a whole than any one person.

Wilbur drifted through the displays, making his way towards his own. There was a whole row of his musical instruments, ones he’d donated, and some he clearly wasn’t awake for. Different outfits, every variant of Blue, a model of Friend, and many other things he’d collected over the loops.

“I was considering putting the declaration in your wing,” Eret admitted, walking up to him. “But I decided L’Manberg should have it’s own wing. Sections for non-loopers are here as well, just in another part of the museum.” They looked nervous.

Wilbur turned to them, smiling. “It’s amazing,” he said. “You - you’ve done amazing work with all of this. It’s so fucking cool.” Eret beamed. “You said there’s a section for L’Manberg?”

“There is. Right this way.”

34.2

Sapnap Awoke at a desk, feeling somewhat older than normal. Having been through quite a few variants at this point, he checked his loop memories.

...Not a variant. A fused loop? Two people sent out pings, one of them just outside his office, and he sent one back.

The looper closer to him entered, looking curious. *Maes Hughes*, his looping memories supplied. “Colonel,” Maes greeted. “Sorry for the interruption, I’ve been feeling a bit loopy today.”

Sapnap remembered the code. “So have I. I don’t suppose we’ve got someone to anchor us?”

Maes nodded. “His name’s Ed. Edward Elric, the Fullmetal Alchemist. And you’re replacing my best friend, Roy. I don’t suppose you know our loop?”

Sapnap shook his head. “Sorry. Our world doesn’t usually have things like tv or internet, we’re pretty fantasy based. I’m not surprised I looped in as your friend though, if he’s usually the Flame Alchemist. I’ve always had a knack for fire.”

To put it lightly. Apparently part of the reason Tommy had been so happy he was looping was that “someone else would get the fire niche now, he was free”, to put it in the boy’s words.

Maes snorted. “Yeah, that’s him. Not sure if Ed’s got anything planned, but I can give you the layout of how things usually go down. Are you a new looper? Most have at least seen us in the hub, we’re pretty well known.”

“This is my first fused loop, I think,” Sapnap admitted.

“Oh wow, really new. Okay then, I’ll help show you the ropes. And be careful, using alchemy should be instinct, but Roy’s alchemy is always dangerous.”

“Right.” After multiple variant loops where he was immune to fire, that immunity seemed to have carried over into all his loops. Still, Sapnap could understand where Maes was coming from.

“Not going to even try fighting for the Dream Team?” Fundy asked, amused.

Roy shook his head. “No point. All you loopers are here, and you’ve told me what Dream can be like. I’m not interested in working under him if I don’t have to. I do enough of that in baseline.”

The fox-hybrid shrugged. “Fair enough. Welcome to the gang!”

34.3

“A novel?” Quackity asked curiously, upside-down on the couch next to his fiancés.

“Yeah.” Karl looked over the thick journal he had in his hands. “A fiction novel. I’ve been writing down my adventures for so long, eventually I just got to describing them like they were stories, with just a little embellishment. Then I sort of sent them out through the multiverse to see if people would like them, and they did! So now I’m thinking of writing my own fictional story.”

“I’d say go for it,” Sapnap encouraged, legs propped up on the armrest. Then he looked curious. “Hang on, loops are all fictional stories in some worlds, right? So if you write your own fiction, will that become a loop?”

Quackity groaned. “Please no. That’s way too meta.”

Karl laughed and shook his head. “Every loop is a work of fiction in the hub, because those are essentially “back-up copies” of the rest of the multiverse. It isn’t writing fiction that makes a loop, it’s the other way around. Or so I’ve been told.”

“Sounds complicated.”

He shrugged. “I try not to think too hard about it. There are other looping authors, like Iris Drake - none of their stories have become loops. So, I think the answer is just no, I’m not going to bring new people to life by writing about them.”

“Think Fakir could bring a work of fiction into the loops?” Quackity wondered. “His thing is story spinning, right? Where whatever he writes comes to life?”

Karl frowned. “That’s - actually a good question. Hang on.” He sent the question to Niki telepathically, and after a moment, got a response. “Seems like the answer is no. They’ve put limiters on his power to confine it to single-loop only affects, so he doesn’t rewrite the multiverse by accident or something.”

They all shivered a bit at the idea.

“Whatever the case is, it’s really cool that you’re gonna write a novel.” Sapnap smiled at him, squeezing his hand. “I can’t wait to read it.”

Karl smiled back, and for a moment, the three of them just sat there, content in the fact that they were finally all together.

Then Quackity’s belly rumbled. “Okay, dinner time. Who’s up for Enchiladas? And Sapnap, you’re still banned from the kitchen.”

“What? Why?”

“Because you’re so bad at cooking you burn water! How do you even *do that!*?”

Sapnap pouted.

34.4 (credit to Blue_Sheepy)

“Here’s an idea,” Tom offered, sipping his drink. “Most interesting way you’ve used any sort of clones. Mikasa glitches don’t count. For me, it was making an army of Toms to defeat the Taint, and then conquer the rest of the isles.” Next to him, Jordan groaned, clearly remembering that, and Puffy patted her friend’s shoulder sympathetically.

“I made five hundred NPC Grian’s, once,” Grian admitted. “They terraformed that entire world into entirely rustic houses and nothing else.”

Quackity smirked. “A bunch of shadow clones, surrounding Schlatt, all screaming in Spanish at him. When he seemed like he might understand what they were saying, I had them switch to Latin.” After defeating Technoblade, Quackity had been noticeably less inclined to Sakura Syndrome, and far more content with the loops in general, although they were still keeping an eye on him. “It’s too bad we can’t do Mikasa glitches, otherwise I would’ve said the time I played every single role in every trial in the loop.”

“You know how there are a bunch of versions of me running around in the In Between?” Everyone nodded. “Well, I gathered them all up, helped them remember who they were, and we all defeated the In Between and it’s hold on time together, before moving to the Other Side.”

“One time I replaced Jango Fett, which meant that all the clones in the Clone Wars were mine,” False offered. “I didn’t ask for a Boba Fett equivalent though, wasn’t interested in raising a kid, and I had not-dying at Mace Windu’s hands to worry about.”

Tommy finished off his slice of cake. “Remember when the five of us were awake during the revolution, and each of us made a hundred shadow clones?”

Fundy smirked. “How could I forget? The look on the Dream Team’s face was priceless when they saw five-hundred and five “people” marching towards them. I think Eret got that on camera.”

“I did,” Eret confirmed, smirking. Next to them, Sapnap rolled his eyes, having not been awake for that.

“Not really a funny story, but one time I Awoke in a solo-loop after just having replaced Sans in a genocide variant. And in the new loop, it was a solo-realm, I was the president of New L’Manberg, and Wilbur hadn’t died, but he had left with Phil, Techno, and Tommy, who Unawake me had convinced to leave. Dream was trying to pull the same shit on me that he did on Tommy, and I just couldn’t deal.” Tubbo sighed. “I made a magic clone and put all the non-looping memories in him, and let him run the country while I left to go take a vacation loop.”

He frowned. “I know I probably should’ve stayed, but I had just watched versions of my friends being slaughtered and had awoken too late to stop that. I was in no state to run a country.”

Jordan gave him a side hug, and Niki squeezed his arm. “No one blames you for something like that. Promise.”

Tubbo nodded, although he still looked guilty, before clearing his throat. “Any happier clone stories?”

“Used the Oculus to make an entire city of Xephos,” Honeydew snickered. “Then I set up a Hunger Games.”

“*Asshole.*”

34.5 (credit to Thing_of_Trash)

Sam cringed as he looked upon the... rather gruesome scene. “We should stop him. Like right now.”

Ray shook her head. “Best to let Zack get it out of his system. You said all the eggheads have at least three lives, right? It’ll be fine. And he’s going after the egg itself next. It’s all good.”

Sam looked at her, mortified. “I don’t think most of the red in the room is from the egg at this point.” Zack was still cackling maniacally as he took on Bad, and at this point, Sam rushed in to intervene.

He *really* didn’t want to have a fused loop with the home loop of these two people.

34.6

Sapnap Awoke, finding himself standing in a small diamond shape with George, Antfrost, and BadBoyHalo, surrounding Dream. There was a long moment of silence, and then Dream shoved George and started running, the rest of them giving chase.

Bad shouted out a death threat to Dream, and Sapnap couldn’t help but laugh. At this point, if he used his looping skills, he could snap his fingers, clap his hands, or simply throw some fireballs to take care of their target. But that wasn’t the point, nor was it as fun.

Normally he had to tread carefully around an early loop Dream, as much as he hated it, due to the variety of versions his friend could be. He always tried to give Dream the benefit of the doubt, but he also wasn’t an idiot. There were some Dream’s that needed to be taken down, even if it always hurt to do so.

But Manhunt Dream was always good, always kind, and fun, and at most mischievous. Sapnap never had to worry about his threat levels, or work himself in a panic because he

wanted to join L'Manberg, but knew that might hurt Dream's mental state even more.

He didn't have to worry about a George who couldn't be bothered by any suffering, or a Bad and Ant who were possessed by an eldritch egg. He could just have fun with his friends (and occasional dad).

And he really did miss his friends.

Sapnap hung back throughout most of the manhunt, only interfering to help the other avoid traps he knew were coming. Eventually, they made it to the End, and he went in for the kill, neatly dodging Dream's attacks before slicing him in half with a diamond sword he kept specifically for Manhunts - it was the strongest sword he could reasonably explain.

His breath hitched, and he calmed himself. *Infinite lives. He wasn't taking a good Dream's last life. It was fine.*

The other hunters cheered, and Sapnap laughed along with them. They took care of the dragon themselves and headed back to the surface, where Dream was waiting with an easy smile.

"You got me," he laughed, punching Sapnap on the arm lightly. "Seriously, you've really improved since our last Manhunt. Or have you been holding out on us?"

It was a teasing tone, but it still stung a little, for reasons Sapnap wasn't sure he could explain. "It's best to be full of surprises, isn't it?" He offered.

"Absolutely," Antfrost agreed. "Should we set up camp now that we're done? Might as well hang around now that the hunt's over."

Everyone agreed, and started grabbing more materials, Sapnap walking alongside Dream and George.

Next loop, they might go back to an apathetic sleeper and an evil maniac, but for now, they were the friends he loved, and he would always cherish these loops.

34.7

"You know, this whole thing is really dumb," Tommy pointed out flatly, having just awoken in the vault. A check of the loop memories showed that this version of him hadn't paid Punz, so they were on their own. "I mean, your plan is super flawed."

Dream looked at him through the mask, and Tommy could imagine he was raising an eyebrow. "Oh really?"

Tubbo, also newly awake, was quick to pick up Tommy's thread. "Yeah. I mean, how do you expect this," he gestured at the hall of attachments, "-to make everyone a 'happy family'"

again? You really think this will let you control the server?”

“Honestly,” Tommy shook his head dramatically. “It’ll just make everyone mad at you. They’d all team up to take you out. And what do you think Bad would do if you actually managed to capture Skeppy and put him in that tiny hole?” They’d seen what would happen if Dream managed that, as a matter of fact. The results weren’t pretty.

“Plus, you think people would like or accept you at all? Forget just being intimidated into following your whims, everyone would hate you more than they already do. You think Sapnap would want to be your friend again if he saw that you wanted to control him like everyone else?” Tubbo added.

Dream’s hands clenched into fists. “Shut up. You don’t know what you’re talking about. If I have the attachments, I can control the server again! And that’s all there is to it.”

“But that’s not all there is to it,” Tommy countered. “People would fight you every step of the way. People would choose each other over objects, like I chose Tubbo. It would never work out.”

Tubbo smiled. “Also, you seem to be under the impression that you can get rid of me easily.”

“You think I can’t?” Dream practically purred, strolling towards him.

Tubbo took out a strange looking gun and blasted Dream with it. Dream shrunk down to about an inch. Tommy pulled a glass jar out of his pocket and put Dream in it, poking a few holes in the lid before screwing it on and turning to Tubbo. “You know, I don’t think either of us have been surfing in a while.”

“That does sound fun,” Tubbo agreed. “Let’s make him a little habitat and hand him off to Sam, and then we can catch some waves for the rest of the loop.”

34.8 (credit to Blackholesun321)

Quackity Awoke in what he presumed was his bedroom in his New L’Manberg home, except it was hard to tell, because everything was dark, only the barest hints of light shining through.

No, wait, that wasn’t right. There was something wrong about this.

He checked his loop memories.

...It seemed that after Techno’s failed execution, he’d aimed a little higher with that pickaxe, and cut a little deeper. Even after respawning, Quackity was almost completely blind. Which meant there was a good chance this loop was seriously gonna suck.

Or - maybe it wouldn’t. He’d replaced Bolin in the avatar world a while back, and since Toph was awake, she’d made seismic sense training mandatory for a new earthbender like him. Not

to mention, he did have the force. He could make it through.

He would make Technoblade *pay* for this, though.

The next moment, he felt a mental jolt from all the concerned messages he was getting.

<Quackity! I just checked my memories, are you alright?> Karl.

<Oh fuck, yeah I've checked that now. Do you need anything?> Sapnap.

<When do you want to go and kick Techno's ass?> Fundy.

<We got your back, Big Q.> Tubbo.

Quackity smiled. This loop would be just fine. And slowly crushing Technoblade's skull in after defeating him while blind sounded like some nice karmic justice.

34.9

"You know," Sam said, placing another word down in their Scrabble game. "It might be an eternity from now, but one day, these loops are going to end. What do you guys think you want to do when that happens?"

Everyone stopped to think about this, looking at each other curiously.

"It's hard to say," Callahan finally offered. "Everything is so unstable in our loops. Will our last loop feature a good but possessed Dream? An evil Dream? Will he bring Wilbur back to life? What will happen with the egg? Will it be a solo-realm loop, a realm-loop, or a server-loop? Will we ever see the other Minecraft loopers again? There are just too many variables."

"That's a bit of a downer," Niki said lightly. "But I get what you're saying. Our lives would just... go on, I guess. But we'd be powerful enough to handle whatever comes next in life."

"Would we even age?" Wilbur pointed out reasonably. "I mean, Tubbo and Puffy are both gods at this point, they probably wouldn't age. Will we all get a godly loop and not age anymore? Are any loopers going to be mortal when the loops are done?"

"Will Karl, Quackity, and Sapnap ever tie the knot?" Tommy snarked, laughing at their glares.

"We *will*," Quackity insisted. "And well before the loops are up. But it's Puffy and Niki who have a wedding coming up! We're waiting for a while afterwards."

"And we appreciate it," Puffy said, amused.

Tubbo frowned. “I hope we can still see the other branches after this. I can’t imagine never being able to see the Captain or Crumb or anyone else again.”

Wilbur winced, thinking of Grian. “Me neither. Nor do I like the idea of just flat out being dead when the loops are over.”

Sam sighed. “I guess all we can do is enjoy the loops while they happen. It’s an eternity away, anyways. We don’t have to think about it for an unthinkable amount of time.”

34.10

“Hello? Trixie, right? I don’t suppose you’ve been feeling loopy, lately?”

Trixie looked up to see an orange stallion with a red mane, and a fox mask cutie mark.

“Trixie is indeed. She takes it that this is a fused loop, then?”

“Yeah. Most of my fellow loopers are hanging out in Ponyville, but I heard you were looping and wanted to seek you out.” He raised a hoof. “I’m Fundy. And I was wondering if you could teach me a few tricks.”

The native looper brightened, shaking. “Trixie would be happy to! She knows all there is to know about explosions of every kind, no matter how big or small. She assumes that’s why you’ve sought her out?”

Fundy winced a little. “Actually, I was hoping you could teach me more about illusions? I’m usually a fox-hybrid, which means I’ve looped in as a kitsune a few times, as well as a wizard in the school of illusions, but you’re really well known for them, and I was hoping you had a few tricks you wouldn’t mind sharing?”

Trixie blinked, surprised for a moment, before beaming. “She would be happy to! Trixie’s been getting back to her roots lately anyways, and taking on a student for a loop would be very helpful! Come, Trixie has much to show you!”

And before Fundy could protest, or make any sort of noise, they were in Trixie’s wagon and on their way.

34.11

“I will take the ring to Mordor!”

And then Tommy Awoke. He reviewed his last sentence, and quickly realized where he was and who he was replacing, before sending out a ping.

He received three from inside the room - Tubbo, who was standing where Samwise Gamgee usually was, Aragorn, who was smiling slightly, and Gandalf, who seemed delighted for some reason.

The last ping was from farther away, and Tommy sorted through his loop memories as the people around him discussed.

He was definitely replacing Frodo, but things were clearly different. For one, an unawake George had replaced Bilbo, and rather than the dragon in the mountain being defeated, he had claimed George as his only treasure and gone back to the Shire with him, becoming a landlord of sorts, keeping some of the more pissy hobbits away from their home, and helping raise Tommy, and Tubbo, since he was over so often.

And that dragon...

Tommy grinned. No wonder Gandalf seemed so delighted.

~

“So, you’re going to fly us to Mordor and have us drop off the ring there?” Tubbo said, clearly fighting a grin and somewhat losing.

“That’s right. We gotta get rid of the bad-juju ring as soon as possible, don’t we? Might as well fly there, drop it in the fire, and head home.”

“Some problems require simple solutions, I guess,” Tommy snickered. “By the way, how did George and the dwarves react when you did the whole “George is my treasure now” thing?”

Smaugnap grinned. “Their faces were worth mountains of gold. But enough about that. I’m ready to see what Sauron does against Fire and Death.”

And honestly, Tommy was too.

Chapter End Notes

34.1 The museum is up and running!

34.2 It's Sapnap's niche now. Tommy is free! And yes, he did go blind and get clap alchemy as well. (Fullmetal Alchemist)

34.3 These are the tricky questions.

34.4 When you're this old, you're not always gonna be the epitome of morality.

34.5 Not a pretty loop, not very kind loopers. (Angels of Death)

34.6 Sapnap isn't wistful. What are you talking about?

34.7 Dream really should've thought that one through.

34.8 Being blind won't stop Quackity from kicking Techno's ass.

34.9 These are the even trickier questions.

34.10 He's learning from all kinds of experts.

34.11 Smaugnap. That is all.

35.0

Chapter Notes

It's about time, I think. I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

35.1

It was the start of a new loop, but the first thing everyone noticed was that they'd Awoken before L'Manberg, or even the camarvan. Then they realized that every looper was already in the SMP, regardless of when they normally joined.

The next thing they took note of was the fact that it was a server-loop.

And the final thing was the *sheer amount* of pings they received.

Puffy turned to Niki with a smile. "I think it's time."

Niki grabbed her fiancé's hand. "I think so too. Let's go tell the Hermits they can finally set things up."

Around them, their family and fellow loopers cheered, setting out to prepare.

It was finally time for the wedding.

"This is the one then?" Wiess clarified, looking at the oddly shaped portal.

"It does say *Dream SMP* on it, so I'd guess so," Blake said dryly. "Apparently Callahan got every guest on the list secretly whitelisted, so we should be all good to go."

"Then what are we waiting for?" With that, the group of Remnant loopers all stepped through the portal, and for a moment, their vision went purple. The next moment, they seemed to be in the middle of a small patch of woods, a simple stone building next to them, and a man with a white bandana leaning up against it.

He perked up as soon as he saw them. "Remnant loopers? Ruby Rose is your anchor?"

Ruby waved. "That's me!" I'm guessing you're the newest looper? Tubbo mentioned you."

He nodded. "I'm Sapnap. I've been greeting everyone as they arrive. It's nice to meet you guys." He took out his comm and typed something in, before all of their comms chimed in unison. "Alright, the coordinates have been sent to all of your comms. We've got a number of

boats set up for anyone who wants to take one, as it's a ways overseas... but I'm pretty sure you'll know it when you see it."

"Thanks for your help," Jaune offered. The new looper smiled and waved them on their way. The decently sized group headed towards the coordinates, eventually approaching the aforementioned ocean. Stationed at the beach was a very fancy dock, filled with all sorts of different boats and ships in varying sizes and colors.

The group studied the boats.

"Want to take the Yacht?"

"Why not? We are going to a wedding, after all." A minute later, they were on their way.

Yang leaned up against the railings, checking the numbers on her comm again. "I wonder why that Sapnap guy said we would know it when we see it."

"You know," Cinder called from near the front, staring out in front of her, yelling to be heard over the sound of the boat engine. "I think I can see why!"

Coming into view was not some church, or arena, or even castle. It was an entire landmass. The mountains were shaped into perfect peaks with perfect views. The houses and massive buildings weren't entirely uniform, but shared the same sort of theme, that of Greek architecture mixed with fairy-like fantasy. Beacons of all colors, but mainly pinks, light blues, reds, and yellows, dotted the entire landscape. And the trees and forests couldn't be natural, the leaves either pink, rainbow, or golden.

Nora whistled appreciatively. "They really went all out on this, didn't they?"

They docked their boat at a dock that looked identical to the one they had taken it from, stepping onto the almost supernaturally green grass and limestone sidewalks. Just as they'd all finished getting off the boat, a very familiar sixteen-year-old, already in a white shirt and suit jacket, ran up to them, looking haggard.

"Hi! Hello, it's good to see you guys." Tubbo smiled, and although the happiness was genuine, there was some clear tension in his eyes. "Right, we've got places set up for everyone here. I thought Maria was coming...?"

"She wasn't awake this loop," Sun informed him.

"Right. Okay. That's one extra space, I can make do." He took a deep breath. "Sorry. Lots to organize. Well, you guys are early! We're holding the wedding in a couple months, so we've got a lot of activities set up before then. Housing for visitors is down the path to the immediate left. I'm glad most of you could make it."

"We're glad as well." Ruby gave her little brother a hug. "I'm a little surprised at the place though. I thought you said they wanted this wedding to be low-key?"

"This is low-key for the Hermits," Tubbo said with fond exasperation. "If they weren't doing low-key, the entire server would be terraformed."

“That sounds like them,” Glynda, with the air of one who had dealt with the Hermits before, agreed. “You don’t have your scars this loop, as well, that’s a bit different.”

Tubbo smiled wryly. “Well, we haven’t had the time to play politics this loop, have we? No scars, no stress. No, that’s a lie. I’m very stressed. But it’s going to be great!”

“I’m certain it will be,” Ozpin assured him. “Are we going to have to worry about people such as Technoblade? Or Dream, for that matter?”

Tubbo shook his head. “There are charms around the island designed to ward off specific people, like the two you mentioned. If they somehow broke through those, Sam’s got Pandora’s Labyrinth ready to go. And plenty of guests here from different loops, who I’m not allowed to name for privacy reasons, would be *very* pissed off if someone interrupted Puffy’s wedding. The most we need to worry about is mobs, and every inch of this place is lit up, so we’re good on that end as well.”

Ruby looked at him critically. “Are you sure you’re okay?”

“I promise. I just have about fifteen more things to check off in the next fifteen minutes, Sapnap said the Doki Doki loopers just arrived, and I have no idea where Joe is, he was supposed to meet me half an hour ago, but everything will be fine!”

Yeah, she wasn’t buying that for a second. “If you say so. But we will talk later!”

“Of course, of course.”

“Come on, please?”

Oscar patted the bride’s shoulder sympathetically. “Sorry Ms. Nihachu. It wouldn’t be fair to make you do the work for your own wedding, would it?”

“But it’s not work, it’s what I love!” Niki protested. “It’ll help keep my mind off the stress!”

Natsuki, Steve, and Tristan, who were also in the unfairly massive and spectacular kitchen, were less sympathetic. “You can cook more in your spare time,” Tristan offered, “But leave the wedding food to us. Go enjoy the celebrations for your actual wedding. I promise you’ll still have fun.”

“And won’t it be better to see the wedding cake when it’s finished?” Natsuki pointed out. “You don’t want to spoil the surprise so early, trust me.”

"We've got this all handled," Steve assured her. "I promise you, it'll be well worth the wait."

“Fine, fine.” Niki sighed. She did understand the reasoning behind it. And she could probably get some more baking done in her spare time anyways, to get rid of her pre-wedding jitters. At least neither of them had to go through the awkwardness of asking for permission from the other’s parents or anything. It could be much worse.

It was at this point that the kitchen doors slammed open and Fundy dashed through, an orange blur with panic seeping into the force. When he left, there were four cupcakes less than there were when he entered.

The doors slammed open again, and this time it was Wilbur. "Get back here you horrible child!" The man grabbed a cupcake for himself and was gone as fast as he came.

There was a dangerous glint in Natsuki's eyes. "Hang on. I think I have two people to hunt down."

Niki laughed. "Yeah, I'll be going now. Sorry to bother you guys."

Maybe if she just tasted a little bit of the batter though first...

"I saw that!"

"This is a very impressive guest list," Jordan said, looking over all the people. "I didn't know you knew so many folks from all over the multiverse."

"Yes, well." Puffy smiled lightly, trying to gauge just how sarcastic her friend was being. "I do meet a lot of interesting people, especially in my line of work."

"Oh, certainly." Jack Sparrow peered over Jordan's shoulder. "I mean, Naoki, Alucard—"

"Despite his reputation, he's actually an excellent psychologist!"

Joe interrupted from where he was sitting. "Puffy," Despite his light tone, his smile was a bit strained. "I don't want to alarm anyone, but I saw *Dio Brando* lurking around the back of the island. Isn't that a bit much?"

"He won't be causing trouble," Puffy insisted. "I promise. He really wanted to come. Niki knows and is fine with it. And I let Sam know, he's got the Labyrinth ready, just in case. It'll be fine. I did say all of my patients could come."

"You did say that," Jordan agreed. "Alright. Just, let's try and have someone keep an eye on him, alright?"

"Alright," she conceded. "Just... don't start any trouble unless it's truly necessary."

"It's good to see you both again," Calliope said, eyes shining as brightly as her smile. "I don't suppose any of you have met my sisters yet?"

"We haven't," Tommy agreed, looking at the eight other muses chatting with some of the other guests. "I guess I didn't think we'd have nine admins in our loop at the same time. It's wild."

"Oh, a few others are planning on coming," Calliope corrected gently. "I know Nut, Hestia, and Poseidon would both like to attend as well."

Tubbo, to his credit, did not twitch. “Of course. I assume you can deal with housing on your own, or should I alert the Hermits?”

“We will be fine, but thank you.” She turned to Puffy and Niki. “If I may ask, have you found someone to officiate your marriage yet?”

“We’ve been considering our options,” Puffy admitted.

“I see. Then, may I offer my own services for this task? It would be an honor to officiate for my loopers.”

The momentary silent communication between the two brides was not one that needed telepathy to be understood. “We would be honored, Calliope. Thank you.”

“You have them?” Niki asked, trying hard to contain her enthusiasm.

Sam nodded. “I do.” And from two small velvet cases, he produced two *spectacular* rings. “The bands are orichalcum mixed with several different kinds of stardust. They’ll survive a hundred simultaneous nuclear blasts, which is good, considering a certain anchor.”

The two women chuckled and nodded appreciatively. “And the gems?”

“Rubies, sapphires, and pink diamonds, none of which are obtainable in our normal Minecraft world. I did ask around and get a bit of help on the enchantments - in the worst case scenario, or right before the end of every loop, they’ll slip back into your pockets for safekeeping.”

Puffy squeezed his hand. “Thank you, Sam. This is absolutely amazing.”

Sam smiled. “I’m just glad I could help. This does count as my wedding gift to you two, of course. I didn’t have much time to focus on getting a separate present.”

“Of course,” Niki assured him. “And it’s an amazing wedding gift. It’ll be wonderful to finally put them on.”

“Alright, you’re not looking?”

“I’m not looking,” Niki promised fondly. “Just tell me when.”

“Will do. Wait for it... wait for it... okay, now you can look!”

Niki removed the blindfold from her eyes and couldn’t hold in her gasp.

In front of her was one of the most beautiful wedding dresses she’d ever seen. It was somehow both pure white and soft blue. Any small ripple from the breeze sent glowing specks of starlight rippling across the fabric, as though riding on waves. The sleeves were mostly see through, with the same white-blue flowers decorating the lace.

“Well?” Tommy asked, a bit nervously.

“It’s... it’s everything I could’ve dreamed of,” Niki finally managed, choking up. “All that and more. Tommy, it’s beautiful.”

Tommy looked both proud and immensely relieved. “I did have the looping world’s premiere fashion master helping me out, especially with some of the weaving.”

“But he did most of it,” Rarity piped up. The Equestrian loopers were in their more human-like form from their mirror human world, adorned with horse ears, tails, and wings that signified them as hybrids. “Don’t undersell yourself, dear. Want to explain to her what it’s made of?”

“Right! So, the dress itself is comprised of a mix of carbon-nanoweave and tectonicum. But you did mention you wanted a slightly sea-themed dress, so it’s woven with moonlight and sea breezes, which causes the starlight ripple-effect.”

Niki ran her fingers gently along the fabric. It was smoother than silk. “It’s perfect. Thank you, both of you.”

Tommy gave her a salute. “Of course. TailorInnit always delivers. Puffy’s dress is also finished, but we’re not gonna show you that. You’ve got to wait until the wedding itself.”

“I can manage,” she chuckled.

There was a small commotion outside, and all three of them were drawn to the sound. Curiously, Niki walked over to the doors and opened them, looking for the source of the noise.

“*FINALLY!* After so many birch-darned years of waiting, so many times that Twilight and Tommy have talked about you, we finally have a loop together! You’re gonna get the *biggest twigging party*!”

“Um, Pinkie?” Tubbo hedged nervously. “You do realize we’re in the middle of planning a wedding for my sister, right? And that said wedding is the big thing everyone is here for? And I don’t want a party to take away from her rightful spotlight?”

Pinkie Pie stood stock still, staring at him. Tubbo reasonably backed away.

“I should probably go save him,” Rarity sighed fondly.

Tommy just smirked. “I’ll get the popcorn.”

“I haven’t seen you around much,” Anakin noted, finishing his round of sabacc with his opponent. “It’s nice to catch up.”

“It is,” Eret agreed. “I’ve been helping Niki with her wedding jitters. She’s so excited it’s made her nervous, so it’s basically my job until the wedding to bring her back down to earth.”

“I’ve been doing the same for Puffy,” Karl admitted. “Although Sparrow constantly coming in to steal his “Rum buddy” has led to some pretty wild shenanigans anyways. Three crowns.” The other two groaned, and he collected the round’s winnings.

The sides of Anakin’s mouth quirked. “There’s going to be a lot of drunken revelry at the party, isn’t there?”

“Well, one of the brides is a pirate captain,” Eret pointed out sensibly.

“And I’ve been making sure Quackity isn’t giving out “the good shit” to anyone who really shouldn’t be having any.” Karl sighed. “Don’t get me wrong, I love him more than life, but he does tend to get carried away with these thing occasionally.”

“Occasionally.”

“A lot. But it’s endearing.” Karl smiled. “He’s definitely calmed down though - Sap went Smaugnap to fly over here, and napping up against his dragon form is like leaning against a warm leathery marshmallow. Quackity’s probably asleep right now.”

“Foolish wasn’t on the guest list?” Niki looked over the list curiously. “Why is that?”

Puffy winced. “Loop specific. He was on the list, but he and I have never interacted in this loop variant. Same with me and this Dream.” She sighed. “I wish my boys could be here for my wedding, but...”

“I’m really sorry, Puffy.”

“Don’t be! Everything else is perfect, so I have little to complain about.” She smiled. “Besides, I’ll see them again soon, as my kids. And if Foolish starts looping, we’ll be sure to share the memories with him.”

“Tubbo,” Jordan said gently. “Tubbo, you need to take a break.”

“No, I still have things to do! Tomorrow’s the big day, I can’t... I have to...”

“Your dad’s right,” Ruby said gently. “You’ve worn yourself thin. You need to get some rest.”

“No, I’m... I’m fine. I can keep going.”

Eret frowned. “You have visible bags under your eyes,” they pointed out. “You don’t want to have those during the wedding, do you?”

“...No. Course not.” He blinked wearily up at them. “Do I really look that bad?”

“If you’re going for designer eyebags look, it’s not too shabby,” Grian joked.

Wilbur elbowed him sharply, before patting Tubbo’s back. “You’ve organized the entire wedding, the construction, the timing, the plans, and kept Yggdrasil knows how many people

entertained for the past few months. You've got a lot of us here to help you. Let us handle the rest, alright?"

"I can't thank you enough for all the hard work you've put into my wedding," Niki said kindly. "But I would appreciate it even more if you were well rested for tomorrow, alright?"

"Get some fucking sleep," Tommy pitched in.

Tubbo looked up, narrowing his eyes at all of them. "This feels weirdly like an intervention. Remind me why I agreed to have so much family again?"

"To keep you from pulling stunts like this," Eret offered.

"Also because you love us!" Ruby chirped.

"Hmm." And with that, Tubbo finally collapsed into Jordan's arms.

Jordan laughed fondly. "I'll get him home safe and sound."

Tommy stepped up next to him. "I'll come with you. See you all tomorrow!"

The main event was to be held at the top of the tallest mountain. It was open air, filled with gardens and beautiful flowers, as well as intricate quartz pillars encircling and dotted within the seating area. Butterflies of every color fluttered about among the guests, lighting up the starlit sky.

Standing in the front was Calliope, wearing a simple Chiton, and smiling at the vast audience. "Welcome, everyone! My name is Calliope, and I am to be officiating this wedding. If the brides may..."

Down one aisle, Jordan offered his arm with a smile. "How are you feeling?"

"Nervous," Puffy admitted. "This is the big day, the big moment, and I'm a bundle of nerves. I've waited so long, and I'm so excited, and now my stomach is all butterflies."

"That's perfectly normal," Jordan assured her. "And you have nothing to be nervous about."

She smiled. "I know."

Down the other aisle, Niki took her sibling's arm, and Eret asked her the same question. "How are you feeling?"

"You know?" Niki mused. "I've been so nervous all loop. But now? I think the nerves have flown away. I'm just ready." She smiled at them. "Thank you, Eret. For being my sibling. For being there all the way back in my first loops, when I was so nervous and unsure of myself. Back then, I never would've imagined where I am today, and you've been here for the whole journey."

Eret held back their own tears. “It’s been one hell of a journey. And you’re the best little sister I could’ve ever asked for.”

At Calliope’s cue, they walked down the aisle together.

Niki’s heart nearly stopped when she saw what Tommy and Rarity had done for Puffy’s outfit.

If Niki’s was woven with moonlight, then Puffy’s must’ve been woven with sunlight, the pale golden dress shimmering with soft golden rays of light. Her dress was sleeveless, the straps decorated in a rainbow of colored flowers.

If Niki’s outfit was meant to invoke a moonlit night on the sea, Puffy’s captured a bright summer’s day, enjoying one’s home.

“We are gathered here today,” Calliope continued, as they approached each other. “To celebrate the marriage of Niki Nihachu and Captain Puffy. Marriage is not a concept loopers take lightly, as to be married is to be bound for a lifetime and beyond, and a looper’s lifetime extends far beyond that “beyond”. But when two souls are bound together so dearly, sometimes they may break that divide of eternity, and partake in that special union mortals hold so dear. Now, if you two would state your vows.”

“Niki, you are the light of my eternity, and as long as our eternity lasts, I promise to love you with everything that you deserve, to stay by your side through your best and worst times, and to be the woman you agreed to marry.”

“Puffy, for the rest of our days, as long as the loops may last and beyond, I swear to stay by your side, to comfort and support and protect, whatever you may need. To help you through your best and worst times, and to be the woman you asked to marry.”

Calliope smiled at the two. “Do you accept these vows?”

“I do.”

“I do.”

“Then, with the power vested in me, I pronounce you both officially wed.”

Puffy, dropping all formalities, pick Niki up and spun her in a circle as her wife (her *wife!*) laughed.

Dawn broke on the new couple.

It was speeches time, and Eret was the first one to go up.

“Niki is my little sister,” They began, “And so I’m mostly inclined to talk about her, and so I will. Variant loops notwithstanding, Niki has one of the kindest hearts anyone has the pleasure to meet. She delights in helping others, in making the world a kinder, softer place. I’m so immeasurably proud of her.”

“And though Puffy might not be my sibling, as the first outside of our anchors to loop, I feel that I know all my fellow loopers very well. And so I can say with certainty that my sister has chosen a kind soul to match her own. They’re both wonderful for each other, and anyone who spends any time around them can see it.”

They raised their glass. “Niki, you deserve all of the happiness you’ve been given. Puffy, I look forward to having you as a sister-in-law.”

~

“I’m not very good with speeches and all,” Tommy said, to which there was a smattering of hecklers disagreeing with him. “Okay, sometimes I’m great at it. And I wish this was one of those times, but really, I don’t quite know what to say.”

“In our baseline, Niki is one of the kindest people I knew. Then she tried to kill me, which admittedly really sucked. But this Niki? Looping Niki? She’s all of baseline Niki’s best qualities, and then some. She’s amazing, and kind, and understanding, and really badass. She’s just, a ton of different admirable things, wrapped up in one.”

“And Puffy, she was one of the few adults to see that I was struggling, to care, and to reach out to make things better. That alone should say so much about her character: that she’s empathetic and kind, and always ready to help.”

“To the new couple!” He finished, “And let the rest of us hope the merging doesn’t destroy the world with its pure wholesomeness!”

~

Tubbo was the next to speak.

“Loops work in strange ways,” he began. “That’s something we all know. As co-anchor, I was one of the two to first start looping, and so in a sense, I’m older than Niki. But at the same time, she is my older sister. I’ve watched her grow and change, from struggling with her first loops due to her very first being a variant, to growing into her new skills and talents, to learning how to take control of her own narrative, while still retaining that same kindness that always defined her. And in all that time, few times have I seen her shine as brightly as when she discovered Puffy was looping. For what it’s worth, Puffy earned my approval in that moment alone, and then earned it again a million times over.”

He turned to Puffy. “Puffy, you might be the best thing to have come out of our loops. The sheer number of people who you’ve helped, who you’re continuing to help, is absolutely staggering. Your compassion knows few bounds, your love limitless. I know Niki is in the very best of hands. And not only that, but you are in the best of hands as well.”

He smiled at the crowd. “To the new couple!”

~

“I’ve been told I’m good with flowery speeches,” Wilbur said lightly. “I will try to make this as short and sweet as possible however, because I know there are so many people waiting to speak after me.”

“Niki: we’ve known each other for a very long time. We were good friends before the loops started. And when I look at you, knowing who you were before the loops, and who you are now, I see someone who has seized eternity by the reins and made it her own. I look at you and see someone who’s innate kindness, compassion, and bravery only grew stronger as eternity went on. You deserve every moment of the happiness you have, and every moment of the happiness to come.”

“Puffy, I know everyone before me has talked about your kindness, and your inner strength. I wish to commend you similarly, but in a slightly different way. When I look at you, I see the bravest, strongest person I have ever met.

“The multiverse is filled with horrors, things that wouldn’t be at all appropriate to speak of during a wedding. It is filled with tragedy, and darkness, and the sheer apathy that comes with our long lives. You looked at all that, and every moment, you chose kindness instead. Not only that, but you chose to focus yourself on helping others choose kindness as well. With every looper you help, the multiverse becomes a brighter place. The kind of dedication that takes... I couldn’t do it. Most of us couldn’t do it. But you can, and you do, and we’re all better for it.”

“This wedding is the union of two of the bravest, kindest, *strongest* people I have had the great pleasure to meet. And so I wish that all of the happiness you have given to others, you will receive tenfold in your lives together.”

~

“I’m a relatively new looper, especially compared to everyone who’s talked before me,” Sapnap admitted. “Eret, Tubbo, Wilbur, Karl, Sam... everyone has known you forever.”

“I might not have known you two for that long. Hell, you were already engaged when I started looping. But I have still been around you two for a while, and I’ve got one thing to say.”

He raised his glass. “It’s about damn time!”

~

It took Jack Sparrow a moment to realize he was on stage. When he did, he raised his glass. “To the happy couple! And many more to come!”

~

“I remember the first time I met Niki, when Puffy wasn’t looping yet,” Katarina said. “I remember Niki talking about her, and how kind and warm and loving she was, and how much she missed her. Now that I know Puffy, I can say she was absolutely correct, which is good, because I would be rather upset if she wasn’t.”

She grinned. “Puffy, you are one lucky lady, with one dedicated wife. Make sure to cherish her forever!”

~

“I’ll be honest, I’m here because of Puffy,” Naoki said, right off the bat.

“It’s one thing for loopers to have a degree in therapy from some loop or another, most of us have those. It’s another thing to generally practice psychology as a habit. But to devote a massive part of your looping existence to being a therapist for any looper who needs it?”

“I won’t say she’s saved lives, because lives don’t mean much to loopers. But she has saved minds.”

He nodded at Niki. “I trust Puffy’s judgement, so I’m sure you’re amazing. Treat her right, because she deserves all that and more.”

~

“I was there for their first fused loop together,” Tristan informed the crowd. “And every time I’ve seen them since, they’ve been just as in love, if not moreso. I’d wish you two luck, but I know you won’t need it. To all your happy memories yet to come!”

“Gifts time!” Quackity cheered. He, Sapnap, and Karl were the first to make it over to the couple. “And ours first, since we’re here now. It’s from all three of us.”

“Alright then,” Puffy chuckled, opening up their present to reveal a sturdy book. As she and Niki flipped through it, they could already see items and photos in there of previous loops. The photos were moving, and the items had... feelings, to them?”

“It’s a memory book,” Karl explained. “Like a photo album mixed with a pensieve, of sorts. You can store genuine memories and feelings in whatever you put in here, to be viewed later at your pleasure.”

Niki ran her fingers over the spine. “It’s wonderful. Thank you so much!”

~

“Necklaces?” Niki wondered, looking at the admittedly very pretty jewels on their very pretty chains.

“Only sort of,” Tubbo admitted. “They’re like the compasses Tommy and I have.”

“Oh.” With more reverence, Puffy slipped hers on. “It fits perfectly.”

Niki gave her little-older brother a hug. “This was so thoughtful and sweet of you.”

“I aim to please.” Tubbo hugged back. “Also I can actually stay awake for this whole wedding, so thanks.”

“Thank *you*,” Niki insisted softly. “For *everything*.”

~

Puffy’s eyes widened as she scrolled through the comm attachment. “That’s a lot of music.”

Wilbur grinned. “Sea shanties. Every single one I could find, from every universe, and every variant.”

“Best. Wedding gift. Ever.” Niki couldn’t help but burst into laughter at that.

~

“This is code-loop only,” Fundy admitted, and he passed on his and Callahan’s gift. “But during a code loop, if you use it, you’ve essentially got a portable honeymoon island paradise, with all sorts of ships and farms. It’s coded so that only you two can access it, at the moment, but if you want to, you can switch that up.”

~

“I know you’re collecting ships, right?” Anakin asked. Puffy nodded curiously. The occasional sith lord grinned.

Then he took a star destroyer out of his pocket. “This one’s all yours.”

Niki had to help get Puffy’s jaw off the ground.

~

“It’s not much, Eret admitted. “But I got you lots of home supplies. Cutlery from a bunch of different loops, instant toasters and blenders, that sort of thing.”

Niki gave them a massive hug. “*Thank you! Finally.* We haven’t gotten a single toaster yet!”

The dancing was an extremely festive affair. It was still outside, as they didn’t have to worry about weather. There were tables on the sides of the dance floor filled with every healthy food and tasty treat imaginable, and then some.

On the dance floor, Niki and Puffy shared the first dance, as was tradition. But others quickly filled in, some dancing formally, others making it up as they went along. The three - and now only - Dream SMP fiancés were doing a hilarious mix of a three-way dance and taking turns with each other. Grian and Mumbo seemed to be doing some sort of jig, Joe and Cleo were careening across the dance floor wildly, and Tommy was flat out riding on Kamina’s shoulders, and their “dance” seemed a bit more like “bucking bronco.”

Others were more serious - Katarina and Maria were gliding along the dance floor, as were Fakir and Ahiru, Jordan and Tom were talking quietly as they danced, Aaron was twirling Aphmau around, and now that Wilbur had all the music working on its own, he had taken Eret out on the dancefloor, the two of them taking turns with Fundy. By the tables, Tubbo and

Twilight were having some sort of invested discussion while Callahan, Etho, and Kakashi tried to take their snacks.

“I think,” Puffy murmured to her wife, “That this has all been a rousing success.”

“I couldn’t agree more.”

The party itself was getting steadily more wild as the day went on. More than one person was heavily drunk. Quackity sipped his drink and watched, amused, as people stumbled around. “You guys think we should have anything like this when we finally get married?”

Karl looked thoughtful. “That’s a tricky question, isn’t it?”

“It is really nice,” Sapnap pointed out.

There was a loud bang, and then Sam ran past them. “DIO had too much to drink,” he said hurriedly. “I’m letting him out of the Labyrinth when he sobers up.”

They watched him go, and finally, Quackity spoke again. “Hey, what do you guys think of eloping and just telling everyone about our wedding later?”

“Vegas wedding?”

“Vegas wedding.”

“Alright everyone!” Puffy jumped to the middle of the dance floor, looking cheerful. “I’m gonna lead everyone in a very special song.” A lot of heads turned her way.

“~*There once was a ship that put to sea...~*”

It didn’t take long for everyone, drunk or not, to join in.

“~*SOON, MAY THE WELLERMAN COME!~*”

“It’s been an amazing loop,” Niki murmured, leaning up against her wife. “Everything I ever imagined and more.”

“Yeah,” Puffy agreed. “It’s hard to believe it’ll be over in a few minutes.” She smiled.

“Except it won’t really, will it? We’ll still be married.”

“We will,” Niki confirmed softly, still basking in the wonder of having Puffy as her wife.

“And every day is a new adventure, from tomorrow onwards.”

The loop Puffy and Niki awoke in was not their own, evidenced by the elements that in even their world seemed like fantasy. Still, it was absolutely beautiful.

There was a note in Niki's pocket. She took it out and held it up for Puffy to see.

"Enjoy the next thousand loops! They're honeymoon loops, just for you two. -Calliope."

"A new adventure every day," Puffy repeated, smiling.

Niki grinned back. "I guess that starts right now."

Chapter End Notes

35.1 And so goes the long awaited wedding!

36.0

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the late update, things have been wild irl. I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

36.1

George stared up at the wall of L'Manberg in utter confusion. "Um, Sapnap?"

Sapnap looked down at him with a grin. "Yeah?"

"Why are you standing with L'Manberg?"

Sapnap blinked. "Oh, right." There was a brief pause, and then his usual clothes were switched out for a L'Manberg uniform. "I've decided to fight for freedom! And also for cookies."

"It's true," Wilbur nodded sagely. "L'Manberg has cookies that are better than the SMP could ever dream of making. It's our main selling point." Next to them, Fundy bit back a snicker. "Would you like to join us as well?"

"Absolutely not," Dream snapped. "Deserting for cookies, I can't believe-!"

"To be fair." Tommy took a bite of a chocolate chip cookie. "They're *very* good cookies."

The remaining SMP fighters were easily beaten, after that.

~

"Why are you here, Sapnap?"

Sapnap winced, looking at Dream's tired and hurt expression. "Look, Dream I..."

It was hard to think of what to say, these loops. As fun as fighting for L'Manberg was (and it was a lot of fun!), it still meant fighting against his old friends. His original friends. It was why he didn't do it all the time, despite that meaning he had to resign himself to being on the losing side. A young looper like him couldn't win the war against their two anchors, much less when all of L'Manberg was looping, after all.

And fighting against L'Manberg meant hurting the people he'd befriended. Sure, he couldn't even touch the loopers, and that made it easier, but when they weren't looping, it was far too easy to hurt them, and he hated it. It made him feel like he hadn't changed at all.

But when he did fight for L'Manberg, he was betraying Dream's trust. And Dream was already so unbalanced most of the time.

Sapnap knew, he *knew*, that often there wasn't much he could do to change Dream's fate. He knew because he tried *every single damn time*. Sometimes it worked and he could prevent Dream's spiral. Sometimes Dream was already a monster, and it was hopeless from the start. When it was the latter, Sapnap would join L'Manberg immediately after finding out, and try and convince George to do the same.

This loop's Dream, he already knew, was obsessive, paranoid, and vicious. Not someone he wanted to stick around with. But that didn't stop him from feeling like a failure.

Everyone kept telling him Dream's path wasn't his responsibility, and maybe a part of him knew that. But his heart couldn't accept it.

Sapnap should probably see Puffy for therapy.

Out loud, he sighed. "Dream, I'm sorry. I joined L'Manberg because I wanted to have some fun. I didn't realize it would hurt you that badly."

He could practically feel Dream glaring behind the mask. "Yeah well, maybe you should've thought about that before you did it. Why don't you go spend your time in L'Manberg, then? Since all of this is a game to you."

"Dream-"

He turned away. "Go on. You made your bed. Go lie in it."

Sapnap clenched his fists, then clapped his fingers and placed them on the ground. A wall shot up in front of Dream, stopping him in his tracks. "Listen, alright? I didn't mean - I care about you, and George! I've made other friends as well, but I haven't stopped caring. I won't ever stop caring."

Dream looked at the wall in confusion, then back to Sapnap. "Yeah, okay. Sure. Maybe show it next time." And he stepped around the wall and kept moving.

"...Okay then." *Next time. I'm not giving up on you.*

36.2

"The accused is clearly guilty! Off with her head!"

"You're handing out a punishment far too soon! Not to mention one you're not allowed to give." Quackity shot back confidently, before holding up a piece of paper. "See here? This is the list of acceptable punishments that you, the Queen of Hearts, can issue!"

Both the queen and Alice looked at him curiously, the queen with a great deal more irritation in her gaze. “And? What does it say, lawyer?”

“I’m so glad you asked.” Quackity cleared his throat, and began to read. “The possible punishments the Queen of Hearts may issue are as follows: A time out in the accused’s bedroom for two hours, a nice calming tea party that will last two hours, having to eat two whole cupcakes, or taking a two hour nap. These are the only punishments the Queen of Hearts may hand out!”

The queen’s face scrunched up, going as red as her dress. “Preposterous! Unthinkable! When did a horrid law like this pass?”

“Just a few minutes ago,” Quackity told her frankly.

“And who wrote such a law!?”

“I did, your majesty.”

The queen huffed. “And what gave you the authority to write such a terrible law?”

Quackity smirked. “Well, I’m a lawyer. And if a lawyer says something is the law, then it must be the law!”

The queen visibly deflated. “Fine. *Fine!* I hereby sentence the accused to a two hour time out! Laws, what dreadful things...” She stormed off, still muttering to herself, and the court dispersed.

Alice blinked. “Thank you very much. But how did that work?”

Quackity laughed. “Wonderland logic. If you want to defeat the Queen of Hearts in a court of law, you need to play by her rules. Which in this case means just making up everything on the spot. As long as it’s both logical and nonsensical, it’ll work.”

The Wonderland anchor nodded. “Yes, that does make sense for this nonsense. Good job, sir Quackity!”

36.3

“I’m bored,” Wilbur groaned, flopping down against the walls of Pogtopia. “I thought letting Schlatt win again might make things interesting, especially in a solo-realm loop like this, but it’s still all just the same.”

Tommy snorted. “Yeah, well. How do you think we feel? We’ve been at this shit way longer than you have.” Tubbo gave Wilbur a more sympathetic smile, but made no move to disagree. Sometimes, things were just boring.

Wilbur hummed. “Well, there’s got to be a way to spice things up.” He deliberated for a moment longer, then snapped his fingers. “Hang on. We use the Pit for unarmed fights against Technoblade, yes?”

“Yeah,” Tommy agreed. “What about it?”

His older brother leaned forward with a grin. “Why not use it for other unarmed fights? Set up some matches? Let loopers test their skills against each other? Or anyone who wants to fight?”

Tubbo grinned slowly. “Are. Are you suggesting we start a Fight Club?” His grin grew larger. “Because if that’s what you’re suggesting, I’m so in. That sounds fantastic.”

“We can keep it to unarmed fighting, in the spirit of the original Pit.” Tommy looked thoughtful now. “Spars that last until one person can no longer get up. Winners get prizes, viewers can bet on the outcome. Pogtopia can make a ton of money from this.”

“And it’ll cure our boredom issue,” Wilbur agreed. “Let’s go let everyone else know, and start advertising.”

~

Unlike almost every loop where it existed, Pogtopia was teeming with life, and positively crowded. Railings had been installed, platforms and viewing areas with plush couches and fancy tables had been created, and lanterns of different colors hung everywhere. Bake shops and flower shops and souvenir shops made the place feel far more comfortable than before, giving it a cozy feel, rather than a claustrophobic one.

And the main attraction, the one that had brought all of these people here, was starting up once more.

“And in the blue corner, we have our practitioner of the Way of the Drunken Master, the man who beat reigning champion Technoblade wearing clown shoes and no shirt, our current undisputed Champion, Alex Quackity!”

The crowd roared as Quackity sauntered in, waving to the happy crowd. He was wearing more sensible fighting clothes this time - after all, his opponent was not one to be trifled with.

Wilbur swept a hand out grandly. “And in the red corner, we have our newest fighter, a master of misdirection, coming all the way from Manberg to fight for everyone today, give it up for Fundy Soot!”

Once again, the crowd cheered, and Fundy grinned up at his supporters. Whether he won or lost, he would be sure to make this a fight for the ages.

And really, it was up in the air whether he would win or lose. Quackity was his twin looper after all, his equal.

He grinned at his opponent, easily sliding into a stance. “Whatever happens, no hard feelings?”

Quackity smirked back. "Of course. Ready to dance?"

"I'm always ready."

Wilbur pulled the gong out of his pocket. "Let the next match... begin!"

36.4

"You know something strange I've noticed about your loops?" Nate voiced, as the large mass of Ruby and Yang's adopted siblings all relaxed in the Xiao Long household.

Tubbo looked at him curiously. "What is it?"

"Well, in most worlds, about two percent of the time, we have a Genderbend variant. You've mentioned before that you guys don't have any. And it's not just that, you don't have a lot of rather common variants that other loops have."

Yang raised an eyebrow. "You know, I've been wondering that myself. What gives?"

Tubbo tapped his chin thoughtfully. "Well, we're not a hundred percent sure, but we do have some guesses. Our best guess is a little complicated - you know how we're a Minecraft roleplay?"

"It's a hard thing to miss," Grif snorted. "Plenty were surprised that you could loop at all."

"Exactly," Tubbo agreed. "We're not our streamers. We're very different people. But we're still... connected to them, I guess? I'll go with that - yeah, we're more connected to them than most worlds. Like, you might feel a certain kinship with your actors or writers, but it's not quite the same as us. We may be different, but we have their names. Some of us even have their faces. There's a closeness there."

"Okay, sure," Neptune agreed. "But, how does that relate to Genderbending?"

"Again, this is all conjecture. But that extra layer of closeness to our streamers in the hub might be preventing us from having such... extreme variants, for lack of a better word. It holds our forms and variants a little tighter, brings those percentages down much lower, maybe even to zero." Tubbo shrugged. "Again, it's all just guesswork."

"It makes sense," Ruby offered. "Oh, that's right! Didn't you want to ask Cinder something?"

Tubbo brightened. "I did." He turned to look at Cinder. "Our newest looper just had his first Star Wars loop, but it was in the Old Republic, and he looped in as a Sith Lord. I know quite a few loopers are Sith, like you and Pinkie Pie and Sayori, so I'm not worried or anything, but I was wondering if you had any tips I could pass on to him?"

Cinder considered this. “As a Sith, passion and emotions fuel our power. Tell him that he needs to let himself feel things to their fullest, but that he shouldn’t go overboard. Even Sith need to learn *some* restraint, so they don’t end up as maniacs like the baseline Sith.”

“Thanks. I’ll let him know.”

36.5 (credit to Gre_Chanka)

Eret bit down their laugh. “Sam. Sam, how did this happen?”

“This loop is glitchy as hell!” Sam complained. “I keep getting stuck in the prison walls.”

“Have you tried shooting out of them at top speeds?” Puffy offered. “You’ll get ragdolled, but at least you’ll be free from the walls. Niki tried it earlier when she got stuck in the bakery floor.”

Sam considered this. A moment later, he was launching out of the wall like he’d been fired from a cannon.

“You know,” Eret said, watching Sam fly away, “I can’t tell if this is going to be a very long loop, or a very hilarious one. It might get old pretty fast.”

“I hope not,” Puffy snickered. “At the moment, it’s way too much fun.”

36.6

Wilbur slumped down on the comfortable couches in the *Benson* with a long drawn out sigh. Niki and Sam, who were taste-testing cheesecake together, looked at him curiously. “Bad loop?”

Wilbur shook his head. “Not really. Just Phil being an asshole father again. It’s to be expected at this point, but that doesn’t mean it’s any less annoying.”

“I can imagine.” Niki headed over, cake in hand, and Sam followed. She sat down and offered her friend a slice. “Need something sweet to cheer you up?”

Wilbur took the plate gratefully. “That would be wonderful, thank you.” Still, he frowned. “How long do you think this will last? The constant switching of Phil’s fatherly abilities. It’s so hard sometimes, with how unpredictable he is. Even if it turns out that Bad Dad Phil becomes baseline, at least it would be consistent.”

Sam hummed his agreement. “You know...” he trailed off, then continued after a moment. “If the loops had started before the second time L’Manberg was blown up, and Phil started looping shortly after he arrived on the SMP, do you think he would’ve been a consistently good father?”

The other two both looked at him curiously, and he pressed on. “I mean, I started looping before the expansion. Before we found out that I was the kind of man who would leave Tommy to die, and let Quackity torture my prisoner.”

“You’re *not* that kind of man,” Niki insisted sharply.

“*I’m* not. Looping Sam isn’t. And that’s because I started looping before we found out baseline Sam *was*. If these loops had started earlier for us, before things like Doomsday, do you think Phil would have been like me?”

Wilbur looked thoughtful. “It’s hard to say. How can we know? In that vein, anyone might’ve become a very different person. Hell, you’re not the only one - from what we know, I’m very different from my baseline counterpart as well.”

The three of them thought on this for a bit, before Wilbur looked up sharply. “Were you trying to distract me from my troubles with a philosophical inquiry?”

“I was,” Sam agreed. “Did it work?”

He smiled. “A bit, yes. Thank you.”

“We all know each other far too well at this point, don’t we?” Niki giggled. “But at least there are some upsides to that.”

“Here here.”

36.7

“You looked excited,” Tommy noted, amused, as Tubbo ran up to him with a rather large grin on his face.

“That’s because I am,” Tubbo agreed cheerfully. “Okay, so my streamer’s doing this mod series, yeah?”

Tommy nodded. “Big Dig, right? That’s the one?”

“That’s the one,” his brother confirmed. “I had a loop doing that recently, and it’s a modpack with a ton of cool things that are definitely useful going forwards. In fact, I’ve started on something from there already.”

He grabbed Tommy's hand and led him around towards the back of L'Manberg, a more secluded and forest-y area where he had chosen to make his home this loop. He had built a cozy looking house, and there were already multiple farms set up.

And one of those farms...

Slowly, he turned to face Tubbo, who had the look of someone who had been waiting to say a certain joke for a very long time. "So, you know how we always talk about EXP farms?"

Tommy facepalmed. "That was shit. That was absolute shit, Tubbo." Tubbo cackled merrily, uncaring and clearly proud of himself. "So you can *grow experience points* now?"

"I can, I can." Tubbo finally finished snickering at the lame joke. "And not just experience points. I can grow pretty much anything - coal, Redstone, diamonds, you name it."

Tommy nodded approvingly. "Seems useful. I'm guessing it's a typical "bash and fun" kind of loop then? Kick ass, take names, make jokes?"

"Why not? We are the only ones awake again, after all. Sometimes it's good to get back to the classics."

36.8 (credit to Superstary56)

Wilbur Awoke in a jail cell, which was rather unusual for him. It was a really rotten and awful looking one too, like some sort of medieval dungeon.

Then a dead man fell through the ceiling, as if things weren't bad enough already. Wilbur winced and checked his memories.

...*Fuck*.

Dark Souls. He was in fucking *Dark Souls*.

At the very least, he was better at actual fighting than computer combat. Maybe he'd do even better than his one failed attempt at the game. Not to mention, he wasn't weak and helpless. He could make it through.

Wilbur reached for his pocket, and found nothing there. This was a null loop.

...He was seriously fucked.

~

"Fuck. Endering Fuck, fucking fuck," Tommy muttered eloquently, running through the tall grass.

Bad enough that he'd looped into Dark Souls 2. But having it be a null loop?

Yeah, Tommy was inhumanly skilled, due to all his experience. But when it came to loops like these, somethings all that skill meant he'd just die a few less times, and maybe only to bosses. But he was still definitely fucked. And he really didn't want to die.

Best to get through this loop as quickly as possible.

~

Fundy strolled through the Cemetery of Ash, axe and flames at the ready.

He'd figured he would eventually end up in Dark Souls, and here he was, looping into Dark Souls 3. He, Tubbo, Puffy, Sam, and Sapnap had all played the game over and over until they were experts at it, just in case they would end up here.

Hopefully, it would all pay off, null loop or not. For now, he knew exactly where to go.

The *Benson* was prepped and ready, as four people collapsed onto the couches.

"Something strong please," Wilbur begged. Callahan started preparing a drink without question.

"Where did you guys end up?" Niki finally asked, looking worried.

"Dark Souls," Wilbur groaned.

Tommy raised a hand. "Same. But the second one."

"The third," Fundy agreed.

"Bloodborne," Tubbo finally managed. "Enlightenment... ugh. Gonna pull a George."

No one questioned or disagreed with this.

36.9

Tommy *twitched*.

<Really, it's not so bad,> Tubbo tried to reassure him. <This is just how it goes sometimes, you know? You've been a music disk before.>

<Yeah, but I actually *like* music disks.>

Tubbo shrugged. <And I like chess. It's okay, I promise.>

Tommy still hated this loop.

They were all stationed on a chess board, each person a different piece. It seemed to be following Pogtopia rules - Wilbur was their king, Technoblade his queen. On the other end of the board, Schlatt was the king, and Dream his queen.

Tommy had taken a position as one of Wilbur's knights, which was fine. But Tubbo...

<I hate this,> he said aloud (metaphorically speaking). <This whole fucking tree is an asshole. You're not a pawn. You're not anyone's pawn.>

<I know that *now*.> His friend sighed. <Look, I suspected it would happen at some point anyways, and it isn't too bad. I plan on making it to the end of the board anyways, and wiping the smile off of all their faces. You do know what happens when a pawn reaches the other side, right?>

<I've spent too much time with you not to know.> Tommy allowed himself to smile a little at that. <Yeah, I got you. Are you sure you're okay, though?>

<Tommy.> Tubbo's voice was gentle but firm. <Really, I'm alright. I'm a million or so years old, and I know my worth. I know I'm far more than Dream or Schlatt or anyone in baseline ever thought I was. If they're going to always underestimate me, that's their own loss, but it's no skin off my back. I appreciate the concern, really! But I'm alright.>

Maybe it was just his nature to be worried, but Tommy wasn't so sure. He was fairly certain Tubbo had never gone to see Puffy, or any other looping therapist the multiverse had to offer. Still, he knew when to drop the issue. <Okay then. You ready to crush those guys?>

Tubbo smirked. <I'm very ready.>

36.10

Karl looked up, amused, at the massive dragon sleeping contentedly in El Rapids. "You good, Sap?"

Smaugnap looked down at him with the dragon's equivalent of a lazy smile. "Yup. Being a dragon is just nice, sometimes. And since there's probably going to be a doomsday this loop, I've got a simple, effective idea for stopping it."

"I can imagine," Karl chuckled. "I'll let the boys know you've got something planned."

~

"Dream!" Dream turned to see Sapnap facing him, frowning. "Dream, I'm gonna give you one last chance to back down, okay? I don't want to force you to stop this, but I will if I have to!"

“You really think you can?” Dream sneered. Sapnap had only ever been a useful person to have on his side, after all. And having the man think they were friends worked wonders in getting him to do whatever Dream wanted. It was a shame Tommy took Sapnap away from him, but he would get him back. He’d get everyone back. “Look around you! This is my win! You’re fighting for a lost cause.”

Sapnap sighed. “Well, at least I tried. Next time, then.”

And then Dream blinked, and in Sapnap’s place was a massive dragon, bigger than anything Dream had seen or imagined.

Everything went downhill rather fast, after that.

36.11

“I get it, you know.”

Sapnap looked over at Puffy curiously. “What do you mean?”

Puffy sipped her drink. “Dream. Speaking as a friend and not a therapist... I get it. It might not be the same, but there are a lot of variant loops where I’m his mother, adopted or otherwise. Sometimes I can save him. Sometimes I can’t. And even if I know there was nothing I could do...”

“It doesn’t stop you from feeling like a failure,” Sapnap finished heavily. He sighed, tracing a finger over the countertop of the bar. “It just sucks. Not being able to do anything those loops. I’m not blindly loyal, I know when he’s too far gone and I’ve got to cut my losses. But it still hurts. Feels like I failed as a friend.”

“Or as a parent,” Puffy agreed. “Thing is, there’s nothing we can do about it. So our best option is to help whenever he can, and prevent the horrible versions of him from hurting anyone else.”

“It might not be my place,” Callahan spoke up, from the other side of the bar. “But maybe you can think about taking down the bad Dreams as keeping them from tarnishing the good Dream’s name any further.” They both looked at him, and he held his hands up. “Hey, I’m no therapist. It’s just a suggestion.”

Sapnap considered it. “It’s not a bad suggestion,” he admitted. “I mean, we already take those Dreams down because they hurt others. But it might help the process feel less bad if there was more separating them. Kicking the nightmare’s ass to defend my friend’s honor.”

Puffy smiled. “It’s a good suggestion. Thank you, Callahan. We’ll both think about it.”

“So, you’re probably wondering why I called an all-server loopers gathering today.” False clapped her hands together cheerfully.

“Just a little bit,” Tubbo said dryly. “I had to really expand the *Benson* for this one. It’s not often that we get so many loopers awake at once. This was kind of short notice.”

Xisuma chuckled. “If it helps, she hasn’t told any of us what’s going on either. Said it had to be a big surprise.”

“Because it does!” False huffed. She looked at Callahan, who nodded, and a new Backdoor opened.

Tubbo’s breath caught in his throat at the implications.

Sure enough, False reached through the door, grabbed someone’s hand, and gently pulled them onto the flying ship. It was a woman, with long pink hair and a dark blue shirt, who looked around the *Benson* in amazement before smiling nervously at the all.

“Everyone,” False announced. “Meet Lizzie of X-Life, and our newest anchor!”

There was a moment of stunned silence, before cheers and greetings echoed from all around the ship, and Niki and Callahan immediately started preparing for the oncoming welcoming party. Aphmau rocketed out of her seat, reaching Lizzie in seconds and clasping her hands. “Finally! I’m no longer the only female anchor! Oh, this is such a relief.”

“Are we not good enough for you?” Xephos pouted.

Aphmau stuck out her tongue at him. “You’re all fine, and you know it! But it’s so exciting to have someone new!”

“False explained what was happening to me last loop, but it’s still a bit hard to wrap my head around this whole time travel thing,” Lizzie admitted, looking slightly overwhelmed.

Aphmau immediately let go. “Oh, I’m so sorry! I didn’t mean to overwhelm.”

“It’s alright, no harm done!” Lizzie insisted. “I’m sure I’ll get used to it soon enough anyways.”

“Wait!” Everyone nearby jumped, and they all turned to Tubbo, who was wide-eyed. “Lizzie is the anchor of X-Life!”

“Yes...?” Zane hedged, not comprehending.

“Guys. You know who else is in X-Life, right?”

Fundy caught on next, a stunned smile starting to form. “Holy shit. *Scott SMajor*.”

The entire room erupted in chaos.

Lizzie turned to Aphmau, who laughed sympathetically at her confused expression. “You haven’t had a loop with MCC in it, have you?”

She shook her head. “No, not yet. I’m guessing Scott has some big role in that?”

“You can say that.” She chuckled. “Let’s just say, once he starts looping, things are going to get very interesting.”

Chapter End Notes

36.1 Being the only looping member of the Dream Team is hard.

36.2 If you can't beat 'em, join 'em.

36.3 First rule of Pit Club...

36.4 All just conjecture. Is it true? Who knows.

36.5 It became even funnier when they found an endlessly falling glitch, and tricked Dream into triggering it.

36.6 Some interesting thoughts.

36.7 It's the simple pleasures, sometimes.

36.8 Some fused loops just aren't fun. (Dark Souls/Bloodborne)

36.9 Yes, he's definitely fine with this. Everything is fine.

36.10 Smaugnap is great fun for any occasion.

36.11 Some commiseration.

36.12 Meet Lizzie, new anchor of X-Life! And won't it be fun when a certain someone starts looping?

37.0

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

37.1

“Don’t you see what’s happening here?” Technoblade demanded, looking at the assorted people, the group of betrayers about to form a new government. “Don’t you see *history repeating itself*?”

There was a silence, and then Tommy started snickering. Soon after Tubbo joined him.

From there, the laughter spread, and then like, half the people were rolling on the ground trying to catch their breath.

“*Why is it so funny this time around?*” Eret finally managed, catching their breath.

Niki wiped tears from her eyes. “I think we’re all just really bored, honestly. Ender, I’m sorry.” She waved at Techno politely. “See it’s just, we’re all time-travelers. So those sentences can tickle our funny bone sometimes.”

“*Funny bone,*” Quackity hiccupped, the peels of laughter starting all over again. Sapnap kicked his fiancé gently in the side, unable to verbally tell him to stop.

Honestly, Techno should be summoning the withers right now, but instead of anger, all he could find himself feeling was massive amounts of confusion.

At least the few others not on the ground at the moment looked the same way.

37.2

“So we’re...” Fundy trailed off, still trying to comprehend what was happening. “We’re really gods this loop. All of us.”

“It seems like it,” Tubbo agreed, floating next to him on their cloud, overlooking the solo-realm of this loop. Of everyone, he seemed the least overwhelmed at being part of a pantheon, with Puffy coming in second. Of course, he’d been a god plenty of times before, so it wasn’t a surprise. And at least he was coaching everyone through the harder parts of it.

And really, after the initial shock, being the god of youth, illusions, and mischief was turning out to be a lot of fun. Nearby, Tommy, god of storms, was chasing around Quackity, god of travelers and changing times.

Fundy couldn't help but snicker a bit. "They look like they're having fun."

"I think Tommy is glad he finally got a god loop too," Tubbo admitted. "I got one early, cause Ianite, but it's nice that he finally got his." The oldest of the gods, god of balance and the sky, stretched leisurely, dragon wings spread out wide.

"I guess I can see why," Fundy admitted. "And I think Wilbur's just happy that he's the god of music and revolutions, not madness or something like that."

"He's past that," Eret agreed, the god of redemption sitting down next to them. They hadn't stopped smiling since they got their loop memories. "I think everyone's happy with their domains, all things considered. Puffy is the goddess of the sea again, Niki is the goddess of protection and the home, Callahan is a nature god, Sam is the god of Justice, Sapnap-

"Fire god, duh," Sapnap, god of fire and embodiment of flame, chirped in as he walked past, hand in hand with Karl. "And Karl is the god of time, because of course he is."

"Of course," Karl agreed dryly. "I don't think I could've expected anything different."

Tubbo frowned lightly. "Are you okay with that?"

The current god shrugged. "It's not so bad. Time travel isn't the worst niche to be stuck with. I was just hoping for "god of writing", or something like that."

"Maybe next time," Fundy encouraged. Karl nodded, and Sapnap squeezed his hand.

"I'm gonna curse this fucking village!" Could be heard in the somewhat distance.

Karl and Sapnap immediately took off. "Quackity, no!"

The realization hit Fundy right then and there, like a pile of bricks dropped on his head, and he buried his face in his hands. "Oh Ender, who let Quackity be a god?"

Tubbo and Eret just laughed.

37.3

"You'd better not use this as blackmail material," Tommy threatened his older brother, who was wearing a blue and white shirt, blue skirt, high red boots, and a red bow, and who was also smirking rather widely.

"Now why would I do that, *Sailor Jupiter*? I'm Sailor Moon, after all and leader of the Sailor Scouts! That would be uncouth of me, wouldn't it?"

"Plus, what's the point in blackmail if we're all wearing the same sort of outfit as you are?" Fundy, the current Sailor Mars, said reasonably. "I think you're the only one hung up on this

anyways. The outfits are basic, sure, but they're not that bad."

Eret did a little twirl in their Sailor Venus outfit. "I think they look rather good, actually."

Tubbo nodded, looking perfectly content in his Sailor Mercury outfit, although he did seem a bit confused. "You know, I've never seen you bothered by dresses or skirts before, Tommy. What's up with this time?"

Tommy paused to consider this. "I guess it's just the idea of it being used for blackmail," he admitted. "If there won't be any, then I don't really have much of an issue. Wanna go beat up some bad guys?"

"Isn't that what we always do?" Wilbur laughed. "Alright, let's fight evil by moonlight, and show everyone what we're made of!"

37.4

After the third night of seeing Tubbo on the roof of the camarvan, looking forlornly up at the sky, Wilbur decided enough was enough. He hauled himself up next to the boy, who gave a small start and looked up at him with a surprised expression. "Wilbur? What is it? Something wrong?"

"I was just about to ask you the same question," Wilbur said gently, and Tubbo winced. "Come on. You've been family in all but name for years, I know when something's up with you. If you won't talk to Tommy about it, will you talk to me?"

"That's variable," Tubbo muttered under his breath, and Wilbur blinked, confused. "Sorry, Wil. I uh, didn't realize. I'm usually better at hiding this kind of stuff. Sorry for worrying you."

"You know, that doesn't exactly make me feel better," Wilbur pointed out, mind racing. Had something happened a while back? How long had he been struggling with whatever this was? How long had Wilbur missed it?

Tubbo winced again. "Sorry! It's not your - it's all good, you haven't missed anything yet, you caught this, didn't you? So we're all good, I..." He trailed off after that confusing string of words, expression blank.

Then his face crumpled and he leaned into Wilbur's side, who automatically wrapped his arms around him. "Sorry," he whispered again. "Can I tell you something unbelievable? It's all true, but it sounds crazy."

"I'm no stranger to crazy," Wilbur chuckled lightly. "Hit me."

Tubbo pulled back, wiping moisture from his eyes. "Okay. Um, best way to do this." He let out a small breath. There was a flash of purple.

Then there were *wings* on his back. Dragon wings, black and purple and massive. His irises were purple and his pupils were slitted. He had two black horns on his head.

Wilbur stared, trying to take it all in. “I, um.” Was the intelligent thought that came out of his mouth.

Tubbo laughed a little. “You can touch them, big man. I don’t mind. I know it’s really strange.”

“It’s pretty,” Wilbur said automatically, reaching out and feeling one of the leathery wings. They were definitely real. His hand moved to Tubbo’s hair, feeling the horns, and how they connected seamlessly to his head. “They look... right, on you.” And they did, strangely enough.

Tubbo looked pleased. “Thank you! I usually get them from - but I’m getting ahead of myself, hang on.” There was another flash of purple, and the draconic traits were gone again. “That wasn’t the crazy thing, by the way, just a way to prove I’m telling the truth.”

“Ah.”

“Yeah.” Tubbo paused again, and took a deep breath. “The thing is - I’m a time traveler.”

Wilbur blinked. “A time traveler?”

“Yeah, it’s, um,” he rushed to explain. “So there’s a bunch of us, and we’re caught in this time loop. It usually lasts about a year, and then we reset to the beginning. Well, most of the time, sometimes we Awaken further into the loop, and sometimes earlier in our lives, but we can’t go any later than the specific time where we loop back from. And sometimes the specific loops are different then normal, so we call those variants. But we can carry over a lot of the skills and spells and traits we get in other variant loops.”

“I think I understand,” Wilbur said. “You got those dragon traits from a variant? And three days ago - is that when you looped back to?”

“Yes!” Tubbo looked immensely relieved. “Oh thank Ender. It’s so nice that everyone in L’Manberg is smart and can roll with weirdness. Other loopers in other worlds apparently struggle a lot with telling other people.”

Wilbur couldn’t help but smirk at the praise. “Well, we’re a solid bunch, aren’t we?” Tubbo nodded. “So, you said there are others as well? But since they’re not us, are there any Dream Team loopers we need to worry about?”

Tubbo’s face fell. “See, that’s the thing. It’s not - people don’t always loop. Usually in worlds that are looping, there’s someone called an anchor, who always loops, and then every other looper has times when they are Awake - that’s slang for looping - and times when they aren’t. Our world has two anchors, and usually we loop together, but only one of us really needs to be looping at a time ‘cause each world only needs a single anchor, so sometimes we’re all alone.”

He could feel his heart drop. “And no one else is looping right now, I’m guessing.”

Tubbo’s hands clenched into fists, and the air around them seemed to waver. “It’s been - I told you each loop lasts about a year? It’s been thirty solo-loops in a row. *Thirty years* without anyone else looping. I know other anchors go for longer without anyone, and I shouldn’t be complaining-”

Wilbur wrapped him in a tight hug, trying to push down the sheer horror at the thought of Tubbo going through that for almost twice as long as the boy had been alive. “Don’t compare it to others. It’s hurting you, so it matters.”

Tubbo laughed a little. “That’s probably what Puffy would say too.”

“She sounds smart, then.” Tubbo pushed back a bit, and Wilbur reluctantly let go. “I’m not sure how I can help with this, but if you need anything...”

“Thank you. Just - you knowing is enough.”

“If you say so.” Wilbur smiled, a little morosely. Then he brightened, clapping his hands together. “So! If people are only sometimes looping, is there a looping version of me? What is he like?”

Tubbo brightened. “There is, and he’s great. See, we generally pick different niches based on where we end up in other loops, and so he’s got lots of music related magic...”

37.5 (credit to WizardofRandom)

“I’m proud of you, Tommy.”

Tommy made something between a grimace and a smile. “See you soon, Wilbur.”

“See you soon.”

And with that, the lights dimmed and brightened again, as Tommy, Tubbo, and Wilbur bowed to a cheering crowd, before everyone else came on stage to join them. And with all the hustle and bustle of a show ending, everyone got ready to go out for some “end of show food”.

“It’s pretty crazy, to think a high school theater production has gotten this much attention,” Sam, currently a senior in high school, mused as he headed out for the restaurant with Tommy, Tubbo, and Wilbur.

“It’s not that unbelievable,” Tubbo reasoned. “I mean, our streamers play Minecraft, and it’s gotten so big. Why couldn’t theater be the same?”

Wilbur just laughed, looking up at the sky. “Oh, how I’ve been waiting for a loop like this.”

“Yeah, you’re a theater nerd and a dramatic bitch, we get it,” Tommy said, rolling his eyes and elbowing his brother lightly.

“Considering this is a theater loop, you’re currently a theater nerd as well,” The current junior snarked back.

“Ugh, don’t remind me.” Despite the words, there was no bite to the tone, and all of them could agree that the loop was a lot of fun.

37.6

Jordan looked curiously at the small box on his nightstand. The tag on it was clearly signed by Tubbo, so there was only a slight chance that it was a prank of some sort. Cautiously, he opened the box, ready to contain whatever was inside.

It was nothing that needed any concern, however, and Jordan dropped the magic as soon as he realized the contents.

Inside the box contained a mug, decorated nicely in reds and purples, with the words “*Loop’s Best Dad*” written in shining silver letters.

Now that he was looking closer there was an enchantment on it - ah. Apparently it would keep cold drinks cold and warm drinks warm indefinitely.

Tubbo was waiting outside his door, looking both nervous and eager. Jordan immediately scooped him into a warm hug.

“I’m guessing that means you liked it!” Tubbo laughed, as his dad swung him around.

“I love it. I-” he looked Tubbo in the eyes, “-am the luckiest dad in the multiverse.”

“And I’m the luckiest kid in the multiverse, so it all works out.” Jordan ruffled his son’s hair fondly, and the two of them watched the sunrise together, enjoying each other’s company.

“Hey Sam, what’s- oh, you opened it!” Tommy grinned at Sam, who was sitting in the kitchen, looking at his green and gold “*Loop’s Best Dad*” mug. “How do you like it? We all decided to make these for our parents, so-”

Sam held out shaking arms, and Tommy went in for the hug. Sam held him tightly. “You,” he said softly, “Are the best kid I could’ve ever asked for. The loops have done a lot of things, made a lot of changes to us as people, but having you as a kid is the one I’m most thankful for.”

Tommy couldn’t speak. He just buried his head in Sam’s chest. The two of them stayed that way for a long while.

“You want both of us to open these at the same time?” Wilbur repeated, amused. Fundy nodded. With a shared glance between him and Eret, they both opened their boxes.

Wilbur pulled out the “*Loop’s Best Dad*” mug, blue with yellow writing, and his heart nearly stopped. Across from him, Eret let out a shaky breath as they looked at their rainbow “*Loop’s Best Parent*” mug.

“Tommy, Tubbo, and I decided to get these for our parents,” Fundy explained, a bit nervous. “And I couldn’t give a mug to just one of you, so I made you both one. I hope that’s alright?”

“Fundy...” Wilbur could feel the tears streaming down his face, and he made no move to dry them. Eret went in for the hug, and he did the same. “It’s more than alright, it’s amazing.”

“We’re both so lucky to have you,” Eret said, sounding choked up.

Fundy hugged them back, even tighter. “It’s still so strange, even after all this time,” he muttered. “That I went from no family to so much family. Sometimes I still feel like it’s too good to be true, and I’ll wake up and it’s all just a dream, even though I know that’s not possible. But I’m really starting to accept it, I think.”

“Thank you both so much.”

Phil stared blankly at his nightstand. The whole room was on fire, and his nightstand was dragged into the center of it, with a shitty “*World’s Worst Dad*” mug in the middle of that.

There was also a camera taking pictures of his multiple expressions while seeing this, but he didn’t know about that part.

37.7

“Is this a blond loop?” Sapnap asked, squinting at Tubbo’s hair.

Tommy shook his head. “Nah, his blond is a lot lighter than mine. This is like a yellow-orange. It’s weird.”

“I dunno,” Tubbo snickered. “I think it’s pretty fitting for the loop.”

“Really?” The youngest looper frowned. “All you’ve been doing is going around enacting justice on anyone who hurts a bee, even on accident.” He rubbed his sore shoulder. He was trying to curb his pet-killing habits, after all, if only because the others would destroy him if he touched their pets.

“Oh, but couldn’t you tell?” Tubbo cackled. “My name is Tubbax, and I speak for the bees!”

37.8 (credit to AFriendlyGhost)

“Oh, fucking dammit. I hate these fucking loops. They fucking suck.”

“We know, Tomy,” Tubo patted his best friend’s back, a dry smile on his face. “We know.”

“It’s just - *why*? Why the tiny name changes? Why is this a variant? It shouldn’t be, it doesn’t make any fucking sense!”

“At least we began the loop post-final disk war, so we won’t be here for long,” Pufy offered.

“And at least your names still sound the same, even if the spelling is wrong,” Snapnap grumbled. Fudy nodded empathetically.

Tomy just slammed his head against a nearby wall. “*Ugh*. I’m so complaining about this during the next Bake and Bar meeting.”

37.9

“Quackity, we need to talk.”

Quackity sighed and turned to Sapnap with a frown. “Is this about-?”

“Yeah, this is about Schlatt.” Sapnap sighed. “I know Karl is just trying to gently steer you away from all of that, but I’ve always been more about facing problems head on. And apparently you’ve been getting better since defeating Technoblade, but I know you did it again.”

“...”

He frowned. “Just, Q can you at least talk to me? I want to help, but I can’t if you refuse to say anything!”

“What is there to say?” Quackity groaned, taking off his beanie and running a hand through his hair. “You know, most loops wouldn’t even consider this Sakura Syndrome! Just a looper doing a bit of venting their frustrations on someone who hurt them.”

“There’s also a reason our loopers follow tighter codes. Almost everyone here knows the slippery slope too well, and we won’t let ourselves fall down it.” He leaned up against the wall. “If you can’t talk to me, could you talk to Puffy?”

“I don’t want to talk to Puffy,” Quackity refuted. “She’s got enough clients on her plate.”

“Then someone else,” Sapnap insisted. “She may be specifically a looping therapist, but there are others across the loops who are well trained in therapy who you could talk to. Just, if you can’t go to her, think about it, alright?”

“...Fine. Yeah,” Quackity conceded. “No promises, though.”

37.10 (credit to... many people)

Tommy Awoke in a cozy looking gift shop, wearing a red t-shirt with two disks printed on it. Curious, he checked his loop memories.

...Gravity Falls? Well, this should be fun, at least.

He sent out a ping and received a few in return, from his current twin, Tubbo, the Mystery Shack’s owner, Wilbur, what seemed to be someone else in town, and one that was extremely far away.

“Grian’s my twin who’s stuck in another dimension,” Wilbur explained to them, after they all felt that last ping. “Unless someone is replacing Bill Cipher, I’m guessing that’s him.”

“I think this is gonna be a fun loop!” Tubbo said brightly.

~

Tommy twitched, watching an unawake Sam going on about a gobblewonker. “Dammit, this fucking sucks.” It may have just been a fused loop, and Sam wasn’t awake, but he hated seeing his dad reduced to that.

Tubbo put a steadying hand on his shoulder. “We’ll get rid of the Society of the Blind Eye as soon as possible. Help him get those memories back.”

~

“No haunted store trip?” Tommy asked curiously, as he, Tubbo, and Niki relaxed on the roof.

Niki shrugged. “It would be fun, but unless one of you guys feel like doing the Lamby-Lamby dance, I can only see it ending in disaster.”

“It’s not so bad.” They both turned to look at Tubbo, who grinned. “The trick is to refuse to be embarrassed by literally anything. I could not give less of a shit. Let’s go to that haunted store.”

Tommy and Niki both cheered, feeling slightly intimidated.

~

With the cult gone, the people of Gravity Falls could now see the supernatural without getting their memories wiped. This changed very little, save for Sam getting saner earlier than Fiddleford.

And it also made it easier for Tubbo to get the multibear to the shack, where the two sang and played music together. Sometimes(oftentimes), Wilbur would even join in.

“You know the saying,” he said, ushering out happy tourists and counting his cash. “Do what you love, love what you do.”

~

Tommy and an unawake Fundy looked up at the circle with a smiley-face Gideon had summoned. “Oh absolutely the-fuck not.”

Chapter End Notes

- 37.1 Sometimes, things are just funny for no reason.
- 37.2 Most of these godly powers won't carry over past this loop. Most.
- 37.3 No shame. Only Blackmail.
- 37.4 Sometimes, the loops are lonely places for anchors.
- 37.5 They're all theater nerds, at heart.
- 37.6 Just some ancient immortal kids doing nice things for their ancient immortal parents.
- 37.7 The pun practically writes itself.
- 37.8 Just another head-banger of a loop.
- 37.9 It's a bumpy road, isn't it?
- 37.10 Sometimes it's nice to just solve mysteries and punch demons in the face.

38.0

Chapter Notes

I'm back! And with a special chapter! Did this get way out of hand? Absolutely. Do I regret it? Not one bit. :D

If you haven't read [Rewind](#), by A_Non_ymousWriter, and are interested in an amazingly written time travel fic with fantastic angst and an intriguing plot, I highly suggest you check it out! That said, this chapter does have spoilers for up until their most recent chapters, so do be careful of that. I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

38.1 (with permission from A_Non_ymousWriter)

They'd seen strange things before.

After that portal had appeared, and Theo and Tobi had stepped out, bringing with them stories of time travel and brainwashing and the apocalypse, after watching as Tobi directed L'Manberg in a safer direction and worked with Technoblade, Theo, and the Dream Team to get rid of what would apparently be a world destroying abomination in the future, after meeting the *ghost of his dad's future self*, Fundy had assumed nothing could surprise him anymore.

The world really loved to prove him wrong. The man in front of him who shared his face, and the man next to him, who shared *Wilbur's*, only drove that idea home.

They didn't look older, like Theo and Tobi did. In fact, they both looked the exact same age. And they didn't come out of any portal, they just... appeared. As if out of thin air.

Other-Wilbur(?)'s eyes caught Fundy's, but he didn't seem too confused, merely curious. "A mini-me loop? I was wondering when we'd have one of those, other than seeing the Syndicate in that elevator once-"

"Dad," Other Fundy muttered, and Fundy's attention snapped back to his other self. "The walls."

Other-Wilbur's eyes widened, and he looked around for the walls that were no longer there. "They're gone." He turned back to Fundy's Wilbur curiously. "But you're not...?"

"Not exiled?" Wilbur looked pretty uneasy, but Fundy was uneasy too, so he couldn't blame him. He hadn't fully grasped how weird it must've been for Tommy, Tubbo, and Wilbur to see their future counterparts until now. At least his dad had practice with this. "Yeah. Tommy and I are still here, but people voted for the walls to come down, so they did."

“But you knew that we originally got- wait. Mikasa Glitch?”

Fundy frowned. “What’s that? No, we got two time travelers from about ten years in the future who have been changing things up. Are you guys not the same?”

The two strangers seemed to pause at that, sharing a look and a moment of silence. “What are their names?” Other-Wilbur finally asked.

Fundy’s dad winced. “Tobi and Theo. Tubbo and Tommy.”

They shared the look again. “I think,” Other-Fundy said slowly, “That we’re from a very different future than those two. And I don’t have any loop-memories, so we’re not replacing anyone, but this is definitely a variant.”

“And a strange one at that.” Other-Wilbur (they really needed better names) offered them a smile. “Okay, for simplicity’s sake, I think you could best describe us as time travelers whose original timeline is in an alternate universe from this one.”

That was the simple explanation? But Other-Wilbur moved on, addressing his counterpart. “If we ended up with you guys, there’s a chance everyone else is with their own variant-selves. Tobi and Theo, what are they like?”

“That’s a tricky question,” Wilbur hedged, wincing. “Tobi is a Warrior. He’s still clearly Tubbo, he’s helped us avoid most of our problems. But Theo is...”

“Working with Dream,” Fundy finished quietly.

Other-Wilbur went a bit pale. “Okay. Right. We need to find them now, just in case they did end up close to their older counterparts.”

“Is there going to be a problem?” Wilbur demanded, voice laced with obvious concern.

The two of them looked at each other. “You could say that,” Other-Fundy finally said.

The ground *shook*.

“Right, we need to go *now*.” Then Other-Fundy was grabbing his hand, and suddenly they were somewhere else, somewhere completely ruined. A small crater dipped into the ground, and in that crater were four very familiar figures.

On one side was Tobi, looking rather worse for wear, unusually pale and sprouting some cuts and tears that hadn’t been there before, staring blankly at the scene in front of him as though he couldn’t believe his eyes, and Fundy didn’t blame him.

On the other side was Theo, staring in equal shock, stepped back in a defensive position. His mask was absolutely shattered on the ground, and next to it was his netherite axe, which had been *cut clean in half*.

In the middle were Tommy and Tubbo, the same age as the present duo. But they clearly weren’t the ones he knew.

Other-Tommy's face was that of absolute fury, lightning racing up and down his body. He was straining forward, towards Theo, held back by a Tubbo with dragon wings and horns who was holding his arms with what seemed to be considerable effort.

The ozone in the air cackled, and reality itself seemed to shimmer, as if in conflict. It was worst at the center of the crater, but was rapidly expanding outwards.

Other-Wilbur swore, then took in a deep breath. "Cover your ears."

With a bit of unease, Fundy did so. And yet, when Other-Wilbur stepped forward and yelled "**CALM DOWN!**" it still rattled him down to his bones. In the crater, Other-Tommy stopped and glanced up at them.

The moment he did, a wall of fire erupted between Theo and the other three, separating him from the others. Running up from the other side were Dream (who was hobbling a bit) and Sapnap - and a second Sapnap! - followed by Technoblade, Tubbo, and someone new, who Fundy had never seen before.

"Tommy, wait!" One of the Sapnaps yelled down into the crater. "I know what it looks like, but there's more to the story, just calm down!"

"I am *remarkably fucking calm*, considering the situation," other-Tommy snarled. Other-Tubbo held him tighter, and a moment of what seemed to be silent conversation passed between the two, before he finally let go. Other-Tommy didn't return to attacking, and Fundy let out a breath of relief.

"Oh End, why are there three of them now!?" Someone said, and Fundy looked up to see that they weren't the only ones who had arrived on the scene. More and more people were showing up with their own doppelgängers. Some Fundy could sort of understand, like Quackity, Niki, and Eret, others he was a bit more confused on, because Sam wasn't really involved with much, and *was that Callahan?* A singular Karl was there, looking wary, as well as someone Fundy had never met, but who Sapnap and Dream seemed to recognize, based on their surprised glances towards her.

"Puffy?" Sapnap asked incredulously. The woman, Puffy gave the two an awkward smile and wave.

"What the hell is going on?" Phil, who had come to see whatever the commotion was, wondered. "They don't look like they're from Tobi and Theo's future."

Theo, who had immediately run to check on Dream the moment he showed up, scowled. "They're not. They can't be, some of these people are definitely dead."

Tobi didn't refute this. He was still staring at his younger self with wide eyes and mouthing something Fundy couldn't make out. He looked over to see that Techno looked equally surprised.

"We're not from your future," other-Wilbur agreed. "We're from an different one than Theo and Tobi - wait, fuck, this is going to get complicated when it comes to names, isn't it?"

“It would be a lot of nicknames to keep track of,” other-Tubbo agreed. He looked at Tobi curiously. “You’re going by Tobi? Why that name?”

Tobi frowned, finally having recovered a bit of his voice. “It was just what came to mind. Is there something wrong?”

“...No. Just an interesting choice.”

“Our Sap could always be Smaugnap,” other-Fundy offered.

“I’m not Smaugnap right now, though.”

“But you could be!”

Other-Sapnap looked thoughtful. Then he grinned, and Fundy wondered if he was imagining all those extra sharp teeth.

“We could all pick colors for names,” the new woman suggested. “If we’ve all got a theme, that’s easy to remember. And it could be fun.”

There was a moment of consideration.

“Well,” other-Tommy started. “I claim Red.”

Other-Sam raised a hand. “Green.”

Other-Tubbo pouted, then turned to face Karl, and the two engaged in a rather intense round of rock-paper-scissors, of which Karl emerged victorious and Tubbo pouted some more.

“Dammit, if I couldn’t have Green, I wanted Purple. I’ll go with... Silver, then.”

“Well, I did get my color, so,” Karl looked a bit smug, before frowning. “No, it’s too close to Purpled. I’ll be Violet.”

“I’ll be taking Blue, of course,” the other Wilbur said, cheerfully.

“Of course.” Other-Fundy rolled his eyes. “I’ll be Orange, then.”

“Hey, I wanted Orange. Fire, you know?”

“Excuse me, but-“ Orange flicked a fox ear. “I think I win this one. Natural color and all. If you want fire, you can be Yellow.”

“If I have to,” Yellow sighed dramatically.

Other-Niki laughed at her fellow traveler’s antics. “I’ll be taking Pink, if everyone’s fine with that.”

“I’ve got Copper,” The other Callahan said simply.

Eret raised a hand. “Navy for me.”

“Too many of us are blue fans,” Quackity groaned. “Fucking fine, I’ll be Indigo.”

Puffy smiled. “And I can be White. Because the alternate me might not be here yet, but I’m staying in theme.”

The brief naming ceremony lasted less than a minute, but still felt like one of the most surreal things Fundy had witnessed. “Now that you’re all named, can one of you please explain what’s going on?”

“Of course,” Silver assured him. “But first things first.” He turned to Dream and Theo with narrowed eyes, and in a terrifyingly calm voice, spoke again. “I want an explanation for why this older Tommy has a Loyalty enchantment branded on him. If the answer is unsatisfactory, I won’t hold Red back next time.”

...*A what?*

“So, is there anything you guys can do?” George asked the three loopers in the room, who were checking over an uncomfortable Theo.

He was still trying to wrap his head around their explanation of who they were. Versions of different people they knew who had repeated time over and over, looping into alternate universes and different worlds? If it wasn’t for Theo and Tobi, George would’ve had a harder time believing it. As it was, the loops were still a difficult concept to grasp.

Copper frowned. “Not as much as any of us would like. Technically, I could remove the static, but I won’t.”

“What?” Sapnap looked horribly offended, echoing George’s thoughts. “Why not?”

“As loopers, we put limits on ourselves.” Silver grimaced. “Morality limits. No wanton mass murder, no torture, that sort of thing. That goes for mental abilities as well. For the most part, when it comes to the mind, the most we allow ourselves to influence others is Jedi-Mind tricks and that Calm spell Blue used to break up the fighting.”

“That explains a lot,” Theo reluctantly admitted. He’d gone to Dream’s side the moment the man arrived, of course, but it did feel like the anger had drained out of him after Blue had yelled. “That got Tobi to back off as well, which is pretty impressive.”

Honestly, he had no idea what to think of *Silver*. He was another Tobi, another *Tubbo*, but as soon as the situation with Dream had been explained, he’d been nothing but cordial, if a bit weary. Maybe this Tubbo wasn’t so bad?

“Don’t think you get to dip out of whatever that was,” Silver warned. “Red’s been talking about locking you and Tobi in a room until you emotionally compromised idiots both finally talk about your feelings.”

He took it back. Silver was a dickhead.

“Anyways,” Copper coughed. “The enchantment. Yes, theoretically, Silver and I both have the magical or psychic skill to remove the enchantment. The problem is, as long as Theo holds onto that static, doing so would take a complete violation of his mind that neither of us are comfortable with. And there would still be a risk of tearing his mind anyways, since the process would kind of be taking his mind apart, removing the static, and stitching it back together, so there’s no point.”

And despite Theo’s rather conflicted (**not conflicted he’s loyal he’s loyal-**) feelings on his enchantment, he was grateful for their decision. The loopers had already broken his mask; he didn’t want them rooting about in his mind.

“So our only option is to wait until Theo let’s go of the static.” Dream didn’t sound happy about this, which made Theo’s stomach churn. “Dammit.”

“We’re strong, but we’re not all powerful,” Yellow said apologetically. “We’re not even close to being some of the more powerful loopers. At the moment, there’s only so much we can do.”

“That doesn’t mean we can’t do anything at all, however.” Copper bent down to be face to face with Theo, before reaching out and touching his head. “While I can’t remove the static, I can subdue it, so it won’t affect him as intensely.”

There was a moment of reaction, where Theo could barely **think**, and then the static subsided. Still there, but... quieter, somehow. Like he’d been dunked underwater, normal noises muted.

And at the same time, everything seemed so loud.

“You should adjust in a moment,” Copper assured him. “At least, you’ll be able to think without it dominating your thoughts.”

Yellow grinned brightly. “All the better for when Red locks you in a room with Tobi to talk about your feelings.”

Forget just Silver, Theo decided. All of these loopers are dickheads.

“Sorry there’s so many of us to lodge,” Orange said, as the large group walked through L’Manberg. “We could pull our own houses out of our pockets, if that would be easier.”

Tubbo decided to gloss over the strangeness of Orange’s second sentence. “Everyone’s already staying at my place anyways, so some of you could crash there as well. How long do you think you’ll be staying?”

“We’re not sure, unfortunately,” Blue admitted. “Loop lengths can vary a lot. If we end up being here for more than a week, all of us will make our own lodgings. We do appreciate the offer, though.”

There was a lull in the conversation, and Tubbo took the moment to look over at Tobi. He still seemed completely out of it, like whatever had happened earlier had drained him of all his energy, and he had barely talked to anyone outside of offering people a weak smile and assuring them that he was okay. Frankly, Tubbo was a little worried.

“Honestly of all the things we’ve seen in this variant, I’m most surprised that Tubbo has a house in the L’Manberg era,” Indigo finally said. “That’s a big difference from baseline.”

Tubbo sent his looping self a strange look. “You didn’t have a house?”

“I was a busy guy! There were a lot of things to do that were more important than building a house,” Silver protested.

“Does this mean I can make homeless jokes about you as well now?” Techno wondered.

“I have a house *now!*”

“I mean, technically you *don’t* right this minute-”

And the whole thing was so absurd that Tubbo couldn’t help but laugh. It was a bit easier to deal with some slightly terrifying immortal version of himself when Silver did things like forget to make his own house.

They entered Tubbo’s own house, and Ghostbur turned to meet them with a smile, brown coat fully visible. The smile froze when he saw Blue, who had a similarly conflicted expression. Tubbo’s Wilbur looked like he wanted to bolt back out of the house, and Tubbo couldn’t really blame him.

“I did mean to ask,” Fundy said awkwardly, “But you guys knew some things about the future as well, and you’re not ghostly, so how exactly did things work out for you?”

Ghostbur turned sharply. “What exactly are you insinuating here?”

The expression on Blue’s face finally settled into some mix of disgust and regret. “It’s a very long story.”

“It’s a little hard to wrap my head around you being a looper,” Dream admitted, as the Dream Team, White, Yellow, and Violet relaxed in the stronghold. “You know, being so close to everyone here. I guess I just always separated the two parts of my life, and you were in the previous one.” He looked a little embarrassed. “Sorry.”

“You’re not the only one, if that helps,” George offered.

“It’s no problem at all,” White insisted, smiling. “How I meet you varies from loop to loop, there’s no actual specific baseline for it. If you don’t mind me asking...?”

“We met our Puffy when we were teenagers,” Sapnap explained, still staring at Yellow. Not that Dream could really blame him. “She helped us out for a while, and we kind of owe her a

lot for that.” A thought struck him. “The rest of the loopers showed up near their counterparts, did you-?”

White shrugged. “Probably? But as soon as I gained my bearings my wife was in my head telling me Red and Silver were fighting their own variants, so I headed over right then.”

“You’re - you’re *married*?”

Theo, looking at the Dream Team’s surprised faces and boggled minds, almost laughed out loud. Almost.

White did laugh out loud. “That would be Pink. She’s currently with her own alternate self, I think. I was with her for a bit, but I told her I wanted to speak to you, and she completely understood.”

“You’re married to Niki,” George said, as if testing out the idea.

“What’s so strange about her being married?” Violet asked. “I mean, sure, they didn’t get married until well into the loops, but they were dating before the loops even started. Just like we were fiancés before we started looping.”

“We - you and - what?” Sapnap looked wildly between Violet and Yellow, and Theo couldn’t hold in his snickers anymore.

“And Indigo,” Yellow added helpfully. “You know, Quackity. He’s also talking with his counterpart, but he might stop by soon!”

Theo stopped laughing. Poor Sapnap looked like his mind was broken.

The atmosphere was so warm, and Dream hated to break it, even as his mind drifted back to the image of when the loopers first arrived, of Red looking like he was willing to murder Theo, of Silver knowing about the enchantment immediately. It felt like all of his own faults, all of his future self’s faults, were exposed for these people to see, and he hated it. He had a sneaking suspicion that the Dream they knew wasn’t a great one either, and absently he wondered what Yellow actually thought of him.

“You’re thinking about this a bit too hard.” Dream jolted, wondering if he said any of that out loud, but the others were looking just as confused as he felt. “I’m force sensitive,” Yellow explained, “Which means nothing to you, but it basically means that I can sort of sense people’s emotions, and you’re projecting pretty clearly.”

“Oh.” Dream had absolutely no idea how to feel about that.

“Yup. And look, your future self is a piece of shit. That’s undeniable. But for all the horrible versions of you we’ve met, we’ve also seen some pretty amazing variants as well.” Yellow sighed. “You learn not to judge a Dream by his alternate selves pretty quick.” And, judging by the weight in his voice, he spoke from experience. He offered Dream a tired smile. “Sometimes, you can be prevented from going off the deep end. I’m glad this is one of those times.”

“Red didn’t seem to care about who this Dream might be,” Theo pointed out.

Yellow winced. “Red’s different. He’s been through his own layers of hell with our original Dream. Stuff I think you’re familiar with. Usually he can put it aside, but you kinda set him off with the whole mask and attacking Tobi. Not that it’s your fault! But that did push a few trauma buttons.”

White shifted. “Speaking of. I don’t know about this Puffy, but I happen to be a certified therapist. For as long as I’m here, I’m open to talk with any of you who need it. That includes you.” She nodded at Theo.

Theo’s expression didn’t change. “Everyone’s been talking about locking me in a room with Tobi so we can finish our fight.”

“So you can talk things out for once,” Sapnap corrected mildly.

White bit her lip to stop a smile. “I have heard about that. This is different though. If you don’t want to talk, I won’t make you. But I’ll always be available in case you do.”

“I can speak from experience when I say it’s a big help,” Violet added.

Before the static was subdued, Theo might’ve thought he didn’t need it. That as long as he was loyal to Dream, he was fine. Except now it was calmer, and he could hear himself think over the constant static and the **you’re loyal stay loyal** and he... wasn’t at all sure what he wanted.

Maybe he would consider it? Probably not.

(But maybe.)

That evening in L’Manberg was a crowded affair.

It became obvious that even with a couple of them splitting off to go talk with the Dream Team and Theo, there were far too many of the loopers to all stay in Tubbo’s house. Eventually Silver got tired of the ensuing housing debate and summoned the *Benson*, after which everyone immediately wanted to climb aboard. And so, with a few Undetectable Extension Charms, the flying ship became the location of a massive impromptu sleepover.

White had returned from wherever Dream hung out and was sitting with Pink and Niki. Navy seemed to be explaining something to Jack Manifold. Philza was chatting with Green, and Tommy could swear they were both looking his way.

Tommy himself found a nice plush seat by the window and looked down at the grounds of L’Manberg below them. There was something wild about hovering above the clouds, something that gave him a weird feeling.

“It all looks so small from here, doesn’t it?” Tubbo mused, sitting next to him. “Like everyone’s problems are far away.”

“Yeah.” Tommy looked away and sighed. “How are you dealing with this so calmly? First crazy versions of us from the future, and now this?”

For all his love of adventure and jokes and admittedly a bit of chaos, Tommy really would be happy if he could just have his family and Tubbo and L’Manberg. If he didn’t have to worry about another war or the end of the world, or Ghostbur’s weird ideas of him being a hero.

“It was super weird for me too,” Tubbo admitted. “With Tobi, I thought he was so cool, and then I found out he exiled Theo, and suddenly he was a bit less cool, and also kind of scary. And then I went with Theo to rescue Foolish, and it turns out he’s been through a lot, yeah? More than anyone really let us know. I guess at this point things just don’t surprise me anymore. At least Silver has a cool flying ship, but I don’t know if he exiled his Tommy as well, and I’m kind of scared to find out.”

“Even if he did, it doesn’t matter.” Tommy looked up to see Red approaching them, and he shoved down his own unease. He already felt so conflicted with Theo, not knowing what to think about the man, besides that he didn’t want to be him. With Red, Tommy had no idea what to expect. “Mind if I sit?”

“Yeah, sure.” Tommy gestured next to them. “At least you’re fucking approachable. That dick Theo tries to avoid me at every turn.”

“He’s not that bad-” Tubbo started to protest.

“No, he is that bad.” Red sat down. “Silver did exile me, before the time loops. He was also *fucking sixteen*, and Dream had told him that if he didn’t, he would hold everyone in L’Manberg hostage and starve or slaughter them if they stepped out of line.”

Tubbo flinched. “Tobi said he was twenty when that happened.” He tried to imagine himself, at the age he was now, leading a country. It was even harder than imagining Tobi doing so.

“Really? Variant difference, then.” Red shrugged. “And yeah, exile was shit. Dream was an abusive asshole, and it fucking sucked. But it wasn’t Silver’s fault. He was manipulated and had no good options, and if you don’t blame Theo, you can’t blame Tobi for that either.” He looked Tubbo in the eyes. “Don’t beat yourself up over that shit, save that for the one actually responsible. Ender knows I have a hard enough time reminding Silver.”

“Don’t suppose you have any words of wisdom for me too?” Tommy asked, only slightly sarcastic.

“Learn to play the violin,” Red offered. “I can teach you if you want.”

Tommy frowned. “What the fuck? Why?”

“Because Theo doesn’t know how,” was the simple answer. “You don’t need to worry about being him because you won’t, but if you want to separate yourself from him more, learn a skill he doesn’t have. Or learn a skill he has, but better than him.” He grinned. “Ever tried sewing with actual sunlight?”

“That sounds really fucking cool,” Tommy admitted. He found himself matching Red’s grin. “Since you offered, you should teach me. The violin and the sunlight trick.”

“Can you really sew with sunlight?” Tubbo asked, wide-eyed.

Red nodded. “Ask White or Pink if they can show you the dresses I made for them. My finest work yet, really.”

Tommy was still a bit overwhelmed with everything. But as he and Tubbo leaned forwards to examine the strange materials Red pulled out of nowhere, he realized maybe he could finally find his balance.

“So, I think this is the part where you and I have a discussion,” Silver said dryly, leaning up against the railing of the ship. Above them, stars and a nearly full moon shone down on them. “You’ve been pretty quiet.”

“Yeah.” Tobi looked down at the ground below them, at the still shining lights in L’Manberg and the SMP. “Whatever Blue did when Theo and I were fighting, it shut down my - my Warrior’s bloodlust. And then Chat was unbearable when it wore off.” An understatement. He turned to raise an eyebrow at Silver. “Did you know Chat sees a few of you as some sort of gods? They were going nuts over it all day.”

Silver looked curious. “Really? I didn’t know they could sense any sort of divinity.”

“...Don’t tell me you’re an actual god.”

“Alright, I won’t tell you then.” Silver laughed at Tobi’s disgruntled face. “It’s... complicated. Let’s just leave it at that. You spend a few times looping in as a god, and it sort of wears off on you.” He looked thoughtful. “Now that you mention it, I did feel like I heard whispers when I passed Technoblade. Maybe for the same reason?”

“That would make sense,” Tobi agreed, still trying to wrap his mind around the idea of Red and Silver - *Tommy and Tubbo* - being gods. His mouth quirked. “Don’t suppose you heard them mentioning “hot future Tubbo” or “hot future Tommy”? They do like to do that.”

Silver grinned. “I almost wish I had now. Suddenly Red going wide-eyed and speed-walking away from Techno makes a lot more sense. Especially since Technoblade seems like a good guy in this variant.”

“Is he not in others?”

“It depends,” the looper admitted. “But that’s a talk for another time, I think.”

“Yeah.” Tobi sighed. He was pretty sure he knew what Silver wanted to talk with him about.

He knew, he *knew*, that Dream hadn’t done those horrible things yet. Hadn’t put the Loyalty enchantment on Tommy yet. Hadn’t encouraged Wilbur’s descent into madness, hadn’t built the obsidian walls around L’Manberg. Exile hadn’t happened. L’Manberg was still standing.

“But it still happened to you,” Silver finished his thoughts. Tobi nodded, unsurprised that Silver knew what he was thinking.

“And I screwed everything up with Theo,” he finished morosely.

“Yeah, you really fucked up there,” Silver agreed plainly. “But it’s not like we don’t all have our traumas. Still, you won’t get anywhere if you don’t reach out first, because from what everyone has told me of Theo, and when I met him earlier, he doesn’t seem like the type. You just need to understand that Loyalty or not, he’s still different from who you knew. Getting rid of the enchantment won’t suddenly make him go back to how he was before.”

“I knew that - I know that.” Tobi buried his face in his hands. “It’s still hard. Really fucking hard. And he’ll be with Dream, and I’ll have to face Dream again, *who did that to him.*”

“Isn’t Theo worth it though?” Silver asked quietly. “I wish I had an answer for you, but I don’t. It took me over four hundred loops to get to a point where I could deal with each individual Dream without thinking about the original. You don’t have that amount of time.”

“No. But Theo is worth it.” He took a long breath. “Thank you. I think I needed that.”

Silver smiled. “Of course.”

Sometimes, it was just easiest to talk to someone who got it.

If Theo was being honest with himself, Red was probably one of the last people he wanted to see. Not a small bit in part because he was apparently planning on locking him in a room with Tobi, one of the other last people he wanted to see, until they “talked about their feelings”.

Unfortunately, Red found him nearly the minute he stepped out of the stronghold, because it seemed the world didn’t ever care what Theo wanted.

“Hey, *Theo.*” There was something in Red’s eyes that reminded Theo of some sort of predator who had locked onto his prey. “Let’s talk about shit, yeah?”

“We don’t need to talk about shit, bitch. Leave me the fuck alone.” And Theo turned to walk in the other direction.

“No, we’re going to talk,” Red said, stepping out from behind a tree, right in front of him. “That wasn’t a suggestion. I’ve got some things to say, and you’re going to listen. Got it?”

“If you want to talk to your alternate self,” managed Theo, through gritted teeth, “Go talk to the whiny brat in L’Manberg.”

Red didn’t even blink. “Already did. You’re next. Speaking of, I heard you threatened to blow up L’Manberg. Schlatt was worried you’d go through with it, since George died.”

“And I will-”

“No you won’t. You literally can’t. Every single one of us could stop you by ourselves.” He leaned in closer. “I just think it’s really fucking petty of you, you know? Taking out all your rage on innocents? This is a solo-realm variant, right? Lots of people live in this world? Tell me, do you know how many kids live in L’Manberg right now?”

Theo froze. “That’s not-”

“And you know, George isn’t exactly innocent. He did murder Fundy in cold blood already, which is more than anyone in L’Manberg has done. Even Schlatt hasn’t done anything. And you know it’s bad when fucking Schlatt is better than you.”

“Shut the fuck up.”

“I won’t,” Red said simply. “I won’t, because I fucking get it. I was exiled, I was fucking sixteen and being isolated and manipulated and abused by Dream. I get it more than anyone else.” Theo’s eyes widened. “Which is why I have the right to call you out on your bullshit.” He leaned closer. “Yeah, you’ve got an enchantment. I get that. But that doesn’t excuse the shit you’ve pulled since you got here. I heard all the stories last night. Everyone says you get pissed that they treat Dream like he’s the one who hurt everyone, but it also seems like you’ve done nothing but the same to them. “I mean, what has Phil done to you in this timeline? What did Techno do? How about Wilbur and Fundy? Jack Manifold? Do they deserve to have their homes blown up for things they didn’t do?”

“I said, *shut the fuck up.*”

“I won’t. You don’t get to run from your mistakes. Not while I’m here.”

And Theo would’ve hated him for that, except not only was he right, he was also the *only Ender-damn person in the past* who realized Theo wasn’t a good fucking person. Who realized just how shitty Theo could be. Who didn’t treat him like he was *fucking fragile*.

Dammit. He was so tired.

“What do you want?” He finally said.

“Simple. I want you to make up for shit. Don’t even try to blow up L’Manberg. Apologize for being an ass. Talk to Tobi. You’ve been a hypocritical jerk, but that doesn’t mean you have to be one forever.” Red smirked. “I think you’re just too scared to put in the effort. You’re afraid that if you try and get turned away, it’ll just confirm that you’re beyond help, so you won’t even try.”

Theo glared at him. “Fuck you. I’m not scared.” He *wasn’t*. He wasn’t. He was just loyal (But couldn’t he fix things while still being loyal?)

“Prove it then,” Red challenged, still smirking. “And we’ll start by having you talk to Tobi. Also, fair warning. I did tell a bunch of people that if I met a variant like you, I’d punch them. So...”

“I really think I hate you,” Theo said, but there was little more than annoyance and exhaustion in his tone.

“Good. That was the idea.” And Red socked him in the face and teleported him to the prepared room. He was a man of his word, after all.

“I haven’t seen Theo in a couple hours,” George noted. “Did Red actually lock him and Tobi in a room together?”

“He totally did,” Yellow laughed. “Pretty sure it’s enchanted so they can’t kill each other in there. Let them scream their feelings out for a bit more, see how things are then.”

“Pretty sure,” George repeated, a little skeptically. Whatever the loopers had in mind, he hoped it worked. He really didn’t want to be on the end of Tobi’s blade again.

Still, there was a thought from yesterday that was still nagging at him, and he turned to Yellow. “You know, didn’t Orange suggest you go by Smaugnap yesterday? Why that name specifically?”

Yellow grinned, looking delighted. “Oh good. I was hoping someone would ask.”

And then he turned into a 50 meters long dragon.

Chapter End Notes

38.1 In 32.4, Tommy claimed that if he met a protégé variant of himself, he would punch the guy and then troll him. And by god will he live up to his words. An interesting loop awaits them. :)

39.0

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

39.1

“Um. Hello.”

“Hello to you as well,” Steve said, amused. “You’re the new Dream SMP looper, right? I think I saw you at the wedding, but we never got to speak.” He held out his hand.

Finally picking his jaw up off the floor, Sapnap shook the offered hand. “Yeah, that’s me. I’m Sapnap, it’s nice to meet you.”

Steve was... well, sort of plain, admittedly. But fuck, he was default for a reason, and he was the anchor for the Minecraft game itself, which was *wild*. And Sapnap was genuinely getting to meet him.

Tommy looked between the two of them, amused. “Yeah, we all meet him and Alex at some point. They might not be RP series, but they’re the og Minecrafters, so they’re kind of a big deal and all. Just try not to fanboy too hard.”

The other anchor chuckled. “If I remember right, when we first met-”

Tommy waved his hands in front of Steve’s face. “You don’t remember right, shut up!”

The sheer ridiculousness from the two of them eased the tension Sapnap was feeling. Steve was just another looper in the end, after all.

Even if meeting him was extremely cool. This was definitely something to remember.

39.2

There was something strange going on.

Tommy couldn’t totally explain it, but ever since they had signed the Declaration of Independence, it was like there was something in the back of his mind. What that something was, he had yet to figure out, and it was really bothering him. But he would, eventually!

Dream had handed them back his Declaration of War, and they had planned for the rest of the day before going their separate ways. Tommy had just made it back to his house, when-

“Thank fuck, thought that would never be over. Is it just me, or was that longer than normal? Maybe I’m just used to speeding it up-”

“AAHH WHAT THE FUCK!?” Tommy couldn’t help himself, he jumped a foot in the air, tripped over some stray iron he had left out that no one had stolen yet, and fell flat on his ass. Apparently the weird voice found this all hilarious, as it started cackling in his brain. “Hey, hey! This isn’t funny! What the fuck are you?”

“That was pretty funny, you gotta admit,” the voice snickered. “You shrieked so loud and jumped so high in the air.”

“No, it was not! Fucking asshole, you scared the shit out of me!” Tommy looked around wildly, eyes searching every nook, cranny, and hole for anyone who could be pranking him. “And you still haven’t told me who you are yet.”

“True, true. I’m sorry. You can call me Red, for now. But seriously, do you not recognize my voice?”

“Why would I recognize your voice?” Tommy frowned, trying to think about how Red sounded, before it hit him like a minecart. “Wait, hang on. You sound a lot like me. But that’s weird and doesn’t make sense, because then I would be talking to myself, which would mean I was crazy, but I’m not crazy, so that can’t be the case!”

“You’re not crazy at all,” Red assured him. “But you’re totally talking to yourself. Hello, me from the past. I’m here to direct you in all the ways of winning wars and avoiding death!”

Tommy would stare at Red incredulously if Red actually had a body. By this point, he was pretty sure the guy was definitely in his head, and not projecting his voice from somewhere else. “Right, like that makes any sense. Being insane sounds more believable. Except I’m not insane, so that’s saying something.”

Red gave what could only be the mental equivalent of a shrug, which was a very weird thing to feel. *“Suit yourself. But how about this: I tell you exactly when the Dream Team will attack and how they do so, 24 hours before it happens. I will continue to do that for each battle, whether you believe me or not.”*

He did sound confident. Finally, Tommy relented, if only a little bit. “Yeah okay, sure. If you do that, I might start to believe you.”

This time, he could feel Red’s grin. *“Excellent. We’ll have things all sorted out long before Pogtopia.”*

“What’s Pogtopia?”

~

“So what happens? Do we win the war? Does L’Manberg work out? How are my farms doing? How many bees do I have now?”

Silver laughed awkwardly at his excited younger self. *“You’re taking this really well. One question at a time, alright?”*

“What? But I have so many!”

A loop spent trapped inside his unawake self’s head... this was gonna be a long one. Surely he hadn’t been this chipper!

Still, it was nice. Sweet, even. And if he could help this version of him retain those softer edges, then he’d do anything he could to make it happen.

“Okay, first you need to go talk to Eret...”

39.3 (credit to Cryptid_Of_Potatos)

Tommy awoke inside a mountain lodge, which was definitely different than normal. Checking his loop memories, apparently he was a high school student who had visited this lodge last year with the same group of friends (including Tubbo), during which two sisters went missing. This year, their brother had invited them all back.

It sounded like a set-up to him. He sent out a ping, and received four others back. A pulse in the force confirmed that Tubbo was one of them, which meant the other three must be native loopers.

He headed into the room where everyone was relaxing and grinned at them all, trying to look a little woozy. “Fucking altitude, man. We only just got here, and I’m already feeling loopy.”

“Good thing I’m here to keep you anchored,” one of the girls, Sam, joked. Probably this loop’s anchor, then. “We’ll see if there’s anything we can do to help with that later.”

Eventually the group split up, and the five people currently Awake met together. Tubbo and Sam were there, as well as two of the guys, Mike and Chris.

“It’s nice to meet you two,” Sam finally said. “I’m Sam, the anchor of this loop. Welcome to ten hours of hell.”

“Horror loop?” Tubbo guessed. The three grimaced.

“Josh is gonna try and prank everyone by pretending to be a mass murderer and setting up some horrific sets for us to be tormented in,” Chris explained. “Which is worse sometimes, because we all did survive originally, but variants have shown just how easily it could’ve all gone wrong.”

“He’s misdiagnosed and off his meds, and he didn’t mean to genuinely hurt anyone, but he does almost get Ashley killed,” Sam sighed. “That’s not too hard to prevent. The real problem is the Wendigos. Have you heard of them?”

Oh fuck. “Monsters that are made from people who resort to cannibalism, right? Bite is infectious?” Next to him, Tubbo looked highly disturbed.

“Ours are a little different than some myths,” Mike informed them. “Their bite isn’t infectious, and it’s more that the Wendigo spirits are possessing the people who then turn into monsters. We’ve gotten really good at exercising someone who isn’t fully possessed yet, but once they’re all gone, there’s nothing we can do yet.” He groaned. “And the biggest and meanest spirit has Hannah, and there’s nothing we can do to help her. Eventually, they always come for us before dawn.”

“And you have to repeat these same twelve hours over and over again?” Tubbo managed. He knew horror, of course he did. But that sounded like if he and Tommy could only loop into Doomsday in particular.

Sam smiled. “Only sometimes. Other times we loop in during the night Hannah and Beth went missing. Then we can save them, and get a full year to loop. Our admin also set it up so we have fused loops and travel to other worlds more often than usual.”

“And we’re not exactly helpless at this point,” Chris added. “We can almost always handle ourselves. But we might be like, the one loop where we’ve been kind of hoping no one else starts looping, so they don’t have to experience the torment over and over again.”

“No kidding.” Tommy sighed. This was one hell of a messed up loop. “All right, you guys are the experts. How do we survive until dawn?”

“Here’s what we’re going to do...”

39.4

“I’m back!” Sapnap swung open the living room door. “And I come bearing dinner! Don’t worry, it’s takeout. I don’t know why you two are so obsessed with how bad my cooking is, but I will improve! Takeout until that time comes, which hopefully won’t be too much longer.”

“Sapnap.” Sapnap jolted, then turned to look at Quackity. His fiancé looked-

He looked devastated. Now that he was paying attention, he could feel the negative emotions rolling off of him in waves. Sapnap’s stomach dropped.

“Quackity?” He asked, quietly, nervously. “What’s wrong? What happened?”

Quackity opened and closed his mouth several times, as if trying to figure out the right things to say. Finally he managed, “You know how we’re both Awake this loop, and Karl isn’t?”

Sapnap winced. He was never a fan of loops where only one or neither of his fiancés were Awake, but they could always make do, and made sure to include the other anyways.

“Yessss?”

“And you know about Karl’s memory problems in baseline. How he was worried he would eventually forget everything.”

Sapnap could swear his heart stopped for a moment. Fire burned inside him, and he fought to keep it internal rather than external. “Are you suggesting what I think you are? You don’t mean - Q, does Karl remember us?”

Slowly, somberly, Quackity shook his head, before narrowing his eyes. “We’re still going to be here for him, though.”

“Of course,” Sapnap agreed. “We’ll help him in whatever way we can. He’s still Karl. Even if he doesn’t remember a little bit more than usual.”

Quackity managed a weak chuckle and led him to the living room.

Karl was sitting on the couch, looking a bit nervous and confused, and Sapnap wanted to hug him and hold his hand and reassure him everything would be alright, but Karl didn’t know them right now, and they had to be a bit more delicate than that.

Instead, he sat on the adjacent comfy chair. “Hey there Karl! Quackity told me you don’t remember anything?”

Karl nodded, looking relieved. “Oh, that’s good! I wasn’t sure if he had or not, I’m sorry about all of this. I’m sure you were lovely people, but I just don’t know you right now. I don’t know anyone, I don’t know...” he trailed off, hands shaking, confused and hurting, and Sapnap hurt alongside him.

“That must be really scary,” he finally said. “I’m so sorry you’re going through that. But Quackity and I, we promise we’ll help you through it. And even if your memory doesn’t return, we’ll help you figure things out anyways.”

“You’re our - friend, man,” Quackity agreed. “We’ve got your back, no matter what.”

Finally, Karl smiled. “Thank you, both of you. I must be really lucky, to have friends like you.”

Sapnap smiled right back. “Trust us. We’re the lucky ones.”

39.5

“I had a very strange variant last loop,” Tubbo admitted, looking out on the budding nation of L’Manberg. “And by that, I mean *strange*, strange.”

Tommy looked at him curiously. “Oh? Mind sharing what it was?”

“Yeah, sure.” He tapped his leg, trying to put all of his thoughts in place. “So, it started out normal, yeah? All the way through the revolution, and Manberg. The only changes where things I did myself. Then Ranboo showed up.”

“And he was different?” Tommy guessed.

Tubbo frowned and shook his head. “No, that was the thing. He was exactly the same. But it was like he had... replaced me, in a sense. Not like he became president or anything, but like, Eret and Niki were my siblings, yeah? And then Ranboo came, and they were his siblings instead, and they barely even acknowledged me anymore.”

“Oh, shit.”

“Yup. And Fundy was my friend until he became part of the family too, and unawake you started seeing him as a closer friend than you saw me, and even though we didn’t go through the exile business and Butcher Army mess, Phil took Ranboo in and basically ignored me from then on. It was a whole thing. The only person unaffected was Quackity, who was treated like scum because he didn’t like Ranboo.”

“Okay, that *is* pretty weird,” Tommy agreed. “Wonder if that’s how my baseline self felt after you got married? You saw how betrayed he sounded.”

Tubbo snickered. “Fair point. Not that baseline me would ever replace you. And I’m not interested in the whole romance business, so you don’t have to worry about it.”

“But Tubbo!” Tommy clasped his chest dramatically. “You married that man without my permission! He could be a wrongen, for all we know! You could’ve married a wrongen! I’m so betrayed!” Tubbo punched him lightly, laughing.

“Aww, don’t worry Toms, my brother, my best friend, my co-anchor. No one will ever take your place in my heart!” His smile faded a bit. “All jokes aside, it really felt like there was something... off, about that loop.”

Tommy sobered up. “Really?”

“Yeah. It was almost like the loop itself was deliberately trying to make me hate Ranboo. Obviously I never did, but whenever I hung out with him despite all of that, then the loop would get worse. It’s kind of hard to explain.” He rubbed his forehead. “I dunno. Maybe it was just a strange variant.”

“Maybe. But we’ll keep an eye on it, in case it pops up again.”

“Right.”

<Someone seems bothered,> Callahan said, amused, as three people entered his bar.

“Bothered is a way to put it,” Tommy agreed, sitting down. “Sparkling apple juice?”

Callahan poured him a glass.

“I’ve never been in one of those mod loops before,” Quackity mused, sipping his own drink. “It was actually very fun, looking back on it. Think we’ll keep that ability?”

Wilbur raised an eyebrow. “What, you want to consume a nether star and become a fucking terror of a giant?”

“Yes. Yes I do.” He snickered. “But you also can’t deny the fun that would be being that tiny size. Imagine saying all of those things to baseline Phil.”

“You’re only happy about those loops since you missed the Kevin one,” Tommy grumbled. “You wouldn’t think so highly of them if you were there as well.” Wilbur shuddered and nodded.

Callahan raised an eyebrow at him. <Wasn’t your streamer playing Kevin? How were you there?>

“You don’t understand,” Wilbur muttered. “I was in that thing’s *head*. And no one could hear me scream. Compared to that, all the other mods feel like cakewalks.”

Tommy patted his brother's elbow sympathetically.

39.7 (credit to YHN017)

“You know, I’ve always been so happy to be done with the flame niche, since Sapnap came around. That said, this is pretty cool,” Tommy admitted, looking at his ring, which had soft orange flames coming out of it. “Sky Flames, huh? Wonder what we can do with this?”

“Personally, I already know,” Sapnap admitted, looking fondly at his own red Storm Flames. “I mean, I’ve looked up as many flame based powers and loops as I could during the hub loops. But I’m not telling. I don’t want to ruin the surprise.”

“That’s fair,” Tubbo admitted, examining his Mist Flames. “It’s not like we don’t have our loop memories to help us out as well.”

It seemed that rather than replacing anyone, they were their own particular mafia group, with Tommy as their Sky Flame, Sapnap as their Storm Flame, Tubbo as their mist Flame, Wilbur as their Sun Flame, Niki as their Rain Flame, Sam as their Lightning Flame, and Fundy as their Cloud Flame. Everyone else seemed to be scattered around their small group as well.

Tubbo smiled at the gathered group. “So, what do you say? Game the system? Become the best in the underworld? Mess with the Arcobaleno, since they don’t seem to be looping right now?”

“Works for me!”

39.8

Puffy Capulet raised an eyebrow at the scene around her, and at the loop memories that were quickly filling in. “Romeo and Juliet, is it?”

Her wife giggled beside her. “Romeo and Juliet *in space*. That’s very important, don’t forget. Also the coup d’états and surviving true heir rebel versus Prince’s son aspect.”

“Ah yes, of course.” She leaned on Niki’s shoulder, and the two of them overlooked the city together. “I don’t suppose you’ve seen this one?”

“I think I’ve heard of it, at least,” Niki admitted. “I think the couple does a heroic sacrifice at the end to save Neo Verona and lower it into the sea, or something.”

Puffy let out a small smirk. This wasn’t any sort of null loop, her pocket and powers were in full effect. And she could *feel* the ocean beneath them. “Well, I don’t think that will be a problem for us, at least.”

Being a goddess had been strange, at first, but it definitely had its perks.

“That’s true,” Niki agreed. She flashed her a cheeky smile. “Want to mess things up and establish a new order right off the bat?”

“Awww, you read my mind. How do you do that?”

“I’m your wife, silly.” She bopped Puffy lightly on the nose, and Puffy reflexively sneezed, causing Niki to yelp and scoot backwards, losing her footing and falling off the bench.

For a moment the two just sat there in silence, looking at each other, before simultaneously cracking up. After maybe a minute, they finally caught their breaths, and Puffy helped her back onto the bench. The two sat there, basking in the sunset.

Life moved on around them, and it was good.

39.9 (credit to dumbdumvv)

Callahan raised an eyebrow as Karl slipped into the Bake and Bar, slumping over across the counter. “Rough loop?”

“Mmm. Life is Strange. Super fucked up. Teacher was murdering kids. Sapnap and Quackity kept dying. Eventually I had to choose between them or the lives of everyone else in the town.” He looked utterly miserable.

Callahan briefly considered asking which he chose, but decided against it. “Your usual?”

“Yes please.”

And that was that.

39.10

“You know, I honestly thought more would’ve changed in this variant,” Fundy admitted, hovering next to his dolphin. “I mean, aside from everyone having a fishy companion and being underwater, there isn’t much that’s changed that we haven’t changed ourselves.”

“You have a point,” Sam agreed, green tail swishing as he looked around the aptly named L’Merberg. “Then again, our last loop where we were all mermaids had quite a few differences. Maybe this is just taking a simpler route.”

“Could be,” Fundy agreed. “Apparently Sapnap’s not taking it too well though - you know how he is.”

Sam chuckled. “Water and fire don’t mix, I know. We’ve heard it a couple thousand times. You’d think he would get used to having water-related loops by now. Sure, they’re rare for him, but they’ve still happened enough times.”

“Fuck off,” Sapnap grumbled, swimming by. “I’m allowed not to like certain loops. And it’s not like I hate water or anything! It just kind of goes against the whole fire god thing I have going on.”

“You did have that stick from that one loop,” Sam recalled. “Well, this place is pretty tropical, so maybe there’s a volcano nearby that you can explore?”

Sam’s eyes lit up at the idea. “You know what? You’re right.” He grinned. <Karl, Quackity, other fellow loopers! Who wants to go volcano hunting?>

<I’m in!> Tubbo immediately responded. Tommy and Sapnap’s fiancé’s quickly chimed in their agreement as well.

“Just make sure that you don’t create a volcano if you can’t find one,” Fundy said pointedly. “That would seriously fuck up our ecosystem.”

Sapnap gave them a salute that was not one bit reassuring, before swimming off. The two watched him go.

“...He’s totally gonna make a volcano if he can’t find one, isn’t he?”

“Oh absolutely.”

39.11

“-I have this lease on life, and if life’s a fucking horse, I’m gonna ride it, Tommy. Ah-I’m sorry, I gotta go. I’ve got things to do, I’ve got things to plan-”

And then Wilbur Woke up.

Looked around himself. Pinged to everyone, got eleven pings back, meaning everyone was awake. He was alive, but he was standing on the glass of a post-Doomsday L’Manberg. A variant, then?

He checked his loop memories...

...

Fucking Ender. Fucking *hell*.

He sank to his knees.

“Holy shit. We’re - we’re here. We’re at the expansion, and I’m - I’m alive.”

He was living. Breathing. In *baseline*. And he still had all of Ghostbur’s memories, but now he had other memories as well. Memories of thirteen years spent in limbo, on a train platform waiting for a train to finally come, screaming until his voice was hoarse, clawing at the walls.

And then the train came, and it took him away. Back to the land of the living.

There was pressure, a hand on his shoulder. And - oh, that was Tommy. “Wilbur? Wil? You pinged are you - wait no, stupid question, I have the loop memories. Hang on, Wil. *Tubbo!* We need you over here!”

He was so loud. Everything was so much.

There were footsteps, and then things dimmed down. Got more bearable, less overstimulating.

“What’s going on? What did - what just happened?” Ranboo asked helplessly.

Tubbo laughed weakly. “It’s a long story, bossman. I’ll explain in a sec, just let me get the *Benson* out for everyone.”

“Shit,” Tommy muttered. “Shit, these memories are fucked. Oh fuck, *Sam*. Sam, he’s here and Awake and he’s got the memories. Oh fuck.”

As if on cue, somewhere in the distance, they could all hear someone screaming in absolute despair.

~

“So... time loops?”

“Time loops,” Tubbo confirmed. “And like I said, they hadn’t expanded this far out before, so this was our first time with the whole Wilbur reviving thing too. Luckily he’s also looping this time, so he’s mentally stable. Or at least, as stable as any looper can be.”

Ranboo’s shoulders sagged with relief. “That’s good. He’s safe then, he won’t hurt you or Tommy or Michael. Okay. I was worried.”

Tubbo smiled fondly. “I appreciate the thought, though. That’s what counts, right?”

“Right,” Ranboo laughed. “I mean, as your husband and Michael’s dad, I gotta be worried, don’t I? It would be weird if I wasn’t.”

That was, hmm. Right.

Was he going to have loops where he woke up after getting married now? What was he going to do about that?

Tubbo showed none of his internal conflict, a skill he was grateful for, and squeezed Ranboo’s hand. “True, very true. Don’t worry, he’s harmless. Well, not to Dream. But, you know, to us.”

He could figure this out somehow. It would be fine. He’d talk to the others later. They still didn’t know how long this expansion would go for, anyways.

~

“Has anyone seen Sam?” Karl asked, frowning. “We got everyone’s pings, which means he’s definitely awake.”

Tommy, Tubbo, and Wilbur exchanged glances. “We heard him screaming, probably about the memories,” Tommy admitted softly. “But by the time we got to the prison, he was gone. I hope he’s not taking it too hard.”

Quackity looked glum. “This is Sam we’re talking about. Of course he’s taking it hard. And we’d just gotten past him feeling guilty for what happened in the last expansion too.”

“Finding him should be our priority after this then.” Despite her words, Puffy didn’t look too hot herself, clutching Niki’s hand like a lifeline. “And I’m not sure yet, but I might look into one of the other looper psychiatrists. They’re not really therapy-based, but a session might help.”

Eret shuddered. “That Red Banquet was a real mess, wasn’t it?” Everyone who was there quickly agreed. “And Foolish... Ender. I really don’t know anything about myself, do I?” They frowned at their hands. “He... he sacrificed himself to save me. Why can’t I remember how we got so close that he would do that?”

Wilbur looked over at his son, concerned. “Fundy? What happened on your end?”

Fundy pulled himself out of whatever zone he’d spaced out to. “Oh. It’s really weird shit. Real creepy too. I’m still trying to process it though, give me a day?”

Wilbur nodded immediately. “Of course, whatever you need.”

“I remember dying now,” Tommy said softly. Tubbo grabbed his hand. “For the first time. It was fucking horrible. I never want to do that again.”

“You won’t,” Tubbo assured him. “Not when we can prevent it.”

“And Wilbur’s alive again,” Sapnap finished. “Congrats, I guess?”

“I don’t know if I’d say that. Well, maybe. It turns out there’s nothing but absolute terror and sensory deprivation and hellish limbo waiting for us when we’re gone, so that’s a pleasant thought.”

“I propose we just don’t die in our last loop. Become gods, or whatever, and avoid the whole mess,” Callahan offered. Everyone else voiced their general agreement, Tommy much more vocal than the others.

“That’s for the best,” Wilbur sighed. Then he turned to Tubbo and Tommy. “By the way, I got a bit of context memories you might want to hear about.”

...

“What do you *mean* Phil didn’t know about Schlatt!?”

Chapter End Notes

39.1 Steve. That is all.

39.2 Well, at least they're not totally helpless. It all depends on what their younger selves will do with their info.

39.3 Some loops just... suck. (Until Dawn)

39.4 This isn't the first time it's happened. It won't be the last.

39.5 Well that's strange, isn't it?

39.6 True horror.

39.7 In the end, Tommy met an Unawake Tsuna, and decided that if Reborn was just going to throw things and shoot the kid over and over, he might as well train the new Sky Flame instead. (KHR)

39.8 Just some romance in space. (Romeo x Juliet)

39.9 Karl's time loop misadventures continue. (Life is Strange)

39.10 They had to stop Sapnap from ruining their ecosystem too bad.

39.11 And so, the second expansion arrives. And with it? Pain.

40.0

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone! I've decided to finally come off anon, which is very strange and exciting. I do have a [tumblr](#), if anyone wants to chat!

That being said, I hope you all enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

40.1

“...What.”

“Is there a problem?” Niki asked innocently.

“Just...” Dream’s eyebrows twitched. “Why?”

“Well, it’s not like anything is hurt, right?” She reasoned. “It’s all in good fun. George can come out of there whenever he wants to, I assure you. And it’ll come right off. So what’s got you all upset over it?”

“I don’t - am I just supposed to accept that George’s house is entirely covered in pudding?”

That was indeed the case. The entirety of George’s cozy, annoying, hobbit-hole home was completely covered in a massive pudding, with a small hole in it leading right to the door. Inside, George slept on blissfully, seeming to be totally unaware or uncaring of what had happened around him.

It was a little something Niki had done during that fused loop into class 3-E with Korosensei, and she had been waiting a while to make another one of these treats.

“You are supposed to accept that,” she confirmed sweetly. “Unless you don’t want a taste?” She gestured to the group of people, including several loopers, an Unawake Sappan and Eret, and BadBoyHalo, who were scooping out small portions for themselves.

Dream looked at the pudding longingly, and Niki smiled, counting down until cave-in.

And sure enough, the cave-in came. “Fine, whatever.” Dream practically stomped over to the pudding, acting as though he was being dragged over there, looked around for a second, then eagerly dug in.

Niki called that a mission success.

40.2

“As one of the looping experts on ghosts, I’ve seen a lot of different specters in my days,” Danny told them, bobbing up and down in the air and looking around curiously. “This is definitely one of the stranger takes that I’ve seen.”

“Is it really?” Tommy mused, leaning next to the ghostly form of his variant brother. “We’re still trying to figure it out ourselves, especially after the newest expansion. We could really use your input.”

Danny tapped his chin. “I can see why it would be difficult. There are generally a few different versions of ghosts. The most common are either vague shadows and impressions of a person that were left behind when the soul passed on, or the ghost is itself the soul, lingering beyond death. What’s weird about your loop is that Ghostbur fits in neither of these categories.”

Tommy nodded. “Right. Apparently he’s not Wilbur, or so we’ve been told. But you’re sure he’s not a shadow or impression? I never saw him that way, but...”

Danny shook his head. “Too human, I think. Just because he’s forgetful doesn’t make him a simple impression. Those kinds of ghosts are always far more one-note, and are generally incapable of making many new memories or getting attached to new things. Ghostbur has Friend, and he can make new memories. I’d say the latter part might be disputed since your admin tied looping Wilbur to Ghostbur, but that’s in baseline as well.”

“And then there’s Glatt,” the blond anchor added.

“And then there’s Glatt,” Danny agreed. “Who doesn’t follow any of the same patterns as Ghostbur, adding ever more complications into the mix. Not to mention PhantomInnit, who apparently existed at some point, but who you have no memory of. Unlike baseline Wilbur, who has a bit of Ghostbur’s memories.”

“So, do you have anything concrete you can tell us, or is this a dead end?”

Danny snorted. “Give me some credit, I can crack this. I just need a bit more time to think on it. Maybe interview Ghostbur and Glatt. See if I can find PhantomInnit. Once I’ve collected more data, I’ll get back to you.”

Tommy grinned. “Thanks, man. We really appreciate it.”

The half-ghost waved him off. “Hey, no need to thank me. Wilbur’s a good guy. And I’m always up for a new ghostly challenge. At the very least, it’ll be something interesting to do.”

40.3 (credit to LoveMe_Please)

“So,” Tubbo mused, looking out over the deck. “We’re on the Titanic.” His siblings looked over the icy sea next to him.

“At least it’s not the movie?” Niki offered. “And not a null loop. Not that Puffy and I would have that problem anyways - I watched that Mythbuster’s episode, they both could have fit on that plank.”

“Yeah, it just seems to be the plain old Titanic,” Eret agreed. “So, we’re going to prevent it from sinking, right?”

“Of course!”

“Obviously. Why wouldn’t we?”

They chuckled. “Just checking. Wonder what kind of butterfly effect this will end up having?”

40.4

Fundy squinted, looking around at the evergreen trees surrounding them. “Does anyone else feel kind of strange?”

Niki nodded. “I do. Can’t explain why though.”

“This seems to be a sort of half-null loop, I think.” Puffy made a motion with her hand, and nothing happened. “We’ve still got our pocket, but we can’t seem to use any looping powers besides that.”

“We get those sometimes,” Willow, resident looper, told them, already pulling a house out of her pocket. “The Constant’s harder to survive in than Minecraft is, so maybe that’s why. Either way, someone should set up some lights around our camp before dark, unless some of you feel like being torn to shreds.”

“Not a chance.” With practiced ease, Wickerbottom finished the firepit, and Sapnap set it on fire. “We’re all good to go.” He turned to Willow, a spark in his eye. “I hear you’re *Don’t Starve’s* very own pyromaniac?”

Willow grinned. “That’s me. You a bit of one yourself?”

Quackity rolled his eyes. “You have no idea.”

“He groans, but he loves me,” Sapnap said cheerfully. “Wanna compare notes?”

“Hell yes.” Without further ado, Willow grabbed Sapnap and led him into her Shanty, Quackity following behind.

Wickerbottom let out a long sigh, dusting off her hands. “If those two burn down the forest, I’ll be sorely displeased with them,” she huffed, in a tone that let everyone know she was not a person you wanted displeased. “I am not wasting one of my books re-growing the world again.”

“I’ll go make sure they’re not getting any such ideas,” Wilson assured her, smiling fondly and heading towards the Shanty. When he reached it, however, he paused and turned around, face illuminated by firelight as the sun fully set. “Has any of your other loopers contacted you yet? There was definitely one more ping, but no one has shown up.”

“That would be me.” They all turned to see Wilbur slip into view, just outside of the campfire, wearing dark fancy clothing and looking horribly tormented.

Fundy ran to him, but his dad stepped back. “It’s a bad one, Fundy. I’m the Grue, apparently, I - I can’t-”

“You need to tear people to shreds if they step outside of the light,” Wickerbottom finished glumly. “We’ve all taken a turn in Charlie’s place, and it’s never a fun time, enlightening as it may occasionally be.”

“I don’t care about enlightenment,” Wilbur snapped, a bit harshly. “I don’t want to hurt my family!”

“Don’t worry dad,” Fundy promised. “We’ll figure this out.”

“We can set up the door to your throne room. Willow, Wickerbottom, or I can take your place,” Wilson assured him. “We all know how to deal with being on the Shadow Throne.”

Wilbur looked relieved. “Thank you. And, ah, please hurry.”

Wickerbottom grumbled about impatience, but Wilson simply nodded. “Of course.”

40.5

“...So,” Tubbo finally said. “Phil. I think we’ve held this off long enough.”

He, Tommy, Wilbur, and Fundy were all sitting on board the *Benson*. After the expansion, they’d all agreed to see how things settled, how the basic baseline of Philza Minecraft would or wouldn’t change, before they addressed the topic.

“Well, it seems he is generally a good dad, as it turns out,” Wilbur began, awkward and hesitant, as if he couldn’t believe it himself. “I told you that baseline me was lying about Pogtopia, so he didn’t come because he genuinely didn’t know. It’s still a little hard to

believe. I always thought if he stabilized, he wouldn't..." His breath caught. "I thought he would be Bad Dad Phil, and that would be okay, because then I would at least know for sure. But he's not. He's - he's a good dad."

Tommy squeezed his brother's hand, Tubbo patted his shoulder, and Fundy leaned up against him. They all took this in for a moment.

"We've been having less of the family variants," Tommy admitted. "There's still a lot, but it's maybe twenty-five percent of the time rather than seventy percent. I'm gonna be totally honest, as long as you guys are still my family, I don't mind so much."

"Always," Wilbur promised.

"I've... had an increase in being found by Phil," Tubbo said quietly. "I'm almost never Schlatt's kid anymore, but Phil finds me more often. And then..." He sighed. "Well. He doesn't know about Schlatt. He makes assumptions."

"Never mind that you were fucking sixteen," Tommy practically growled, anger flashing in his eyes and the air thinning and sparking for a moment. "Never mind that he could've fucking asked about who that Ender-damned funeral was for."

"Could've asked us about anything and we would've told him," Fundy agreed glumly. "Could've gone to see Ghostbur's library in the months he was in New L'Manberg. Why didn't he do any of that? I get that he trusted you dad, I do! But, wouldn't he want to understand? To know why everything happened? Wouldn't he find it strange that the pieces weren't matching up? I talked to him after the revival, he genuinely thought Tubbo was in charge from Pogtopia onwards."

"It's almost *worse*," Tommy spat, a surprising amount of anger radiating in the force. "It's almost worse that he knew nothing when he blew everything up during Doomsday. He didn't know a single fucking thing, and he blew it all to hell anyways."

"So he's a good dad, but not much else." Wilbur buried his head in his hands. "This is going to be a disaster, isn't it? Why couldn't he just be good? Why did it have to come with strings attached?" He looked up. "Tubbo, I'm so, so sorry."

"I know," Tubbo promised. "You've already apologized, and I've already forgiven you. It's alright."

Tommy elbowed him. "Now you know how I feel."

Tubbo paused to take that in. "Oh. *Huh*."

"We'll deal with it," Fundy said, with more confidence than he felt. "One step at a time."

It was all they could do.

“It’s my birthday,” Tommy noted, a little bit of wonder seeping into his voice. “My seventeenth birthday is today.”

Next to him, Tubbo startled. “That’s right, it is. Wow, that’s a little wild to think about. Do you want to celebrate it, or just sort of ignore it like I do?”

“I’m not sure yet,” he admitted. “Maybe celebrate it a couple times? I’m seventeen in baseline. Or, Streamer Tommy is seventeen in baseline. Does that still count as my birthday? Or is it just his?”

“It’s a good question. You know, apparently my streamer has some sort of streaming anniversary in his baseline,” Tubbo mused. “That sounds more like my birthday, doesn’t it? But regardless, I think it’s just up to you and whatever you feel like. We’re so old at this point that whether we’re physically sixteen or seventeen doesn’t really matter.”

“Yeah, that’s true. It’s just something new, I guess.” He shook his head. “I still can’t believe it took me this long to realize I celebrate a birthday in the expansion. With everything else going on, it totally passed under the radar. That’s wild. And kind of depressing. I mean, I forgot my own birthday!”

“If it helps, I lost a nuke in this expansion,” Tubbo offered.

Tommy spun around to look at him incredulously. “You lost a *what? How?*”

“*I don’t know!*” I look away for like five minutes and one of them is gone!” Tubbo groaned dramatically. “I’ve just been keeping any nukes made before I wake up in my pocket, so no more of them get stolen. Honestly, how did I lose an entire nuke?”

And with that wild sentence, Tommy couldn’t help but laugh.

40.7

“Origins again?” Niki mused, downing a water-breathing potion and climbing out of the lake to meet the others. After a bit of trial and error, they’d discovered that water-breathing potions would let her breathe on land, just as they let the others breathe underwater. “And a lot more pings than we normally get for this variant.”

“It seems like this particular variant has expanded somehow,” Wilbur agreed, looking curious. “We’ve got the Pub, and Phil is a superhero named Crow Father?”

“I saw that in my loop memories.” It was certainly interesting. Just as interesting as learning that Tommy was apparently the brains behind the heroic operation. “And - oh. There’s more of us here now.”

“Hey guys!” Fundy hopped down from a tree to join them. “Guess I get to be in this variant now too! Would’ve been cool if I could get a new hybrid trait rather than just fox, but it still seems like it’s going to be a lot of fun.”

“We haven’t had much to do with Sneeg before, but we know Scott, and Charlie keeps showing up everywhere.” Tommy looked contemplative. “Do you think Scott has a better chance of looping now that he’s in another variant?”

“Looping? Is that what this is?” They all turned to see Scott approaching them, starlight flickering at the edges of his hair and hands. “I don’t think I was here before, but I have all these memories of coming from the sky, and meeting you people. “Where’s Lizzie? Or Joey, or Shelby?”

The group of loopers looked at each other. “Well, we kind of assumed Lizzie or Joel would be the one to do it, since they’re already looping, but I guess we’ll have to do,” Tommy finally said. “Pull up a seat, Scott SMajor. It’s time for your “Welcome to the Multiverse” presentation.”

~

To his credit, Scott listened attentively the entire time, only interjecting once or twice. At the end, he sat back and took everything in. “So, we’re all stuck in an eternal time loop, with lots of variations and combined loops with other worlds. I would say I’m surprised, but there isn’t really much that surprises me, I think.”

“That’s good,” Fundy encouraged. “That’s the kind of attitude you need for the loops, really. This variant is called Origins, we’re we’ve all got a certain origin, and live together in semi-harmony. It’s a lot of fun.”

“It does seem nice,” Scott agreed. “Although apparently a bee hybrid named Tubbo wants to turn me into a living nuke? Is he the other anchor you mentioned?”

Wilbur frowned. “Bee hybrid? I thought he was a Shulk.”

“Nope! I’m a bee now!” They all looked up to see Tubbo buzzing about, descending slowly towards them. “It seems I’m very into cartoon villainy in the Origins expansion.”

Tommy winced. “Are you gonna be okay?”

“Are you kidding?” Tubbo grinned. “I may have chosen magic as my niche, but I’m still a scientist at heart. I’ve always wanted to cackle madly as I *show them all!* This is going to be *fun*.”

Niki felt a shiver run down her back. “Can you at least wait until Scott gets to know you better?” She asked.

Tubbo debated this. “Yeah, alright. We’ll have another Origins loop soon enough, I can go full mad scientist then. Ranboo’s going to be disappointed, though.”

“Who’s Ranboo?”

“Me.” Scott yelped and jumped backwards, turning to face the tall enderman hybrid, who was looking down on him with amusement. “Are you the reason my partner in crime has apparently decided not to continue with our plans?”

Scott recovered from his scare and puffed up a bit. “What’s it to you?”

Ranboo leaned down, jaw unhinging into an inhuman grin. “That’s very unfortunate for you, my friend.”

“Hey, lay off him,” Tubbo said lightly, although there was a note of steel and warning in his tone. “We’re all friends here.”

Ranboo immediately backed off. “If you say so. But I’m keeping my eye on this one.” Without another word, he teleported away.

Scott shuddered. “You know, I don’t really like that Ranboo fellow.”

Tommy snickered. “Somehow, I don’t think any of us are surprised.”

40.8 (credit to Bluedragonfairy)

“I’ve been through quite a few horror loops,” Tommy admitted, as he walked through the halls, “But this one is just kind of unnerving.” He gripped his red rose tighter.

“Oh, agreed,” Wilbur said, holding onto his blue rose. “And it would’ve been nice if we knew what to expect, but I’ve never seen this loop before in the hub. Where do you think we are? Besides just “haunted gallery”. A game? Show? Movie?”

“I don’t know that.” The two of them jumped and turned to see Tubbo rounding the corner, holding a yellow rose. “But I do know what kind of spook this is. Loop memories say I’m one of the paintings, and my goal is to keep one of you trapped here forever so I can escape in your place.”

“But you’re not going to do that?”

“But I’m not going to do that,” Tubbo agreed cheerfully. “I do know where the exit is, though. I’ll help you two out so the loop can hopefully end early.”

“What if it doesn’t though?” Tommy asked, concerned. “You’ll be stuck here.”

He shrugged. “The paintings won’t hurt me since I’m one of them. I’ll just be a little lonely for a bit. Don’t worry about it.”

And so that was the plan.

40.9

“You look unnerved,” Karl noted, as the two anchors sat down in the Bake and Bar, munching on cookies. “Care to share?”

“Ranboo,” Tubbo informed him. “This loop’s variant of him is weird as hell.”

<I’ve noticed,> Callahan agreed. <He’s been here since the very beginning, rather than when he usually shows up, especially odd for a code loop like this. And he never speaks.>

“We’d chalk that up to his Enderwalk, but he speaks then, just in Ender.” Tommy sighed. “No, he just stares. Continuously. Without blinking. It’s creepy.”

“He doesn’t have eyelids at all sometimes,” Tubbo pointed out. “It’s actually not that uncommon. This could be one of those loops.”

“I know that. But you can’t deny that it adds to the creepiness factor.” He threw his hands up. “I mean, during the revolution? Guy was just watching all of us. Continuously. Through the trees, from the top of the wall... I think I caught a glimpse of him when they tried to pull the final control room over us.”

Karl frowned. “You think he’s genuinely Dream’s servant this loop?”

“From what we can tell, he watches the Dream team as much as he watches us.” Tubbo shook his head. “I’m not discounting the possibility, but we need to know more before we make any actual judgement. Maybe the four of us can take turns keeping an eye on him.”

Callahan tapped the side of one of his glasses thoughtfully. <This isn’t the first time Ranboo’s had a strange loop like this. Where it’s beyond his normal level of loop-variable strangeness.>

“You’re right. It’s happened a few times recently.” Tubbo sighed. “I’d like to think it’s just us getting some strange variants, but it’s something to keep an eye on, just in case.”

The other three loopers quickly agreed.

40.10

Puffy slipped quietly into their room, and fell into her wife’s arms. “Hello there. Long time no see.”

Niki smiled fondly, wrapping her arms around her. “Not for me. Only twelve loops. How many loops has it been for you?”

“Thirty-two. But the last one was most interesting.” Puffy sighed. “I spent some time talking to Calliope. Apparently I needed an intervention.”

“I’m not surprised.” Puffy looked up at her, a little hurt, and Niki gently tucked a stray white curl behind her ear. “Puffy, you’re one of the strongest, most compassionate and empathetic people I know. But sometimes you wear yourself so thin helping others that you forget to take care of yourself. The Red Banquet was a wake-up call, wasn’t it?”

“...It was,” Puffy admitted. “I knew that while I had been pretty removed from all the trauma so far, there was always a chance that would change. I guess I just didn’t want to think about it. But then I watched my old friend kill Foolish right in front of me. And he taunted me about it!” She shuddered, hands clenched into fists. “And I killed Ant for it. Now those images refuse to leave my head.”

“And even though you know how to help others with these problems, it’s not so easy when it’s yourself,” Niki finished.

“Mmm. Calliope is getting me in touch with some of the looping psychologists. She suggested that I hold off on giving sessions for clients until I’m a little better, but how can I do that? There are so many people who need me to be strong for them.”

“I think,” Niki said kindly, “That in order to be strong for your patients, you need to be strong for yourself. If it was one of your clients, would you recommend that they ignore their own problems like that?”

“Not at all. Curse your logic.” Niki giggled. “Alright then, I suppose I can take a small break.” She winced, as though the words were physically painful.

“Everyone will understand,” Niki promised. “And we’ll all be here for you. Me especially.”

Puffy smiled up at her. “I know. I’m the luckiest woman in the multiverse. I’ve never forgotten that, and I never will.”

40.11

“Okay, fuck this.” Quackity grabbed Sam roughly and dragged him towards where the *Benson* was docked.

“Hey, what-?”

“Quit the act, Sam. I know you’re Awake. You’ve been stealthing for a bunch of loops already, haven’t you?”

Sam stopped fighting the younger looper’s grip, and after a moment of stillness, sagged in defeat. “What gave me away?”

“I don’t know, maybe the fact that you refused to look anyone in the eyes?” Quackity snipped. “Whatever. Point is, it’s gone on long enough. You need to talk to Tommy, even if you don’t want to.”

Sam flinched, then looked at the ground. “I do want to,” he whispered hoarsely. “But why would he want to talk to me? Why would *anyone* want to talk to me? I - I tortured Ponk! Cut off his arm! I told Tommy I would *kill him*! Why would anyone want to be near me after that?”

“You *didn’t*!” Quackity snapped, thoroughly fed up. “Unawake Sam did those things! Dammit man, didn’t we just get over this with the last expansion? I thought you were getting better at not guilt-tripping the hell out of yourself.”

Sam sent a half-hearted glare his way. “What happened in the last expansion was horrible, but it was still nothing compared to this.”

“And neither of the expansions matter anyways, because you’re still not that person. You didn’t and wouldn’t do this.” Sam said nothing, and Quackity pinched his forehead. “You know what? Fine. Don’t listen to a fucking word I say. But you’re going to fucking listen to Tommy, you got that? Don’t chicken out of this. He deserves better.”

Finally, something seemed to get through. Sam jolted, as though he had been shocked. “He - he does. He does deserve better.”

“Glad to hear you realizing that. Now let’s go talk to him.”

~

Tommy was waiting on the *Benson* when they arrived. As soon as Sam stepped into the room, Tommy was by his side, wrapping him in a hug. On instinct, Sam hugged back, and tried to ignore the guilt in his gut, telling him he didn’t deserve to be within feet of Tommy.

“I-”

“I missed you,” Tommy admitted quietly, and Sam’s heart broke. “I get it. I can’t imagine having to deal with those memories. Memories of dying are bad enough, and memories of hurting those I care about are worse. But I still missed you.”

Sam couldn’t see. His eyes were warm, and his vision was blurry. “I missed you too. You deserve so much. And you especially deserve better than me.”

“Oh fuck off.” Tommy still didn’t let go. “Who adopted me when Phil was being a shit dad and knew I needed an adult who cared? Who literally fought Phil for the right to be my dad? Who comforted me after some of my worst loops? Who raised me on multiple occasions? Who went on adventures through the multiverse with me? Who did I give my “*Loop’s Best Dad*” Mug to? Who have I spent millions of years getting to know?”

“Tommy-”

“*You!* You’re the answer to all of those questions! And you know who *isn’t*? The Sam of the expansion. He’s not even comparable to you.”

Tears were pouring down Sam’s cheeks now, and he couldn’t wipe them because his arms were still around Tommy.

“You’re my dad, dumbass,” Tommy finished, voice watery and raw with emotion. “Don’t blame yourself for what someone else did. I don’t want anyone else to fill the role, so please don’t stop being my dad because of what a different version of you did.”

Sam was left completely speechless, so he simply hugged Tommy as tightly as he could. “Of course I won’t stop being your dad,” he managed. “I’ll never stop being your dad. I’m so sorry.”

Visions of threatening Tommy still danced through his mind, taunting him. But Tommy deserved better than that. If Sam didn’t want to be the coward his Unawake self was, he needed to get his act together.

For Tommy.

Chapter End Notes

40.1 Sometimes, pudding is the answer to problems.

40.2 The Dream SMP has some strange ghosts. (Danny Phantom)

40.3 Did they succeed? Yes! But what about the consequences?

40.4 Sometimes, survival games need to stick together. (Don't Starve Together)

40.5 It's a real complicated mess, isn't it?

40.6 If Tubbo keeps any nukes not in his pocket, eventually they *will* get stolen. The one who does the stealing varies.

40.7 And so Scott is looping! They don't tell him about MCC though. Better he decides he wants to do that without anyone pressuring him.

40.8 When one loops in as the big horror, things get a little easier. (Ib)

40.9 How strange.

40.10 Sometimes, even the strongest people need a break and a helping hand.

40.11 Heartfelt reunions.

41.0

Chapter Notes

And now, for a spotlight on some more looping terminology:

Mythos Hackers: A group of hackers, mostly Lovecraftian in nature, but also including a few figures like Slenderman, who try and subvert the tree and the loops. Wherever they go, chaos and terror usually follows.

Yes, the last bit of the last segment is deliberate. No, I'm not sorry.

Enjoy! :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

41.1

Tubbo Awoke and looked around himself curiously. It was unusual for him to wake up in a jail cell. Far more unusual than it was for Puffy, Tommy, or Quackity to awaken there, at least. He seemed to be in an orange jumpsuit, and his loop memories told him that he was twenty years old, and had been in the prison for twenty years.

Which was... odd. He had a bad feeling about this.

“Wakey-Wakey!” Charlie Slimecicle banged on the iron doors. “It’s one a.m! Did you sleep well? I sure hope not!”

Oh no.

“Hey - there’s an infestation of Silverfish in my cell!” That was Tommy.

Nonono.

Tubbo received Tommy’s ping, and reluctantly slipped on his compass. <Oh no.>

<Oh yes.> Tommy sounded far too gleeful for a boy who was running around in circles trying to avoid the Silverfish in his room. <Looks like you’re in a modded loop again!>

Tubbo stared at the ceiling, deftly sidestepping the Silverfish. <Yggdrasil, why have you forsaken me?>

Tommy’s mental cackle was the only answer he got.

41.2

Wilbur Awoke in a nice enough room, but one that certainly wasn't any of his usual places to Awaken in. He sent out a ping and received four others in return, then sent out a pulse in the force and confirmed those four were the other original L'Manberg members.

He checked his loop memories. Apparently, he was once an insurance investigator, but after Phil's death had been drawn into the world of crime, where he and his team would right injustices using less than legal means, with him as the mastermind of the operation.

"You know," Wilbur finally said. "This is a loop I can certainly get behind."

"Oh, agreed." Eret, grifter extraordinaire, leaned up against the counter next to him. "I'm very excited. How many of our targets do you think will be from our world?"

"Dream and Schlatt both have counterparts here," Tubbo informed them, already putting his role as hacker to good use. "No reason we can't destroy them both. From what I can gather, they're just as nasty here as they are back home."

Tommy, their resident hitter, grinned over his brother's shoulder, looking at Tubbo's screens. "Even more of a reason why this is shaping up to be a good loop. How many companies do you think we can destroy?"

"Maybe we can make it a competition?" Fundy, their thief, offered. "I mean, we'll all work as a team, of course. But whoever can expose the most people on the side wins something."

Eret raised a curious eyebrow. "And what would that something be?"

"Not sure yet. Still working on that."

"Wouldn't you and Tubbo have an advantage, with your hacking skills?" Wilbur pointed out reasonably. "Maybe we can try a different challenge. Rather than competing against each other, we see how many of the richest people we can ruin. Next time we loop here, we try and beat that score."

Tommy grinned. "Works for me." Then he nudged Tubbo. "Think we'll be destroying your husband? Eat the rich and all."

"He's not my husband. But also, leave Ranboo alone."

Wilbur snickered. "Come on Tubbo, don't be a class traitor!"

Tubbo glared at his brothers. "We're all richer than anyone in this loop! If I'm a class traitor, then so are you!"

The conversation quickly devolved into whether gathering money over millions of loops and acquiring wealth that way actually put loopers into the one percent and made them class traitors or not. Fundy and Eret simply watched from the sidelines.

“I heard there’s a good coffee shop nearby,” They offered, when the argument dragged on. “Want to check it out?”

Fundy shrugged, not bothering to hide his amusement. “Might as well. Knowing Dad, this could go on for a while. Coffee now, taking down the corrupt system later.”

41.3

“So, I’m replacing the anchor,” Sapnap clarified. “But you’re the only one who responded to my ping, so I guess we’ve got a stealth anchor?”

“It seems that way,” Shiemi agreed. “Do you know much about our world, or about Rin?”

“The one I’m replacing?” She nodded. “A little. Mostly because Rin’s got blue fire, and I tend to loop into roles where fire plays a large part. Rin is the son of Satan, and this Blue Cross Academy place teaches exorcists how to deal with demons. Is that all right?”

“That’s exactly it.” Shiemi leaned back, palms digging into the dirt as the two of them enjoyed the momentary peace of the garden, Shiemi having gotten rid of the demon latching onto her a long time ago. “Things will become more complicated as time goes on, of course. It won’t stay this simple for long.”

Sapnap shrugged, unconcerned. “I’d be surprised if it did. That’s not how many loops work, is it? Things always need to escalate.”

“It keeps things interesting, at least.” The local looper chuckled. “Now, I’ve only replaced Rin a few times, so I’m no expert at his flames, but I can try and help you get used to them as much as possible, if that’s alright with you. They can be a bit overwhelming, sometimes.”

“Fine by me,” he agreed immediately. “I’ll take any help I can get. Better than letting it run wild.”

The two shook on it. By the time Yukio returned from inside, the two were chatting amicably, laying a foundation for why they would be spending time together in the future without it seeming strange or suspicious.

41.4 (credit to A_Non_ymousWriter)

Bad spread his arms out wide. “Welcome, welcome to the Red Banquet! You can all - what is that?”

“Hmm? What is this?” Puffy gestured to the large amount of food she and Niki were carrying. “These are our own dishes, of course! What kind of guests would we be if we showed up to this fancy dinner empty-handed? Very rude ones, I’d say.”

To his credit, Bad only showed a little of the annoyance he was feeling. “That’s... great, but you didn’t need to. What kind of hosts would we be if people had to bring their own meals? Very rude ones, I’d say.”

“But we’re already here with all this food!” Niki insisted, looking as innocent as possible. “We can’t just throw it all away now.” And so she started laying down the different items. “Here, we have scrambled eggs, a few different flavors of omelets, onsen tamago, avgolemono, deviled eggs, egg salad, eggs benedict...”

Bad looked increasingly distressed and furious as Niki set out dish after dish after dish. “That’s *enough*, thank you.”

Puffy sent a wide-eyed look his way. “Really? But we’ve got about ten more here! Let us finish setting this all up. Rules of hospitality, you know?”

At the very least, they were probably going to try and sacrifice the two of them rather than Eret or Foolish. And they could more than handle themselves.

41.5

“You know,” Wilbur mused, as he and Quackity looked upon L’Manberg, the elections dawning ever closer, “I’ll admit, I didn’t expect to have extra moments added into baseline *before* any of the expansions. The letters, our conversation... it’s all a little strange.”

“It’s happened before,” Quackity said. “To other loops, I mean. But I get it. Not really something you’d think would happen in a roleplay branch, right? And I did finally get confirmation about how I learned of Kinoko as well, and how I convinced Sam to let me torture Dream.”

Next to them, Karl winced. “It really was my memory issues. Quackity, I-”

His fiancé waved him off. “None of that. We’re all good, yeah? You didn’t pull that shit. We’ve had enough trouble with Sam blaming himself, we don’t need someone else doing it too.”

“Right.” Karl still sagged slightly. “I just wish I could shake my Unawake self a bit, you know? It’s not even totally his fault, it’s not like he can control it. It’s just so frustrating.”

“Absolutely,” Wilbur empathized. “From what I can tell now, it seems my baseline spiral actually began after the final control room, rather than during Pogtopia.” A shadow crossed his face. “I had to convince Eret that I didn’t blame them after we realized this.”

Quackity groaned. “We’re all just a mess now, aren’t we? This expansion fucking sucks. I hate it. Why can’t we have any good things for fucking once?”

“Wouldn’t be the Dream SMP if we got good things,” Karl said, false cheeriness in his voice.

“Yeah yeah.” Quackity turned back to Wilbur. “I’ve seen Unawake you post revival by this point. I don’t know if Tommy has told you yet, but...”

Wilbur winced. “Manipulative asshole. I heard. I’m so damn lucky I started looping before this expansion. I’ve always been disgusted by my actions in Pogtopia. Now it’s happening again.”

“See, this is why I don’t go to Puffy,” Quackity said pointedly. “She takes a break, and everyone gets crippled without her.”

“We would’ve been devastated anyways,” Karl argued back. “The difference is now at least, we have better coping mechanisms to deal with these sorts of things. I know Sapnap’s talked with you about that-”

“I’m working on it.”

Karl sighed. “Right, I know.”

Wilbur looked between the two, worry in his eyes, but said nothing. He’d have to ask Sapnap what was going on with Quackity later.

For now, the election results were being counted, and this loop’s chips would fall where they may.

41.6

“So, you’re stuck in a time loop?” Ranboo bounced Michael on his lap and looked at his husband curiously.

“That’s right.” Tubbo was careful not to meet Ranboo’s eyes, both because he knew his friend didn’t like it, but also because he wasn’t sure he could look Ranboo in the face at the moment. “There’s a bunch of us stuck in this time loop, actually. This server has twelve, but other realms have more, and we’re connected enough to them that we see each other pretty often.”

“Right, I guess that makes sense.” Ranboo nodded along. “And you have - you called them variants? Like, loops where things are different, or switched around?”

“Yup. There’s been variants where Tommy and I switched places, or everyone only spoke backwards, or L’Manberg was originally called Pogtopia, and Pogtopia was named

L'Manberg." He chuckled a bit. "There was one loop where the only difference was that your two sides were switched. It drove Tommy a bit crazy."

Ranboo's hand automatically rose up to touch his face, looking offended at the very notion. Michael pouted and made grabby hands at the raised arm. "Boo?"

Ranboo ruffled their son's hair fondly. "Okay, okay, back to bouncing." Michael giggled. "I can see why that would drive Tommy off the wall. It's really weird to think about, not gonna lie. Makes me feel uneasy just imagining it."

In spite of himself, Tubbo cracked a genuine grin. "You would hate some of the even more annoying variants then."

"Oh definitely." Ranboo laughed. "I'm glad you're telling me about all this, even if I'm not completely sure why. We both know we can keep things to ourselves, and that's alright. Thank you for trusting me with this though, that-" He choked on his words. "It means a lot to me."

Tubbo bit his lip. He was well aware that his unawake self hadn't let Ranboo know what really went on during the festival. It didn't seem like Ranboo would find out the truth during this expansion, but he wasn't looking forward to when it finally came out. He'd tested the waters a few times by telling his friend, but Ranboo's reactions had... varied.

"There's a bit more to it than that," he admitted softly. "There have been... expansions. When we first started looping, the loop only went until a bit after the nuke test. Then it went until a week after Tommy's stay in prison, and now it's finally expanded again. And I've been around for all of those expansions."

"Okay...?" Ranboo sounded confused, and a little nervous. "I think I understand?"

"Right. Right." He took a deep breath. "Ranboo, I'm really sorry, but I spent eighty-thousand years being single before the first expansion happened, and learned we'd gotten married. Even then, we didn't loop close enough to the end that I would Wake when we were married. I've - I've spent millions of years being single."

Ranboo's face fell, and Tubbo's heart fell with it. "Oh."

"I'm really sorry, but I couldn't - I had to let you know. You're one of my closest friends, and I care about you so much. And I love Michael, and think of him as my son. But you deserve a husband that loves you, not one who pretends to avoid awkwardness."

"I..." Ranboo struggled to find the words. "Okay. Yeah, I do - I do appreciate that. I guess I didn't think - I didn't imagine... that."

"It's definitely not a situation anyone would expect," he agreed, a false lightheartedness in his voice.

"Maybe..." Ranboo looked thoughtful. "Maybe we can just be married as friends? I want to do whatever you're comfortable with. And I want to make sure Michael is happy. If we just

keep everything open and friendly, maybe we can make this work. I'm willing to try."

"I am too." It might be the best option they would get, for now. Tubbo was just thankful his unawake self had married someone so understanding.

He could see why the non-looping version of him had chosen Ranboo, at least.

41.7 (credit to Runic_Centra)

"It's still a strange thing to get used to, waking up after the revival," Wilbur admitted, as he sat next to Fundy. "I mean, better than unawake me running around fucking with people, but it's still something to get used to."

"Is it different than when you avoid your death?" Fundy asked curiously. His dad nodded.

"If I wake up post revival, I have all these memories of years spent in that limbo train station." He sighed. "I hate to say it, but no wonder unawake me didn't exactly heal while dead. He seems to have gone a bit more nuts from the sensory deprivation. I really hope Danny finds out what's up with this mess."

"Oh, agreed." They both jolted and looked up. Hovering above them was a smiling Ghostbur, who gave a wave when he realized they'd noticed him. "I woke up a little bit ago. When unawake me was boarding the train, I just refused to get off."

Wilbur squinted at him. "Mikasa glitch?"

"That's what it looks like."

"You know, I wonder what Phil would think if he saw both of you at the same time?" Fundy mused. "Especially since you're definitely the same person, both being awake and all."

Both Wilburs shared identical grins. "Only one way to find out."

41.8

Sapnap awoke in what could only be a Manhunt, with familiar people surrounding him, and Dream standing in the middle of their small circle.

As usual, he sent out a ping for the sake of it, and got two back from their anchors - most likely on another server.

Then he got a third ping back, right beside him.

Sapnap spun around to look at Sam, who seemed equally surprised to be there. Dream took the moment of distraction to sprint away, and after a second of taking everything in, the two of them joined the other three in giving chase.

“This is definitely different then normal,” Sapnap muttered under his breath. “Never actually had another looper join us here before.”

“First time for everything,” Sam offered. “I am kind of excited to be here, I’ll admit. Are we going to let this play out normally, or do you want to just catch him now?”

“Let’s play it out,” He decided. “Maybe next time we can do something different, but this is new, and I want to see where it goes.”

“Guys, keep up! He’s getting away!” Bad called from ahead of them. They both picked up the pace, and the chase was really on.

“It seems like Sam really is our fifth hunter,” Sapnap admitted, relaxing on the Benson with the other loopers. “He’s joined us a few times now.”

“I can see why you like it so much,” Sam admitted. “It’s really nice, seeing them all that way. Not the twisted versions we have now.”

“It must be strange, having the Manhunts change like that,” Puffy wondered.

Sapnap shook his head. “Only a little. If anything, it’s nice to have another looper to have fun with. And who knows? Maybe one day, George or Bad or Ant will loop. That would be awesome.”

He *really* wanted them to, at least. It hurt so much, having to leave them behind.

41.9

<I’m not a fan of this loop,> Tommy decided, as he sprinted through the maze alongside Tubbo and Minh.

<Oh? Why not? Is it the evil death bio robots? The constantly shifting maze? The assholes back in the glade who think you’re some weird sort of spy, or whatever? Maybe a mix of all those things combined?>

<You know big T, sometimes you snark to much.> Tommy fired back, as the two of them continued forwards. <Woke up on the wrong side of the Glade this morning, did you?>

Tubbo smiled and shook his head. <Honestly, I think we’re both just tired of death prisons. And this is really obviously a death prison of some kind.>

It was the best explanation they had, until the two of them could gather more data about the loop itself. The fact that they seemed to be the only current loopers wasn't really helping matters.

At the very least, Tommy wished Sam could've been here. He would've loved a maze like this one. Perhaps they could put some of those maps in their pocket and take it back to him.

41.10

Callahan pinched the bridge of his nose. "Okay, so do you want the good news or the terrible news?"

The other loopers, sans Tubbo and Fundy, all looked at him with varying levels of confusion. "What's this about news?" Eret finally asked. "All we were told was that we had to get over here immediately."

Callahan shot a look at Tubbo, who shrugged, looking distinctly displeased. "Not much time. Wanted to get them over here as soon as possible."

"Right. You know what, let's do good news first. The good news is that the three of us finally figured out what is up with all these weird Ranboo variants, including the one that's going on right now."

"That's definitely good news!" Niki offered, nervous about where this was heading.

"Yeah. The bad news is that it's because his code has been messed with deliberately," Fundy growled. "He doesn't seem to be aware of it, but someone's been altering not just his normal code, but his *loop* code. That's why these variants have only been happening during server loops, where one can access the code."

Tubbo looked genuinely pissed. "From what we could tell, these alterations have been adding up over time. We didn't check before because it just seemed like strange variants, and even now, they were pretty well hidden. Still, I can't believe we missed this."

"Don't be too hard on yourself," Wilbur assured them. "You couldn't have guessed. But we really should get Calliope and let her know, so she can fix his code up."

Puffy shook her head, bemused. "How did this even happen? Who's been messing with Ranboo, and why?"

"The Mythos Hackers?" Tommy offered, the words leaving a bitter taste in his mouth. "They're sort of known for these things." The lovecraftian monsters usually kept themselves hidden, but it was never a good sign when they decided to interfere in any loop.

"Wouldn't the admins have been keeping an extra close eye on those guys though?" Quackity refuted.

Sam frowned. “Maybe if they targeted a looper. Since Ranboo’s not a looper, there’s a good chance he’s just been overlooked. But that also brings up the question of what the Mythos Hackers would want with a non-looper in the first place.”

Everyone shuddered at the thought.

“We should dive a bit deeper, see if we can track down the root of these alterations,” Callahan decided. “In the meantime, we should definitely contact Calliope. Hopefully it’s not the Mythos Hackers.”

“But we don’t want to take any chances,” Tubbo agreed.

There was a moment of calm where everyone took this in, and started splitting up, either to contact Calliope or help the three coders with their search.

Then a thought struck Karl, and he banged his fist on the table. “Guys, we’re *idiots!* It’s not the Mythos Hackers, we’re thinking too big! Who’s the one that’s been manipulating Ranboo, and possibly his enderwalk state, this entire time?”

This stopped them all in their tracks.

“Dream can’t loop though, remember?” Sapnap pointed out, although he couldn’t hide his own uneasiness. “That was established a long time ago.”

Karl was undeterred. “Yes, but that doesn’t mean he can’t be *loop aware*, does it? What’s the one other special thing about some of these server loops?”

Tommy’s stomach dropped. “Dream’s an admin in server loops. And in some of those server loops, he’s a lot more powerful than non-looping Callahan is. Possibly powerful enough that he can tell time is repeating itself in his server.”

“Have all the strange Ranboo variants happened when Dream is that powerful of an admin?” Quackity asked, obviously starting to freak out a bit.

“I don’t know.” Trying to calm his ever increasing nerves, Fundy went to open up Ranboo’s code again. “It’s hard to remember, since we just thought they were strange variants at the time. Maybe if we could *aks@a,/!&s;q-*”

Chapter End Notes

41.1 Tubbo can no longer escape the modded loops.

41.2 It's a tricky question to answer. (Leverage)

41.3 Sapnap's got these down-pat by now. (Blue Exorcist)

41.4 The food was very tasty. A pity Bad never tried it.

41.5 Things keep getting more complicated.

41.6 Just one of many conversations like this. Ranboo's reaction can vary.

41.7 They scared the bejesus out of Phil.

41.8 At least Sam gets to have some more fun.

41.9 Death mazes can be the worst. And they don't know the half of it yet. (Maze Runner)

41.10 :)

42.0

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

42.1

Tubbo opened his eyes to a familiar sort of white. It was a lot more spacious than the last few times he'd been here, and certainly more uneasy, but it was familiar all the same.

This was the white of the Inbetween.

He sent out a ping and got one back from all the other loopers. There was still something off, and it took him a moment to place it-

...

-They were still in the same server-loop as before. But the rest of the server was gone. There was only the Inbetween and all of the people currently inside it. He could see all of the other loopers, as well as an extremely still Ranboo with two glowing green eyes... and Dream.

Shit.

Dream was facing all of them, radiating confidence, as well as a bit of irritation. "Damn, you guys are good," he finally said, his tone mocking. "You all really are time travelers, aren't you? I was hoping it would take you longer to figure out. Guess I just have to up my schedule a bit."

There was a pit forming in Tubbo's stomach. He tried to reach into his pocket, but found it was blocked. "How long," he managed, "have you been loop aware?" The words felt like knives dragging themselves up his throat.

A nonchalant shrug was the answer he received. "I wouldn't know, would I? At least not every single time. You have no idea how strange it was, going through the server's code, trying to figure out why I was in some sort of time loop, and finding Ranboo here, all pre-gifted by my past selves and ready to be used. And it's so easy, he's already under my thumb a lot, isn't he?" He laughed. "You loopers think you're so smart, but I got past you, I always do! You're nothing compared to me."

Tubbo could *feel* Tommy's growing panic. <It'll be okay. We'll figure this out.>

<*Fuck oh fuck oh fuck what the fuck what the fuck*> was the answer he got back. He reached out and grabbed Tommy's hand, squeezing tightly.

<Deep breaths, bossman. It's going to be okay.>

<Keep him talking, we need to know more,> Callahan sent out to everyone, voice remarkably even.

Wilbur sent an affirmation through the force. “You know,” he started, sounding begrudgingly impressed. “This is pretty remarkable. You seem to have a lot of this figured out. How did you even know we call ourselves loopers?”

Dream seemed to light up at that. “Oh yeah, that’s - that’s one of the cool bits, isn’t it? I left information, you see, in Ranboo’s code. Little notes for myself! All the information I’ve gathered so far, so I wouldn’t have to start over from scratch each and every time. Bet - bet you guys couldn’t do something like that. Not without help from whatever’s letting you time travel.” He leaned forwards greedily. “I can get that without your easy methods. *I’m the one in power here.*”

Tubbo was rather uncomfortably reminded that this particular Dream had already spent months in prison, and wasn’t exactly the sanest, even by Dream’s standards. Not a good combination.

Ranboo still hadn’t moved at all, just standing there, frozen, looking blankly ahead.

“Is that so?” Wilbur responded. “What makes you think that? Besides the fact that there are twelve of us and one of you. You seem confident that we couldn’t subdue you right now. If you really knew so much, I think you would be a bit more cautious.”

Dream pouted at that. “You’re no fun, are you? Not like the real Wilbur, he’s a lot of fun! I have the notes you know, I’m his hero! I brought him back, and he’s going to help me, isn’t he? If we get to that point, of course. But you, you’re *boring*. Like you were in the revolution. Before you became so much fun to play with in Pogtopia.”

Impressively, Wilbur’s expression didn’t change, although the miniature storm in the force around him betrayed exactly how he was feeling.

<If he’s this confident, he’s got a plan. Dream never goes into anything without overpreparing.> Fundy’s voice was grim.

<Keep talking,> Tubbo encouraged. <We need to find out what that plan is.>

“That isn’t really answering the question,” Puffy put in dryly. She looked at the man who was sometimes her child, pain clear in her eyes. “Dream...”

Dream didn’t even look at her.

Quackity wasn’t in the mood for beating around the bush. “Let’s put it this way. You tell us what you’re planning, and you tell us now, or you’re going to die slowly and painfully. Right now, those are your only two options.”

Dream just laughed. “Ah, you don’t want to do that. You really don’t. Because you’re all idiots, really, and I thought ahead.” He made a motion with one hand, and Ranboo jerked, like a puppet on strings. “I mean, I figured you would try and kill me, because I’m not stupid. But you don’t want that, unless you’re ready to say goodbye to Ranboo forever.”

Ice cold fear gripped Tubbo’s heart.

“What the fuck do you mean?” Tommy finally said, voice hoarse, and Dream immediately fixated on him.

“There’s a mutual self-destruct code in Ranboo here. Got the idea from Tubbo and his little nuke project, but of course I can do it better than he ever could.” His voice was wild with triumph. “Just finished working on it. If you kill me? Ranboo’s gonna be erased. And not just from this loop, but from all of them.” He laughed again at their horrified faces. “I don’t know what you expected! I’m a fucking admin! You think a little bit of time travel can compare?”

Ender. Entering fuck.

<If we could access our pockets, I could put him in the Labyrinth, but that’s off the table,> Sam grimaced. <And the Inbetween seems to be interfering with a lot of our abilities.>

<Because things can’t be easy,> Eret commiserated.

Sapnap, predictably, was looking rather wrecked. If it weren’t for Karl’s hand on his shoulder, he seemed like he might run up to Dream any second. “*Why?*” Was the first word that came out of his mouth. He cleared his throat. “Dream, this is crazy. I - I may be time traveling, but you’re still my friend, yeah? In so many loops - does that mean *anything* to you right now?”

“Do you think it does?” Was Dream’s even response. “If we’re friends, you’ll help me, won’t you? You’ll help me fix this, fix the server!”

He leaned in closer. “I’ve seen your code. I’ve seen all of your codes. It’s - frankly, it’s amazing. And so completely awful and unfair and wrong.” He removed his mask, and underneath his face was - disturbingly twisted. “Why the *fuck* do you guys have all that power? That - that *control*? None of you are the admin here, that’s *me*! All that power - it’s mine! And I’m going to take it back.” He turned to Sapnap again. “So, are you going to help me? Since we’re friends and all. You’ll help me, won’t you?”

Sapnap flinched, looked at Dream for one more longing moment, before his expression steeled over. “No. Fuck you - I had to try, at least, but you’re not him. Not my friend.” He held out his hand, and fire danced in his palm. “This power? It isn’t yours. None of it is.”

“No, no, it is! All of it is!” Dream insisted, completely brushing past Sapnap’s denial, as if it didn’t even matter. “Your powers, your *looping* - it’s all supposed to be mine. And now? Now you’re in my Inbetween. My world. I get your powers, your time travel, just like I’ve got Ranboo. And then, I can control the server again! Don’t think I haven’t seen you, that my past selves haven’t. You keep taking what’s mine over and over again like it’s some sort of joke. Well, that ends *right the fuck now*.”

He focused all his attention back on Tommy, who automatically flinched. Tubbo shifted himself so he was more in front of his brother. “And of course it’s you, Tommy,” Dream continued. “You’re the “Anchor”, or whatever you call it. You’re the center of this mess, you fucked everything up, once again. Because that’s just who you are, and what you do. But we can make something good out of this! I’m going to get what you have, and everything’s going to be great.”

“You’ve tried that before, you know,” Tubbo pointed out flatly. “It didn’t go so well, did it? What makes you think you can win this time?” Ranboo was still frozen, and with him like that they couldn’t just kill Dream...

“That’s right,” Tommy finally said. “You don’t realize it, but you’re fucking screwed, Dream.” He finally took a deep breath, muscles unclenching. “And you’re so fucking obsessed that you didn’t think of the possibility that I might not be the *only* anchor?”

Dream spread his arms out wide. “What, do you think Punz is just going to waltz in here and save you like last time? Don’t be an idiot, Tommy. And who’s the other anchor, Wilbur? You really think he can do anything to stop me? He never can, can he? He’s not the important one here, that’s you - you and me.”

<I have an idea.> The others made no physical sign that they could hear him, but Tubbo knew they were listening. <We can’t access our pockets at the moment, and using what we have to subdue instead of kill would be tricky, but considering this whole thing is a coding mess, our skills in that regard should still work.>

<What’s your plan, then?> Niki asked.

<You guys keep him busy. Fundy, Callahan, and I will work on getting rid of that mutual destruction code Dream has on Ranboo. If we can do that, then we can take him down without worry.>

There was a moment of deliberation, before a general consensus of agreement.

Tommy stepped forwards, lightning lighting up his fist. “You know what, Dream? I’ve had enough of your shit. We don’t need anyone to rescue us. You’re going fucking down, and there’s nothing you can do about it.”

Dream grinned savagely and summoned his axe from his inventory, the Inbetween around them bending horribly to his will. He swerved around Tommy, faster than what should be possible, pulling out a sword and bringing it down.

Tommy wasn’t helpless, however - he couldn’t get anything out of his pocket, including weapons, but he still had his cartoon and miming skills, and an invisible sword worked just fine to block Dream’s blow. He thought up a few more invisible swords and passed them around. Sapnap and Puffy charged in right behind him, while Eret and Karl kept to long range fighting, and Wilbur, Quackity, and Niki started up some buffs and readied healing spells.

Sam stood in front of them, watching the fight and Dream carefully, as the three got to work, reopening Ranboo’s files of code.

The whole thing was a mess. Tubbo could barely see his friend’s normal, stable code underneath all of the alterations.

Just last loop, the two of them had been spending all their time together.

Fuck. Tubbo could hear the others fighting, and tried to block it out. He couldn't worry, couldn't stop to think about just what Dream had done to Ranboo. What Tubbo had missed Dream doing to Ranboo.

He just had to find a way to fix it.

Fundy groaned in frustration. <We aren't getting this done fast enough. If we had more time, maybe we could totally disconnect him, but even with the three of us, this is a lot of loop's worth of code to untangle.>

<There has to be a way to speed it up.> Tubbo refused to believe otherwise. They didn't have any other choice.

An idea seemed to strike Callahan, and he turned away for a moment. After a few seconds that felt like hours, he looked back at them with widened eyes. <Remember that one loop the three of us were in? Where there was a fourth dimension called the Code, that was deeply connected to our loop's code?>

Fundy sucked in a breath. <You're not saying-!>

Callahan nodded. <Technically speaking, we could induce that world into any server loop, but since it's dangerous to mess with our loops like that, I never have. If one of us could go in there now and free Ranboo that way, it would be a lot faster." He winced. "Of course, it'll be a lot more risky as well.>

Tubbo didn't hesitate. <I'll go.>

<Tubbo, you're literally one of our anchors, Dream *can't* get his hands on you.>

<He doesn't believe I'm an anchor,> Tubbo refuted. <And he doesn't notice me or believe I amount to anything, because he never has, and it seems that hasn't changed, even with loop awareness. I can do this. You two, tether me. Pull me out if I give the signal.>

Callahan looked conflicted. <I still don't like it, but alright.> He opened up the code.

Tubbo took a deep breath, and dived in.

Unlike the surface of the Inbetween, the Code for it was completely dark, churning and shifting around grotesquely. Tubbo floated himself upright and settled his stomach, before turning towards his target.

Ranboo, the real one, not the empty husk on the surface, was there, tied up with a million little neon green strings, and completely unresponsive.

Tubbo floated over, careful to avoid the many strings, so he could get a closer look at the entire web.

It was... impressive. As much as Tubbo hated it, Dream had done an incredible job. The "strings" were so tightly bound to Ranboo they were starting to mesh with his own code a bit, and as Tubbo looked closer... yeah, that was another failsafe. There was an automatic

lashback response on the strings. If Tubbo were to try and break them, they would start to wrap around him as well.

He needed a method other than brutal force or cutting finesse to fix this problem. There had to be one - no computer program was perfect, not even Yggdrasil. Especially not Yggdrasil. There was an opening somewhere, a way to undo this tangled mess, he just had to find it.

And, studying it a bit closer... *there*.

The bonds could be broken - but only by Ranboo himself. And considering how he seemed totally catatonic and placid, he was in no state to figure out how. A pretty ingenious move on Dream's part.

Tubbo reached out with his mind. <Ranboo, can you hear me?>

There was a flicker, but nothing else. Tubbo tried again. <Ranboo, it's me. It's Tubbo. I know, you probably don't know what's going on, or you do and you're really scared, but I promise I'm here to help you. I just need you to let me, okay?>

A pulse in the force. Ranboo could hear him, but Tubbo could feel the hesitation, confusion, disinterest.

He was going to need another approach.

Tubbo held Ranboo's digital figure, careful not to touch any of the strings. <I'm gonna show you some things, alright, bossman? They're gonna be a bit confusing at first, but I promise there's a reason for them.>

He closed his eyes and brought forth memories, of bee domes in New L'Manberg, of late night conversations about the presidency. Of Valentines Day, and finding Michael. Of mansion building and games with Tommy, moments of shared grief and panic and joy.

He could feel Ranboo becoming more interested, so he continued - science experiments, opening the Bee and Boo together, going on adventures throughout many different loops. Being friends, caring about each other, caring about Michael and Tommy and everyone.

<Ranboo, please listen. Right now, you're trapped in the cage Dream made for you. I can help you find where the knots untangle, but you have to be the one to free yourself. That's the only way to fix this. The only way for you to get back to Michael.>

And that...

<How do I do that? How do I get free?>

Tubbo let out a long sigh of relief. <Okay. Let's do this step by step, yeah?>

Slowly, painstakingly, he coached Ranboo into undoing the strings, one by one. As they came undone, he could feel Ranboo coming back to himself, bit by bit. Finally, the final string came loose, and Ranboo fell into Tubbo's arms.

And then the enderman-hybrid was finally truly aware of what was happening. <How - what? Where are we - what's happening?>

<It's gonna be alright,> Tubbo promised, relieved. <We're getting out of here, hang on.> He gave the mental signal, and then they were both being pulled out of the Code, and back into the Inbetween.

Tubbo took a moment to adjust to the bright light. In front of him, he could see Ranboo gasp and stumble, drawing everyone's attention. With practiced movements, Sam swept the boy behind him, and Fundy and Callahan moved to either side, blocking Dream's view.

"He's out! We're good!" Tubbo called out to the others. Tommy let out a loud sigh of relief, then turned and immediately hit Dream with a bolt of lightning, followed by a fireball from Sapnap.

Dream stumbled back to his feet, clearly injured, looking a mixture of confused and absolutely *furious*. "What - *how*?"

"Newsflash Dream," Tubbo said, stepping forward. Ranboo was safe, and now Tubbo finally allowed himself to feel properly angry for what had just happened. And when the anger came, it came all at once, like a dam had finally been released, holding back flames rather than water. It was so strong that he could barely *fucking think*. "Wilbur's not the other anchor. *I am*."

"What - you're not - you're not even important! You're just a pawn, why would you of all people be an anchor?" Dream sputtered.

Tubbo glanced at Tommy, who looked between him and Dream before making the "go ahead" gesture. <I've gotten justice for myself a million times over by now. Go for it.>

"If you still see me as a pawn after everything," Tubbo finally said, "That's on you. You can say whatever you want. But you almost wiped my friend from existence to fuel your own obsessions." He didn't need his pocket to access his magic or his hacking skills. Wings appeared on his back, and horns on his head. "*You fucked up*."

Everything went purple.

Tubbo awoke slowly on a comfortable couch in what he assumed was Eret's castle, surrounded by the other loopers. He had a semblance of a headache, but it was fading quickly.

"He's up!" And there was Tommy grinning over him. "Have a nice nap?"

"Something like that," Tubbo groaned, letting himself be pulled into a sitting position. Tommy and Niki were right next to him, and Jordan and Grian were hovering nearby. "What happened? I remember freeing Ranboo, and not much after that. Is everyone okay?"

“We’re fine,” Niki assured him, smiling lightly. “You gave us a bit of a scare though. And Dream’s, ah, gone. Very gone.”

“Oh. That’s good.” With a bit more concentration, Tubbo realized he had a vague memory of destroying the man down to his very quarks, but the thought that he was capable of something like that disturbed him, so he put it to the wayside.

“Indeed. That could’ve been a disaster.” Tubbo turned to see Calliope there, appearing a bit exhausted. Now that he was more awake, he realized that *everyone* in the Minecraft RP branch was there, from Scott SMajor to Jordan Sparklez. Ranboo was there as well, although he seemed a bit confused.

“Could Dream have actually succeeded in becoming a looper?” Wilbur asked seriously.

“I’m unsure,” Calliope admitted. “At the very least, his binds on Ranboo wouldn’t have ended in anything but disaster. Eventually, a version of him would’ve died, and whether Dream was was loop aware or not, it would’ve taken out Ranboo’s existence along with it.”

“Glad that got fixed, then,” Ranboo managed, clearly still processing everything.

“Very true.” Calliope smiled at him. “In any case, you now have a new looper instead. Welcome to the infinite loops, Ranboo.”

There was a moment of stunned silence, before Ranboo was promptly hugged by his fellow loopers.

Tubbo looked at Ranboo curiously. “You know then-?”

Ranboo nodded. “They told me about how the loops work. Still trying to wrap my head around it, I guess, but I know how it works. This is still so *weird*.” He frowned and turned to Calliope. “What about - I don’t know if you know, but I have memory issues. How would that work if I’m a looper?”

“I told this to Karl a while back, but I might as well explain it to everyone,” Calliope admitted. “You must have figured by now that it was strange how you could remember so much, even though the human mind wasn’t built to process millions of years worth of memories. The way around this is that all loopers access their memories of previous loops from a mental hard drive, of sorts, not from their physical brain. Ranboo, your memory issues have to do with your physical brain, and that unfortunately won’t go away with the loops. But your memories of past loops will be unaffected and easily accessed.”

“I - that’s...” Ranboo looked absolutely floored. “Wow. I don’t - I don’t know what to say.”

“In a good way?” Tommy asked.

“What - yeah, of course in a good way! It’s just - wow. I still - I dunno, it’s kind of nerve-racking. This whole loops thing, and also almost being wiped from existence because Dream has a god-complex.”

“Speaking of,” Jordan finally said. “What exactly will be done about Dream? We can’t have a repeat of this.”

“Agreed,” Calliope’s face darkened. “What happened this loop was a near miss, if it had been left undiscovered for longer, it would’ve been far more disastrous. For now, Dream’s own code has been altered so that no version of him in any loop can know that he’s in a time loop. If told about it, he will shortly forget. This is a temporary solution, until we can come up with something more permanent.”

She turned to Ranboo. “Unfortunately, your code is still on the fritz from what he did to you. In order to preserve what’s already there, you’ve been set to being a traveling looper, until your code is fully healed.”

Ranboo looked uneasy about the prospect. “I know you said I won’t forget past loops, but that’s still a bit... it makes me kind of uneasy. What if I forget anyways?”

“You know,” Karl said, pulling out a familiar-looking memory book, “I might have the solution to that.”

Calliope smiled. “You’ve all been so good about this. You caught the impending disaster and headed it off before it could fully grow, and you handled yourself expertly. I couldn’t ask for a better group to admin.”

“So, how did it go?” Tommy asked, noting Tubbo’s forlorn expression. “Do I need to kick our newest looper’s ass?”

Tubbo cracked a smile at that. “No, definitely not.” He sighed, looking down at the ground from the roof of his Snowchester cottage, as Tommy sat down next to him. “We talked. I explained to him the whole marriage issue. He... took it well, I think. Since he’s not going to be looping into our home loop for a while, he suggested we talk about our next steps after his code is stabilized and he really gets back home, and I agreed.”

“Makes sense.” Tommy leaned up against his brother, and the two of them watched the sunset together. <We really dodged a bullet there, didn’t we?>

<Yeah, we did.>

<We came out looking pretty good though.> He nudged Tubbo lightly. <Got a little scary there at the end.> Which was a bit of an understatement. Tommy didn’t think he’d ever seen Tubbo that furious before. There’s a small twist in his gut, wondering if he could pull that off as well. If he was capable of the same thing.

That was something to dwell on later, though.

<I didn’t mean to be,> Was Tubbo’s quiet response.

<I know. Hey, it was pretty cool as well. Bastard had no idea what hit him.> The look on Dream’s face had been honestly cathartic. <And now Ranboo is looping.>

<Don't get jealous on me now,> Tubbo poked teasingly, mood lifted.

<No worries. I'm confident in where I stand.>

<Yeah, me too.>

And the two anchors watched the sun dip over the horizon together. No more words needed to be said.

Chapter End Notes

42.1 I did tell you that you'd know when he started looping. Welcome to the loops, Ranboo!

43.0

Chapter Notes

Having some more looping spotlights and terminology!

Jenny Everywhere: The most famous traveling looper, and most likely one of the oldest loopers in general. Neither she nor the admins know what her original loop was, but she doesn't much care at this point.

The Crash: An event that happened a long time ago, where an entire branch of Yggdrasil was destroyed, and it's inhabitants erased. This had strange and unusual consequences in a great many loops for a long time afterwards.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

43.1

“So, this is New L’Manberg, then?”

Tubbo winced slightly at the visiting looper’s expression, giving him an awkward chuckle. “Yeah, laws that I know are pretty strict in other worlds are kind of loose here. As long as it’s not something enchanted and named, thieving isn’t that big of a deal. Neither is grieving, as long as the griefs are fixable. Or, that’s how it usually is.” He sighed and shook his head. “No matter, that’s baseline. Isn’t something we worry about now.”

“It still seems... lackadaisical.” Vines frowned out at the crowd. “Perhaps if you had stricter laws, those baseline incidents wouldn’t have happened. I’m no encourager of tyranny, but there is something to be said about having some societal rules.”

Tubbo tried to hide his scoff. “The minute I do something like that, I’ll be branded a tyrant. It’s a very fine line to walk, in this loop.” He glanced at Vines, a contemplative look on his face. “However, if a citizen decided on their own that he needs a city watch, and then got an endorsement...”

“An interesting proposition.” Vines smiled. “I’ll let Carrot, Angua, and Sally know. We’ll see what we can make of this city, then.”

43.2

“So,” Sapnap flopped down on the couch beside his fiancés. “Hub loop again? It seems like a nice one.”

Karl quirked an amused eyebrow. “Because Quackity is stinking rich?”

“That’s a bonus,” he admitted. “But mostly it’s just because I get to live a normal life with the two of you, and not think about... you know.”

Because it had been some loops since then, but the mess with Dream and Ranboo still replayed in his mind, over and over, and every time he couldn’t help but feel terrible. Like he’d failed everyone. Like he failed his friend.

It’s not your job to be Dream’s keeper. But he was still Sapnap’s friend, and seeing that monster wearing the visage of someone he cared about, watching him almost erase a teenager from existence, was pretty damn gut-wrenching. *It wasn’t his friend, not really.* But he still wore his face, and had his voice, and had brushed him aside like he was nothing.

A weight crashed into him, and he looked up to see that Quackity was now reclining against his side. “You need a distraction, I think,” his fiancé said frankly. “You’re getting all caught up in your head with this shit. Things went well! We even got a new looper! You’ve got no reason to feel bad.”

Sapnap groaned and buried his head in his hands. “I *know*. But that doesn’t stop my fucking brain, I guess.”

Karl wrapped an arm around his, and Quackity was still leaning on him. For a few minutes, the three of them stayed that way, in comfortable silence.

Then, on the TV in front of them, an ad for Las Vegas came on.

“You know...” Quackity began. “We did talk about just having a quiet Vegas wedding. And I mean, this is a hub loop. Vegas is just a flight away. And I’m stinking rich, so we could blow a ton of money and just have a wild time.”

“Everyone’s gonna be so mad at us when they find out,” Karl protested weakly, but he was smiling. “You guys think you’re ready?”

Sapnap found himself grinning. “We’ve been fiancés for so long at this point, maybe now is a good time. And I mean, what’s going to be different, besides that we’ll be calling ourselves husbands from now on?”

And even though he said that, the thought excited him.

“I’m ready,” Quackity declared. “We’ve been through so much shit together, haven’t we? We only got stronger in the time loops. The mess of baseline couldn’t tear us apart. I say we go for it.”

Karl beamed at them. “I’m in. It’ll be nice to have our wedding be just the three of us. Something small and special.”

“Let’s do it.” And with that, Quackity pulled out his phone to schedule their flight to Vegas, and Sapnap started counting down the days.

~

“...Then I now pronounce you three husbands.”

And suddenly it was real. They were actually married. Sapnap felt light as a feather as they exited the opulent church, heading for the center of the strip. “What do you two want to do now?”

Quackity grinned. “Whatever the fuck we want.”

43.3

“I heard the bar was open early, so I came-” Wilbur stopped and looked around in confusion. “Why are the hermits drunk?”

Various hermits were sprawled out in positions of what looked to be misery, with Grian and Scar in particular already drunk and crying in each other’s arms.

“New variant, apparently,” Callahan informed him, handing a glass to a morose Scott. “Called 3rd life. The other RP branches have trouble dealing with actually dying in their worlds, don’t they?”

“Not all of them!” Sonja protested from nearby. When they turned to look at her, she shrugged. “I wasn’t in 3rd life, I just saw the backdoor was open and wanted to get something to drink.”

“I think I liked the Origins variant better,” Scott muttered hoarsely. “A lot better. Can I do that instead, please?”

“We’ll have more of those, don’t worry,” Wilbur promised. “And hey, now that you guys know what this variant is like, you can do things differently, right?”

A loud round of groans met his optimistic suggestion.

“We will - we *will*!” Grian insisted. “But - But! Let, let us mourn. Let us grieve first before we - before we plan anything ugh, *Scar noooo*, don’t leave me again!”

Scar bopped his head against Grian’s. “I’m here! I’m here!”

“I think it’s best to let them get all of this out of their system,” Callahan finally said, and Wilbur found he had to agree.

Ranboo Awoke on a moving train, feeling a lot younger and smaller than he normally was. Not to mention more *human*. Then again, everything was supposed to be constantly changing for him, so he supposed he'd have to get used to this. Curiously, he checked what everyone called his loop memories.

They were spotty - his short term memory problems had carried into the loop with him, as Calliope said they would. And also as she said, Ranboo could remember his original loop without issue, something he was still trying to wrap his head around.

A small part of him wished he could forget - forget Tubbo's words, forget the fact that he'd almost been wiped from existence, forget that his husband was no longer his husband, that Tubbo didn't love him like that anymore.

If *anymore* was even the right word, since Tubbo had been looping before they even got married. Did Tubbo ever love him? Or, his Unawake self did, surely. Tubbo had insisted that was so. And it wasn't like Tubbo didn't want to be friends anymore, or that he was abandoning Michael.

It still felt like Ranboo's heart had been ripped from his chest and torn to shreds right in front of him.

When he finally got back home, what would he do? What would he say? How long would he be a traveling looper anyways? He probably should've asked Calliope more questions last loop, when he had the chance.

Right, loop memories. It seemed, from what he could piece together, that one of his parents was a wizard, with actual magic wands and everything, and now that he was eleven, he was going to a school to train wizards like him. The world didn't have things like mobs or Redstone, but the technology seemed way more advanced than what he was used to.

A light cough drew him from his thoughts, and Ranboo looked up. Sitting across from him was a girl with short dark hair, who looked about his age - or the age he was here, really. When she noticed she had his attention, she gave him a wave, and sent out one of those pings. Cautiously, Ranboo sent one back, and she grinned. "Hey there. New looper?"

"Um, yeah, I guess. This is my second loop, I think? Maybe third? It's kind of hard to tell, since my start to the loops was pretty messy. I mean, I can remember baseline, and then the loop I started in so..."

"Really?" She looked surprised. "That's unusual. Most loopers don't have their second or third loop as a fused one."

"Well, I'm a traveling looper, I guess? That's what my admin said." He cleared his throat awkwardly. "There's this guy in our loop who messed with my code, so Calliope kinda removed me from our loop until she gets that all fixed up."

The girl's eyes widened. "Oh! That split hair - are you Ranboo? I've been to your loop, and met your anchors. They're good people."

"Yeah! Yeah, that's me." He tried his best not to think about Tubbo. How Tubbo saved him from Dream, and blasted the man to bits for hurting him. How Tubbo- *don't think about it.*

She held out a hand. "Well, maybe us meeting so early into your loops isn't a coincidence, then. I'm Jenny Everywhere, and not to toot my own horn, but I'm sort of the most famous traveling looper around."

After a moment of surprise, Ranboo shook. "Really? How many traveling loopers are there?"

"Oh, just a few of us. There's Rin, from SHELTER - poor girl's the only survivor of her entire planet, it would be an extremely lonely looping life otherwise - Bariss Offee - pretty sure that one had to do with the Crash - Sam Beckett, now there's a character - Blues, of course - Glyn was looping for a while, and so was Sunset-"

Ranboo just nodded along, feeling more than a little overwhelmed. Jenny must've noticed this, because she stopped and gave a small laugh. "But we can talk about all that. Right now, we're in Harry's world, one of the original seven. Are you ready to learn some magic?"

"I guess so? I don't really have a choice, right?"

She shrugged, amused. "Well, you could always just leave. But you'd miss out on one hell of an experience."

Which was part of why Ranboo didn't have a choice but to stay. Still, he offered a smile and nodded along. "Hey, do you mind? I've got this - I've got short term memory, I can remember past loops, but in the current ones - I've got this book, do you mind-?"

"No problem." So Ranboo took the book out of his small pocket, and opened it to see that there were already things in there: pictures of him with the other loopers, feelings of being home with his son, memories of simple joys.

Jenny whistled. "That's one hell of a memory book."

"Yeah, it is." With a smile, Ranboo took out a pen and started to write.

43.5 (credit to Midnight Panda (Moonichrome))

"So," Tommy managed. "You're... my Squip."

"I am," Wilbur agreed brightly. "And I think Sapnap has Dream for a Squip. Really, you got the better deal here. At least you won't set a fire and burn down the house."

He squinted at his brother. “That’s a reference, isn’t it? You’ve totally seen whatever this is before.”

Wilbur looked mildly offended. “Of course I have, it’s a musical! Don’t worry, I won’t go baseline. Mostly I’m just going to annoy you and sing all of those fun songs. They’re very catchy.”

“Of course you will.”

“Aw, don’t be like that! After all, *~your life was so pitiful before, now it’s time to go all the way and more, it’s time to get an upgrade~*”

Tubbo was so damn lucky he both wasn’t awake and didn’t have a Squip.

43.6

Tubbo teleported back to the factory, and slammed open the door. “I’ve got you!”

Holding the nuke, looking at him like a cornered animal, was Ranboo, with glowing purple eyes and a vacant expression.

Tubbo let out a long sigh. “Dammit.” Before Enderboo could teleport away, he summoned the nuke towards him and knocked his friend out, before dragging him back to the house.

This was going to be an awkward conversation in the morning.

Tubbo teleported back to the factory, and slammed open the door. “I’ve got you!”

Foolish dropped the nuke and held his hands up, and in a moment of panic, Tubbo surrounded the nuke in a bubble, preventing it from hitting something the wrong way. “I’m really sorry!” The god insisted. “I just wanted to check out what the fireworks were like. They’re so big!”

“Yeah. Yeah, okay.” Tubbo pinched his forehead. “Just - ask before you take anything next time, alright? This is very sensitive equipment.”

“Oh, I didn’t know.” Foolish immediately stepped away. “Sorry about that. Do you need help setting it back in it’s case?”

“That would be great, thank you.”

Tubbo teleported back to the factory, and slammed open the door. “I’ve got you!”

Techno turned around to look at him and scoffed. “Did you really think I’d just let you have nukes without getting any of my own? You’ve already proven that you can’t handle any real power. The people need defense against what you could do to them.”

“And I’m sure it’s different with your withers and your tnt dupes,” Tubbo noted sarcastically. “Whatever. Just give me my nuke back, and you can walk out of here just fine.”

The piglin hybrid raised an unimpressed eyebrow. “And if I don’t?”

Tubbo pulled a gun out of his pocket. Then I shoot the fuck out of you, and you say goodbye to your kneecaps.”

Techno laughed at him. That laughter turned to howls of pain as Tubbo shot his kneecaps.

Tubbo teleported back to the factory, and slammed open the door. “I’ve got you!”

Then he saw Dream in the room, grinning and holding his nuke. With that, he forwent any formalities and summoned his keyblade, going to town immediately.

Tubbo teleported back to the factory, and slammed open the door. “I’ve got you!” Then he paused and took in the scene. “Wait, Big Q? You’re awake! What are you doing here?”

Quackity shrugged, a shit-eating grin on his face. “Just wanted to see if I could. It seems like everyone’s doing it.”

“Get out of my nuke room, Quackity.”

“Yeah, okay.”

Tubbo teleported back to the factory, and slammed open the door. “I’ve got you!”

Charlie Slimecicle turned to look at him innocently, the nuke nestled safely in his goopy body. “Can I please have this?”

Tubbo considered. “You know what? Yeah sure, fine. At least whatever happens, it’ll be funny.”

43.7

“You know what I don’t get?” Tommy mused, as he sat on a stool at the Bake and Bar. “Charlie Slimecicle. I don’t get him.”

“What about him don’t you get?” Niki asked curiously, as she slid him a cupcake. “I mean, he’s technically here, isn’t he? Hanging around Snowchester and all. So, it’s not too much of a surprise that he shows up in other places, right?”

“But *everywhere*? I mean, he’s in almost all of these modded loops, isn’t he? Don’t you think it’s a little strange, how common he is?”

“Our streamers are friends,” Wilbur pointed out, munching on some freshly baked banana bread. “And he’s a pretty funny guy, I think. Might be fun if he started looping.”

Tommy groaned. “Please no. Please don’t even suggest that. That’s a terrifying thought.”

“I doubt he will anyways,” Eret pointed out reasonably. “I mean, sure he’s here, but he’s not really around much, is he? So there’s probably less of a chance he’ll loop.”

“Callahan wasn’t around much, but he’s looping now,” Niki argued lightly. The man wasn’t awake this loop, but the two of them had become pretty close friends, sharing the Bake and Bar together. “So it’s always possible.”

“Yeah, I guess so.”

Tommy groaned, slamming his head down on the counter. “Ugh. Doesn’t mean I want it to happen. What if we have to go through all of those modded loops again since he’s in them?”

“What if we have to go through them again with Phil, if he starts looping?” Wilbur wondered, horror dawning on his face at the very thought.

Tommy shared a similar horrified expression, and Niki and Eret couldn’t help but chuckle.

43.8 (credit to InudaTheFox and Gabbygirl317)

Niki smiled up at the sun, letting the sea breeze waft through her hair, before turning to her wife. “Back to the Caribbean, it seems. And as Read and Bonny too. Think we can avoid our executions without needing to pretend we’re pregnant?”

Puffy laughed fondly. “We’d have to be caught for that to happen. This seems to be a bit different as well - I think we’re in the Assassin’s Creed world. I do hope so, it’s been a while since I last saw Edward. It would be nice to catch up.”

“He wasn’t able to make it to the wedding, right?” Niki remembered.

“Yeah, he was really bummed about that.” She leaned over conspiratorially. “I think he’s even got a wedding present he’s been saving.”

“Oh, exciting!” She locked her fingers with her wife’s. “But, pirating first, possible wedding gift later.”

“Have I ever told you how much I love you?”

“All the time. And I never get tired of hearing it.”

43.9

“Bad loop?” Tommy asked, as Sam sat down heavily next to him.

He shook his head. “Not really. Just... it was something.” He searched for the right words. “When you were watching all those prison stories, did you ever end up seeing the Shawshank Redemption?”

Tommy paused to think about this, before the name clicked. “Oh, yeah I did! That was kind of a heavy one, right?”

“Yeah. It wasn’t terrible like some of the other prisons I’ve been through, but it wasn’t fantastic either. Somewhere in the middle, I’d say.” He shook his head. “But enough about that. You’ve got something that’s been weighing on you, right?”

Tommy sunk down a bit. “How did you know?”

Sam looked amused. “I’m an empath, like everyone else in this loop, remember?”

“Oh yeah.” He groaned. “It’s usually useful, but that’s so hard sometimes, you know? Like, none of us can get some true privacy around here.”

“Imagine how the Star Wars loopers feel,” Sam laughed. “But that’s getting off topic. So? What’s getting you down?”

Tommy winced, and took a moment to collect his thoughts. “It’s really stupid.”

“It’s probably not. And even if it is, I don’t mind hearing it anyways.”

“You’re gonna think I’m a dick.”

“I highly doubt that. We’ve all had dickish thoughts, that doesn’t change who we are as people.”

He groaned. “Stop countering my arguments with your logic.” His dad laughed, and he pouted. “Yeah, I’d probably go to Puffy about this, but she’s still on break. I’ll talk to her about it when she’s okay.” He took a deep breath. “It’s - it’s about what happened with Ranboo. And Tubbo.”

“Oh?” The first thing that came to mind was the jealousy Unawake Tommy had, but Sam knew that just as he was different from his Unawake self, so was his son. Tommy wasn’t as

different as him, but he was more mature, and more importantly, much farther along on the path to recovery.

“Yeah. And the whole “blasting Dream down to his atoms” thing he did.” Tommy shifted uneasily. “I just - I dunno, I’ve been thinking about that, and I don’t think I could’ve done it.”

“That’s not a bad thing,” Sam pointed out gently. “It’s never a bad thing to be unable to do morally dubious things.” Honestly, he was still reeling from the fact that Tubbo could do it.

He shook his head. “Not that part. Yeah, I don’t know if I could morally do that. I mean, I don’t think so, but if Tubbo could, who knows, right? But I meant the action itself. I don’t think I could’ve been physically capable of doing that, even if I did want to.”

“Okay...?”

“I’m - it’s - fuck, are you gonna make me spell it out?” He rubbed his face with a hand. “I feel like I’m envious of *that*, okay? That Tubbo’s got all of this cool magical power, and he saved Ranboo from being deleted from existence, and he’s got so many more connections outside of our loop, and I’m jealous. We’re co-anchors, so why do things feel so unequal?”

...Well, Sam definitely wasn’t expecting that. “How long have you been feeling this way?”

Tommy thought it over. “Just a bit after Ranboo started looping, I guess.”

“And have you talked with Tubbo about it?”

Tommy sent him a weird look. “And say what? “Oh, you know how you made that cool speech about how you’re your own person and Dream fucked up because he’s always underestimating you and thinking of you as my sidekick, and then you kicked his ass? Yeah, I’m jealous that you’re better than me now.” He’d probably think I was just like everyone else and was unhappy that he broke out of the box everyone put him in.” He sagged. “That my Unawake self put him in. I remember, he said things like “you’ve got thicker skin” and “go live your happy bee boy life”, like, how much more of an ass can I be?”

Sam draped an arm over Tommy’s shoulder and pulled him into a hug. Tommy melted into the touch. “You’re not an ass. If I can’t blame myself for what Unawake me did, neither can you.”

“But what if I’m the same? Since I’ve been thinking these things...”

“That doesn’t mean you’re a bad person, or even an ass,” Sam pointed out gently. “Speaking from an outsider perspective, the only thing I think Tubbo would be insulted by is that you think he would take it badly. When has he ever done that?”

Tommy snorted. “When he bottles up all his true emotions and pretends everything is fine. He does it all the time.”

Sam smiled. “The fact that you notice that so much already sets you apart from your unawake self, doesn’t it? My suggestion is to talk to him about this. Make it clear from the beginning

that you want an honest talk, you want him to say just what he's feeling and not hide it. Then you two can start to work through this."

"That's pretty good advice, I guess," Tommy admitted. "Are you sure you don't want to be a therapist like Puffy?"

"I'm alright, I think," Sam laughed. "Just glad I could help."

He'd talk to Tubbo then, Tommy decided. Sometime. Maybe even soon. Maybe.

43.10

"It scared you?" Jordan repeated, curiously.

Tubbo shrugged. "Yeah, I guess. A little. Just, you know, that I could do that. I've never felt so angry before. I didn't even know I could. And like, mega-killing someone like that, I didn't know I could do it because obviously I've never tried before."

Then again, he had made nukes in baseline. It was always something he was proud of, a massive technological achievement that defied the constraints of their fantasy world. And yet, it was a pretty fucked up thing to make, wasn't it?

"What if I'm not as good of a person as I thought I was?" He finally said. "I mean, I never thought I was a saint or anything, and I really thought I was horrible before I started looping, but maybe since then I've made myself out to be a decent guy when I'm really not. Maybe I am as bad as everyone thought I was." He shuddered. "I don't *want* to hurt anyone, but what if-?"

"Tubbo." Tubbo felt hands on his shoulder, and looked up to meet the Captain's serious face. "Do you think I'm a bad person?"

"What? No, of course not!"

Jordan nodded. "And do you remember what I did in my baseline? With the Ianitas, and what happened to them."

"I - yeah, I remember. I've been there plenty of times myself." Tubbo winced. "You don't do that anymore though, you always prevent it."

"I do. But it still happened in baseline. Does that mean I'm destined to be a terrible person?" Tubbo shook his head. "Then trust me when I say the same is true for you. And you have less to regret - you were a scared, traumatized kid who wanted some form of protection when nothing else had worked. Just because it was morally dubious doesn't mean you're condemned to be a bad person."

Tubbo let out a shaky breath. Then another. “Okay. Okay.” He let his dad hug him, and hugged his dad back. It was easier - it felt safe. Jordan Sparklez was the only anchor in their branch older than him and Tommy. Tubbo couldn’t hurt him even if he tried. This was safe.

It was fine. He was fine.

43.11

“You’re married!?”

Karl laughed nervously at the shocked and furious faces of the other loopers. “Guys, look. As fun as Niki and Puffy’s wedding was, we didn’t really want something like that. It’s just not us, you know?”

“Plus, it’s already happened, so...” Quackity shrugged. “I mean, we’re the ones who got married. As long as we’re happy, that’s all that matters.”

“Guys, he’s got a point.” Tubbo sighed. He looked at Quackity sadly. “I get that you didn’t want something big, I just wish you would’ve invited us. I wanted to go to your wedding, no matter how small.”

Tommy nodded somberly. “Yeah. You’re like a brother to us, Big Q. It just sucks that we couldn’t be there for you on your big day.”

Quackity wilted under their sad faces. “Aw, come on, guys, please don’t be like that.”

“No can do.” Puffy grinned. “Your punishment for not inviting us? We’re all going to guilt-trip the hell out of you three for the next two thousand loops.”

The three husbands cringed.

Chapter End Notes

43.1 If L'Manberg isn't Sam Vines friendly, he will make it so. (Discworld)

43.2 And so the knot is finally tied! Congrats to the trio!

43.3 3rd Life has arrived, and with it? Pain.

43.4 Ranboo's struggling to get used to this, but at least he's made a new friend!

43.5 Eventually, Tommy drank the Mountain Dew Red so he wouldn't have to listen to his brother anymore. (Be More Chill)

43.6 The agony of being Tubbo.

43.7 Just they wait until the next expansion.

43.8 They're such saps.

43.9 Even the best friendships have their hiccups, and for all their years, loopers are only human.

43.10 Tubbo is still in desperate need of therapy.

43.11 This is the grave they've dug for themselves.

Chapter Notes

I'm back!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

44.1

“This, this is really nice,” Fundy admitted softly, as he slowly reeled his rod back in.

This loop, he’d woken up on a houseboat with both of his parents, and the three of them fished for both food and supplies. Sally was his mom, and she was a wonderful one, and Fundy suspected that he was going to greatly enjoy this loop.

“It is,” Wilbur agreed, content. “Don’t get me wrong, loops full of adventure and excitement are fun, but there’s something about this kind of loop that’s just so nice to be in.”

“Could it be because you two get to slow things down for once and actually take everything in?” Sally offered lightly, as she sat down between them with a bag of chips. “It’s hard to love adventure if it’s all action all the time.”

Wilbur smiled fondly at her. “You’re absolutely right.”

“Of course I am.” She snatched her chip bag back from his thieving hands. “I’m always right. The absolute right-est.”

Fundy snickered. This time, his mom was much more of a goofball. She was still loving and caring and amazing, she just liked lame jokes a lot more.

Not that it mattered. Now matter how she was, Fundy knew he and his dad would always cherish the time they got to spend with her.

44.2

“Alright, this is log date fourteen.

Hello everybody! This is Tubbo, reporting from the S.S. Snowchester. I’m not sure how, but the explorer vessel has broken down at the bottom of the ocean, and this is a null - I mean,

null is pretty much what I can do about this right now, besides trying to send for help. So, that's why I'm radioing!

I know, I know, I seemed pretty confident when I took the job, but no one mentioned how apparently faulty this sub would be. Absolutely suing when I get back to the surface. Wait no, that was a joke! Please don't leave me down here, I'm not actually gonna sue.

Anyways, power is completely cut off from the thrusters, but I've managed to preserve power to the life support system, and this vessel was built to be exploring the ocean floor for months, so I'm all good on food right now. Just can't go anywhere. It would be really nice if someone could come and get me stat."

~

"Well, this is log date twenty-one.

"So, I haven't heard back from you guys, which is highly distressing, but I'm going to keep sending these recordings and trying to get through, and hope you're all just on your way to come and get me.

So! First things first, still good on the food and water situation. I mean, there are so many potatoes down here that looking at them makes me a little sick, but other than that it's all pre-packaged food that will last a long time. I'm going through the things in the fridge first.

I did try converting power from food storage to the thrusters, because I can last a few days if that's what it takes to get to the surface, but as soon as I tried, all of the power almost shut down. Who built this fucking death trap, I swear-

Other than that, I'm okay. Still waiting for pickup though, hope you guys come soon."

~

"Log date thirty, here.

"So, there's been a small dent in the hull. Not sure what it's from, but there's a giant creature down here with me, and it's massive. I took lots of pictures, in case anyone finds this recording. You know, for science. I've never seen anything like it before, wonder if it's in the hub loop? They're not quite as advanced as people here are. Not that you'd know what I'm talking about.

Right, hull dent. I've patched it up as best I could, but whatever that thing did kinda messed with what little power I have left, so I had to convert it all to oxygen and general life support. Not that there was much left in the fridge anyways, it didn't go to waste.

Pretty sure no one's getting these messages at this point, but waiting for my imminent death at the bottom of the ocean passes by faster when I can pretend I have someone to talk to. So thanks, imaginary person on the other end of the line."

~

“Log date forty-seven.”

“Well, power is pretty much busted. Oxygen is starting to get low. Pretty sure I’ll be running out soon. This is a really sucky loop. I thought it would be fine, even though it was null, because advanced technology, you know? Making strides to chart all of the ocean! It seemed so cool.

It’s - it’s not very cool now. I don’t know how much longer this loop will last - Tommy’s still here to anchor it, so... might be a while. Sorry, I guess.

Shit, that thing’s back. Tubbo out.”

Callahan raised an eyebrow as Tubbo slumped down over the bar. “Bad loop?”

The anchor groaned. “Yeah. Milkshake, please.” And he left it at that.

44.3

Tommy waited patiently while Tubbo sat up, touching the bandage around his head and wincing as he did so. “Took you long enough. Sorry for the tenderness, I had to make it look like something less than magic so people wouldn’t freak out.”

“Hmm-? Oh.” Tubbo sent out a weak ping, one that Tommy returned. “Oh wow, I feel like shit. Hang on.” He closed his eyes briefly, before opening them, looking a little confused. “Okay, loop memories say I was a courier trying to deliver a platinum chip to the strip, got ambushed, and then-” his eyes widened. “Oh. That explains the hurt.”

Tommy winced. “Yeah, you kinda got a bit shot in the head. Goodsprings’ resident doctor is currently sick, so I took over and patched you up. Figures you’d get a loop like this, right?”

“Figures-? Hang on, I’m still trying to think.” There was a moment of silence. “Wait, this is familiar. Is this - is this Fallout?”

“New Vegas,” Tommy agreed. “At least that means we already know who the dickhead that shot you is, and we can go after him. Unless you wanna do some sidequests on the way there.”

Tubbo considered this. “Can we use our pockets and powers? There’s probably a lot we can make right, if we can.”

“Yup, they’re all good to go.”

“Fantastic.” He swung his legs over the side of the bed and pulled himself up. After a moment, a soft glow surrounded him, and when he opened his eyes again, his expression was much clearer. “That’ll be the plan, then. Head to the strip, and solve problems along the way.”

“Works for me.” And with all that adventure, he could probably put their talk off for one more loop.

Just one more, though.

44.4

“So, I’m replacing Spy, you said?”

“That’s right,” Engineer encouraged. “You’ve got a good power-set there, you can make yourself look like any other class on the other team, and get up close to them that way.”

“Right.” Ranboo twirled the butterfly-knife around in his hand, getting used to the motion. Even though he had the loop memories, that didn’t completely translate into having those talents. “I’m not really one for killing anyone, though.”

Engineer waved him off. “Oh, you don’t need to worry about that. We’ve all got our respawns. We can die over and over and over again with no problem. Doesn’t even hurt much, really.”

“Comforting.”

“It’ll be fine,” Jenny promised him, balancing her baseball bat on one hand - she was replacing Scout. “They all know you’re a new looper with an aversion to killing. Pretty much everyone’s going to go easy on you.”

“That’s right,” Engineer promised. “And hey, Medic isn’t Awake! That’s a very good thing for you too.”

Ranboo frowned at him. “Why? What’s wrong with looping Medic?”

“Well, he’s - oh, the round’s about to start.”

No, wait, *what’s wrong with Medic?*”

Despite Ranboo’s protests, the game started, and Jenny was dragging him along. He gripped his butterfly knife tightly. “I don’t think I like this loop. Like at all.”

“Just give it a little bit more time,” Jenny promised, as something exploded close to them. “It’ll be alright. Everyone’s good friends here.”

Somehow, that didn’t make things better.

44.5 (credit to JustVibingMan)

“Alright class, we have a new student today. If you could introduce yourself...”

“Hello everyone! I’m Alex Quackity, nice to meet you.”

The different introduction was what got Ryota to look up. Rather than Yumeko, a boy with dark hair and a beanie that couldn’t have been regulation was grinning at the rest of the class. Curious, Ryota sent out a ping, and Quackity responded with his own.

The rest of the kids snickered when Ryota was assigned to show the new kid around, as they usually did, but Ryota had long stopped paying them any mind, instead smiling and leading Quackity out the door as soon as classes had paused.

“Is this your first time here, or have you been here with another anchor?” He asked, as the two of them strolled down the halls.

“This is my first time,” Quackity admitted, “But I do know this loop features a lot of gambling, so I’m excited. Guessing you’re the anchor, by the way you phrased that? Must be a little boring, placing the same bets over and over again, already knowing the outcome.”

“I am,” Ryota confirmed. “And it’s not so bad. All the gambling games played in this loop are actually variable, so you can’t know for sure what’s going to happen based on past loops.” He sighed. “Then again, there are only so many variations of any game. The reason I’m the anchor and not Yumeko or Mary is because I’m not actually a big gambler. The addicts of our loop get pretty frustrated once the loops run out of variables to throw at them, and some start looking for... darker things to fill that thrill. At one point, we had maybe three cases of Sakura Syndrome at once.”

Quackity winced. “Shit. Yeah that’s no fun. I promise I’ll stay on the straight and narrow, if that helps. I like gambling, but I’m not an addict.”

Ryota smiled. “That does help, actually. Seriously though, this place can be pretty fun for visiting loopers who just want to do whatever. Don’t worry about it too much.”

“If you say so, then.” Mary’s rock-paper-scissors challenge was coming up soon, and Quackity was excited to see where that would lead.

44.6

It’s been a very, *very* long time since Sam had first started improving Pandora’s Vault. The original prison had been decent, sure, for a non looper. Now though, it was much stronger, more stable, able to hold almost anything contained inside of it.

Except, it seemed, for the one person who spent time in there the most.

And so, Sam found himself looking over his notes, blueprints, and traps, trying to figure out if there was any way he could've prevented Dream from escaping during that fateful loop. *A ban on accessing the code while in the prison? No, that Dream's admin status would've overridden it.*

And there laid the key problem: Dream's admin status. That was the issue they needed to work around. Perhaps a command block with a code that would continuously teleport Dream inside? Could he still work around that?

"You've been up for days, you know." Sam jumped and spun around to see Karl standing behind him, giving him a small smile. "You need to take a break, alright? I know we're all still a bit stressed over what happened, but obsessing over it won't help anyone. And Dream can't know about the loops anymore anyways."

"I know that." Sam groaned, putting his head in his hands. "Believe me, I do. But the prison is my responsibility. I've put so much work into making it impossible to escape. Hell, the loops themselves have made prison one of my niches! But when it really, truly mattered, Dream still got out."

"That wasn't a flaw with Pandora, though," Karl refuted gently. "Dream didn't just escape from the prison, he brought himself and all of us outside of reality itself. The whole server couldn't contain him during that loop."

And Sam did know this, deep down. But the failure still stung, and it stung deeply.

"Sam," Karl pressed. "You can't base your whole identity on this prison. We know where that got your Unawake self." Sam flinched, and he winced, hoping he hadn't gone too far. "You're a great dad, and a great friend, and an experienced looper. You're more than Pandora's Vault."

Karl wasn't wrong. But it was still hard to hear.

Sam didn't want to be anything like his Unawake self, and that Sam had obsessed over the prison and his role with it until it mattered more than Tommy, Ponk, or anyone else. Sam *couldn't* be that kind of person. The thought made him sick.

But he had still failed in his job of protecting others from Dream. And a part of him couldn't just let that go.

"I have an idea," Puffy's voice came from towards the door, and they both looked to see her smiling at them. "Sam, I think you should take a break from making Pandora's Vault entirely, at least for a while."

"W-What?" He sputtered. "Entirely!? Puffy, what the hell would we even do with Dream then?"

"We'll find different ways of dealing with him," she promised. "But Karl is right, you need a break from Pandora. Let us worry about keeping Dream contained. Focus on who you want to be outside of being a Warden. Can you try that?"

And as much as he hated the thought... it did make sense. Sam knew who he was - he was a looper, a friend to many, a dad to one. But being a warden had taken up so much of his looping life...

"Maybe it would be nice to try something new," he finally admitted.

Karl grinned and nudged Puffy. "Very therapist-like."

She beamed at them. "Why thank you! I was just cleared to start therapy sessions again, as a matter of fact. I'm going around and letting everyone know."

And that was probably the best news Sam had heard in a while. Things finally felt like they were looking up.

44.7

"You know, I haven't really thought about this much before," Tommy admitted, as he fired off his gun, "But have you ever noticed that the bosses here are so much weirder and more grotesque than the ones in our worlds? I mean, we've got the Wither and the Ender Dragon, and you've got Deerclops and the Ancient Fuelweaver and all, but like..." He gestured at the massive flying eye with teeth the size of his arm.

Wilson nodded. "I see what you mean. Compared to bosses like "Eye of Cthulhu, Wall of Flesh, and Moon Lord, our bosses look relatively tame."

"Yeah, some of these things are just really awful to look at," Tubbo agreed, watching as Willow and Sapnap went to town on the eye above them. The less we have to deal with that horrible Wall, the better." The other two anchor's shuddered and nodded.

"You should feel lucky you guys don't visit this place nearly as much as we do," Willow said, and she finished off the boss. "It might get much easier with the loops, but these things never stop being gross."

Sapnap smirked. "We'll count our lucky stars, then."

44.8 (credit to Randomuser)

"Um, Sapnap? I think you may have a problem."

Sapnap frowned. "What do you mean?"

“Well...” Karl gestured to the closet filled with diamonds, netherite, gold, emeralds, and plenty of other gems that didn’t exist in their original world. “I know you’re a dragon sometimes, but we can’t use this closet anymore, it’s completely full.”

“It’s just one closet!” He defended.

“It’s a walk-in closet, Sap. You could comfortably fit a king-size bed in this room.”

His husband’s shoulders sagged. “Yeah, I know. I can’t really help it though, ever since that Smaugnap loop back when I started, I keep getting the urge to hoard things. Usually it’s just little mementos that I keep in my pocket, but sometimes I just gotta have my valuables pile, you know? I’m pretty sure Tubbo does the same thing, even if his collections are different.”

“That’s completely understandable,” Karl assured him. “I mean, Fundy does that chitter thing foxes do sometimes, Tommy and Wilbur have both chirped once or twice, Niki will occasionally go wide-eyed and still if you poke glass next to her, and we’ve both seen how Quackity will puff up his feathers like a scared duck in any loop that he has them. I was more talking about you finding a better place for your hoard than our closet.”

“That’s fair,” Sapnap agreed, relieved. “Maybe I’ll make my own little dragon cave next to our house this loop. That could be a lot of fun.”

44.9

Tubbo was right in front of him, looking out upon the icy sea bordering Snowchester, and Tommy took a deep breath. *You can do this, it’s no big deal. Just fucking talk to him.* “Hey, Tubbo?”

Tubbo turned around and smiled at him. “Yeah? What’s up?”

Deep breaths. Just get this over with. “Can we talk about some shit? It’s not bad,” he added hastily, at Tubbo’s worried look. “Just, I talked with Sam about this, and he said it would be good to discuss with you - communication and all that.”

Tubbo snorted. “The thing everyone in baseline really sucks at, yeah.”

Pot calling the kettle black much? “Right, so we gotta do better, since we’re supposed to be more mature than that.” Tommy sighed, leaning up next to his best friend, and searching for the right words. “It’s just, something I’ve noticed since that mess with Dream and Ranboo.” Next to him, Tubbo tensed up slightly. “I could be looking too deep into it, but it feels like there’s this sort of physical power imbalance between us, yeah? I dunno if I could’ve done what you did.”

Tubbo blinked at him. “I guess.” There was a moment of silence, and Tommy winced as he felt Tubbo poke around in the force, before the other anchor’s eyes widened. “Wait, are you jealous? Of *me*?”

Despite himself, Tommy couldn't help but snort at Tubbo's incredulous tone. "You sound so surprised. Which one of us has been a god since nearly the beginning, has siblings and a mentor and tons of connections in other universes?" He winced, because *good fucking job, he's totally gonna think you're just like everyone else*. "Not that there's anything wrong with it! And I wish I could just get rid of these stupid feelings, and you wouldn't have to deal with them-"

"No, it's okay," Tubbo interrupted. "I'm so sorry, I should've realized-"

"No, fuck, you're doing it again!" He groaned. "I didn't tell you this to make you feel bad, because it's not your fault. I just wanted to get it out in the open so it didn't fester and make things awkward. Don't - I don't want you getting mad at yourself for this, okay? If anything, you should be mad at me."

"I'm not going to be mad at you for feeling things and wanting to talk about them," Tubbo said, as if it were the most obvious thing in the world. Then he looked thoughtful. "Did I ever tell you about my first trip to Equestria?"

Tommy nodded. "Yeah, you said you'd had a bad loop before, and they helped you through it. That was when Twilight agreed to teach you more magic."

"Right." He sighed. "That was - at the beginning, when we first started looping, I had no idea who I was, outside of being your friend and fellow anchor. I was the second one, even though generally only one anchor is needed. Everyone always told me I was only there to help someone else's story, after all, and I believed it was the same thing for looping."

"What the fuck," Tommy finally managed. "No, that's not true at all!"

"You're right," Tubbo agreed. "Anyways, I ended up in Equestria, and they sort of pointed out that I do have my own accomplishments, but I'm also not stuck to just being my baseline self-plus extra. I can learn new things, make new connections, all of that. And I sort of realized that if I didn't want to be a background character in my own life for all of eternity, I needed to *do something about it* instead of just pretending I was fine with it. If I wanted to be my own person, I had to look outside of the Dream SMP for help. So I asked Twilight to teach me magic. I went out and made as many connections with other loopers as I could. No one but you really saw me as my own person in baseline during the time, so I reached outwards instead of inwards. The magic and connections followed."

It took Tommy a moment to process all of that. "That's... I'm sorry."

His best friend looked confused. "Wait, why? What for?"

"I didn't realize. Well, I did sort of realize, but I didn't help you through that. We're friends and brothers, and I should've noticed." And guessed, because even now, he was pretty sure Tubbo still had a fucked up mentality when it came to himself, and Tommy wished he knew how to help with that.

Tubbo waved that off. "It's fine, I didn't mind. I just wanted to explain how I sort of ended up where I am now, when it comes to magical power and looping connections. Having those

things... I guess it helps remind me that I'm my own person, and no one can take that away from me again. Not permanently. But I didn't mean to make you feel jealous or left out, so I'm really sorry about that."

"Don't be." He nudged Tubbo playfully. "As fucked up as all of that was, you're right. If I want to be that strong, I have to do more than just mope about it. I gotta take action." And hearing how all of it came from such a messed up mentality did wonders in halting that jealousy in its tracks. "Also, *please* get therapy. Seriously."

"It's fine, I'm fine--"

"Bullshit!"

And with that, the tension was lifted, and Tommy could relax again.

They were gonna be okay.

44.10

"And with this final offering, we summon the wither-lords into the overworld, where they can cleanse the earth and bring about a new age!" The man raised up the final skull, ready to place it down - and got struck by lightning, leaving only a pile of ash where he was standing.

There was a moment of silence, as the cultists stared at their dead leader. Then all hell broke loose.

Eret charged in, pulling two of their guns from their subspace and firing at the screeching, angry cultists, dodging disintegration spells and wither effects. Next to them, Foolish was laughing as he cut a swath of death through their enemies.

In the end, no cultists were left standing, and Foolish turned to them, smiling. "That was fun!"

That was... certainly something.

The specifics of how it happened were variable, but Eret had been in a few loops now where they'd woken up early enough to go on adventures with Foolish. Those adventures always included trolls and wither cults, but everything else changed with the loops.

It was nice, but it was also strange. After so long where they had nothing concrete before entering the SMP, suddenly, Eret had a longtime friend and a backstory, one they had apparently forgotten. One strong enough that Foolish was willing to die for them, even if they always made sure that didn't happen when they were awake.

Would they always have these weird variants, with no more explanation? Would they find out more with future expansions? Eret figured they were lucky, plenty of the others had no

concrete backstory at all. But now they had gotten scraps of something, they couldn't help but wish for more.

At the moment though, they smile back at Foolish. "That was fun," they agreed. "I can't wait to do it again."

It probably wouldn't be long before Foolish realized they were a time traveler, considering the other's status as loop aware, and his reaction to that could vary. But even then, they still had plenty of loops to learn more.

Maybe even one day, Foolish would start looping like Karl did, and their friendship could become much more permanent.

44.11

Karl Awoke in the Tardis, which was always a good sign. He leaned on the consul and sifted through his in-loop memories.

Stealing the Tardis, Sarah Jane, Time War... It seemed he was replacing the doctor, then. That could be a lot of fun.

And his current companions...

Karl turned to face his husbands with a grin. "You two ready to go on an adventure?"

Sapnap grinned back. "We're always ready."

"Don't think you can leave us out on your time-travelling escapades anymore," Quackity added with a smirk.

Karl laughed. "Wouldn't dream of it." He set their destination, and the Tardis purred comfortably. "Alright, let's go!"

Chapter End Notes

44.1 Loops with Sally are a rare treat, but almost always enjoyable.

44.2 Just one of those suck-ish loops.

44.3 Tubbo finds himself in the Fallout world far more often than anyone else in the Dream SMP, for obvious reasons. (Fallout: New Vegas)

44.4 Looping Medic is an absolute terror. (Team Fortress 2)

44.5 Gambling addicts + eternally playing the same games = huge mess. (Kakeguri)

44.6 Sam really does need that break. On the plus side, Puffy is done with hers!

- 44.7 Some bosses don't get less gross the more you face them. (Terraria)
- 44.8 Eventually, animal habits can rub off on their hybrids.
- 44.9 Finally, some good communication!
- 44.10 So many questions left unanswered. Poor Eret.
- 44.11 Time travel is always a good marital bonding activity. (Doctor Who)

45.0

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

45.1

As the election results were to be read, George laid comfortably on his pillow, content.

Sure, George knew there were elections coming up, and they were a little bit important, but he was also exhausted. It wasn't like he cared about L'Manberg anyways, he'd just ran for vice president to rile the L'Manbergians up. Not showing up for this was no sweat off his back.

And yet, just as he was about to fall asleep-

"~In the jungle, the mighty jungle, the Gogy sleeps tonight...~"

George looked up, frowning, trying to find the source of the singer, and seeing nothing there. A little uneasy, he laid back down.

"~Rest my bestie, don't fear my darling, the Gogy sleeps tonight~"

Finally, George had blinked away enough sleep to recognize the voice. "Sapnap, can you stop that please?"

There was no answer. He sat up and looked around, but Sapnap was nowhere to be seen. "Sapnap? Seriously, this isn't funny." Nothing. After a few minutes, he flopped back onto his pillows.

And just as he was about to close his eyes-

"~AWEMAWAY, AWEMAWAY, AWEMAWAY, AWEMAWAY~"

And Sapnap cackled as George yelped and fell right off the bed. Quackity was going to love this video.

45.2

It had been a while since Wilbur had woken up this young, a gangly teenager of maybe sixteen, at most. Certainly the last time it had happened, there had been more variants with Tommy and Techno as his brothers, and Phil as their dad. Now it was just him.

Except that wasn't quite right. Consulting his loop memories, Wilbur realized that this was a variant where Phil had found Tubbo on the side of the road, and had taken him in.

Wilbur never quite knew what to think about these possible versions of baseline. On the one hand, Tubbo was his brother anyways, so it was nice when they were related in a loop. On the other hand, it meant that his dad didn't just blame Wilbur's own problems and Schlatt's mess on some sixteen year-old kid, he blamed it on the sixteen year-old kid he had given a home.

Which... really wasn't a good look, all things considered.

Even so, in this loop, Tubbo had just entered their lives a couple days ago. There was plenty of time, Wilbur knew, to change things around.

And so he headed to Tubbo's makeshift room, where the eight year old was nervously fidgeting with the plush that had been in the box. Curiously, Wilbur sent out a ping, but received none in return. Neither Tommy nor Tubbo was awake yet.

"How are you settling in?" He asked gently. Tubbo jumped a bit and turned to look at him with wide eyes. "Sorry I haven't spoken with you much yet. Phil's pretty nice, isn't he?"

Tubbo hesitated, but nodded. "Um, yeah. He did take me in, so I think he's pretty nice."

"That's good! I'm glad." He reached into his inventory and took out his current guitar. "Since we'll be staying together for a while, I figure we can get to know each other. You play any instruments?"

"I play the ukulele." Tubbo looked at the guitar curiously. "You play guitar then? Do you know any songs?"

He chuckled. "That is part of knowing how to play." He strummed the instrument, testing the tune. "I can play something for you, if you want."

Tubbo perked up. "Oh, okay then!"

Wilbur smiled and started a tune. "*~You think he'd realize, but he's infatuated with ideas...~*"

~

"You've been spending a lot of time with the kid lately," Phil noted, as the two of them relaxed on the couch one night, both reading their own book.

"Tubbo? Yeah, I have. You know, it's so nice that you brought him home." Wilbur put on his most innocent smile. "He's such a sweet kid. I think it's cool to have a little brother."

That seemed to surprise Phil. "A little brother?"

Wilbur blinked. "Well, yeah? I mean, you did take him home, and he's staying with us. He's my little brother now, isn't he?"

This seemed to make his dad *finally* think. I mean, I guess he is then.” He sounded almost surprised as he said this.

“What do you mean, you guess?” Wilbur teased, receiving a playful shove for his troubles.

“Oh fuck off,” Phil chuckled. Still he looked thoughtful. “I think I’m gonna talk to him some more. About future arrangements.”

Which was exactly what Wilbur was hoping for. Things were looking up.

~

“Hey, Wilbur?”

A twenty-four year old Wilbur felt a familiar ping, and looked next to him, spotting Tubbo, who’s eyes suddenly held so many more years than they had moments previous. “Hey, Tubbo. You’re awake now?”

“Yeah. And I got my loop memories of having an awesome brother and father.” There was a small hesitation, before Wilbur found himself in a quick but gentle hug. “Thank you. For everything with Phil. I had a great childhood, this time.”

“Of course,” Wilbur promised warmly. “You are my brother, after all.”

45.3

“So, red, white and gold school colors, with Wildcats as the symbol...”

“Yup.”

“Basketball propaganda is everywhere...”

“We are in America this time, but yeah.”

Wilbur finally looked at Eret, beaming. “Eret. Eret, you know where we are, don’t you?”

Eret groaned, but they were smiling as they did so. “I figured it out pretty quickly, yeah. Of course you’re a big fan. We’ve got another looper, but I don’t think it’s Tommy or Tubbo.”

“That would be me.” They both turned to see Troy Bolton, raising his hand with an amused smile. “I know. We get that reaction a lot when new loopers end up here. Guessing at least one of you is a fan of musicals?”

“Oh, you have no idea.” Wilbur held out his hand, and Troy shook it. “Wilbur Soot, and my friend here is Eret. I think we’re gonna have a lot of fun this loop.”

“So, you’re finally looping, then?”

Ranboo managed a nervous smile as Ruby Rose, anchor of Remnant, looked him over with an assessing gaze. Jenny was catching up with Glynda Goodwitch, who she’d apparently once had a fling with, which meant Ranboo was on his own.

“Yeah, that’s me. I mean, I’m looping now, yeah.” If only he had some grass to touch. He usually kept some in his pocket, but this seemed to be a null loop, so that was out of the question. “And I heard, you and Tubbo are siblings now?”

As if it wasn’t strange enough already, Tubbo apparently had siblings that were from other universes. He had known he’d have to meet Ruby at some point, but that didn’t quite prepare him for the actual moment.

Ruby had a calculating expression on her face. “Right, first and foremost, let’s get this out of the way. What do you plan to do when you see Tubbo again?”

And that was the big question, wasn’t it? What would he do when his misadventures as a traveling looper were finally over? Ranboo took a deep breath, before shrugging. “I’m not totally sure. All I know is - I’m gonna ask him what he wants. What he’s comfortable with. And whatever that is, I’ll respect it, even if he doesn’t want to be any sort of close.”

“You’re taking this well.”

“I’m - honestly? I’m really not. This has been *hard*,” he admitted, although a second later he realized that maybe he shouldn’t have told this to his not-quite-husband’s older sister. “But he’s Tubbo, you know? He’s - he means everything to me.” And it was true; with Tubbo and Michael before the loops, Ranboo had finally found something he’d give up the world for. And then with his introduction to the loops being Tubbo saving his existence... “I just want him to be happy.”

Ruby looked at him sternly for a moment longer, eyes not quite meeting Ranboo’s, which was a little more comforting, at least. Then she smiled, her expression melting to something much warmer. “Well, that’s good then! If that’s the case, then I’m sure you two will be able to work everything out. Anyways, I’m Ruby, anchor of Remnant. If you have any questions while you’re here, feel free to ask!”

Ranboo blinked at the sudden change in demeanor, and faintly wondered if he’d just been given a watered down version of the shovel talk. “Ranboo. Which, you know that already, so. Thanks?”

Yang, walking past them, laughed at Ranboo’s befuddled expression, and Ranboo fought the urge to teleport away.

This was going to be a long loop, he suspected.

45.5 (credit to allthegoodnamesweretakenlikethisname)

“So, people can really die three times here? That sounds like so much fun!”

Tommy winced. “Eh, not really. You still die, even if you respawn. It still sucks a lot. I wouldn’t exactly call that fun.”

Gon blinked at him. “Really? But then your friends can live even after being hurt! And you can kill your enemies twice and both times they’ll come back for more punishment. That sounds like a nice law of the world to me.”

“While the first part of that is true...” The native anchor frowned. “You know, I think we’re going to have to agree to disagree on this one.” And he was going to need to keep an extra close eye on Gon while he was here. “Just so you know, we try not to take final lives in this world, as a rule.”

“That’s fine,” Gon agreed easily. “There’s lots more fun to be had here, I’m sure.”

Oh, great.

“So this is the Hunter exam?” Tubbo mused, as he ran alongside Killua, Kurpika, and Leorio. “Stamina’s not really a big thing in our loop, but I guess I can see why it might be challenging for non-loopers.”

“Yeah, but loopers definitely seem to like it.” Killua shrugged. “Pretty much everyone who comes here takes it just so they can say they did it. Plenty of them have challenged themselves to go without their powers, or only use one type of power. Give themselves a nice handicap, you know?”

Tubbo nodded. “Oh yeah, we’ve done that plenty of times.” It had been a long time since he practiced with his keyblade, maybe he could try only using his powers from that loop?

“Our world isn’t exactly the nicest, just so you’re aware,” Leorio warned. “We deal with a lot of disturbing things.”

“Thanks for the warning, but I can handle them.” At the very least, Tubbo suspected this would be an interesting loop.

45.6

“You know this is just as fun as I always thought it would be,” Karl admitted cheerfully, bouncing up and down, guns at his side. “I mean, it really was only a matter of time before I looped in as Tracer, but I’m really enjoying it.”

Wilbur, the current Soldier 76, nodded with a smile. “It’s been a fun loop so far. Especially since we’ve been able to prevent Talon from getting too big, and save Overwatch from its initial shutdown.” Then he turned to Niki curiously. “Although I did wonder - why Mercy?”

Niki shrugged. “Well, I am a druid. And Mercy does have healing abilities, so that could be it. I do really want to keep the wings, if possible, they’re very aesthetically pleasing. But I had some questions myself, actually. Where do you think Tubbo is? I know we got his ping, but has anyone seen him?”

Tommy, who had looped into McCree’s spot, winced. “Yeah, so he’s replaced Sombra, actually. And I think he’s just sort of run with the chaotic hacker thing she’s got going on. Pretty sure he won’t be playing hero.”

Wilbur frowned at this, before remembering how much Tubbo enjoyed committing dubious actions in Origins. “Well, maybe it’ll be good for him, having a loop to run wild. Expel all of those repressed negative emotions from his system.”

“Maybe,” Tommy agreed. “I just hope he doesn’t go overboard.”

“We’re all guilty of going overboard sometimes,” Karl pointed out. “And maybe he’s got the right idea. We should all have some fun this loop, I think.”

Niki looked at him curiously. “Do you have an idea?”

Karl grinned. “Well, Vishkar Corporation is really kicking into its shady gear right about this time, isn’t it? Why don’t we hassle their plans a bit? See how long it takes to annoy them onto the straight and narrow?”

“Well, if we’re going the “Annoying someone until they do what we want” route, not to boast, but I’m totally the best for the job,” Tommy joked. “Sounds fun, I like it. When should we start?”

45.7

“So, you and Tubbo managed to talk?” Tommy nodded. “And what do you think now?”

“I...” Tommy frowned, struggling to put just what he was feeling into words. “Well, it did kinda solve the jealousy issue. I mean, if I really want more connections with people from different loops, I need to put in the effort, right? It’s not Tubbo’s fault that he put in the effort when I didn’t.”

“And with the power issue?” Puffy pressed gently.

Tommy winced. “Yeah, I guess it’s sort of hard to feel jealous of that after hearing him talk.” Which he wasn’t going to go on about, because it wasn’t his place, but Tubbo *still* hadn’t gone to any therapist, and it was getting really worrisome. “I mean, he’s right, I guess, that we need to focus on our own interests. I don’t have to force myself to get stronger in a specific area so that I can match up to him.”

“That’s good. And it’s true.” She looked thoughtful. “Would it also help to list with me areas that you excel more in?”

“Maybe?” Tommy thought for a moment. “Well, Tubbo definitely can’t sew like I can. And he can’t play the violin nearly as well as me. I’ve got more wilderness survival skills, and I’m better at weather control, for whatever that’s worth. And we’re evenly matched in hand-to-hand combat, I think.”

“That’s a start,” Puffy encouraged. “We’ll keep brainstorming things like that.”

He frowned. “But wouldn’t that do the opposite? I don’t want to try and push him down.”

“You’re not,” she assured him. “This is just about acknowledging your own skills and interests, and that while Tubbo may be stronger in some things, you have your own strengths that he doesn’t share.”

“Yeah.” He could see how thinking about it that way would be helpful. “Thanks, Puffy. It’s really good to be back here.”

Puffy smiled fondly. “And I’m so happy to be able to help again. Now, was there anything else you wanted to go over today?”

45.8 (credit to Superstary56)

“How long do you think this loop will last?” Karl wondered, as the group trudged through Floor Zero once again.

Tubbo shrugged. “No idea, unfortunately. I’d at least like to get back to Floor Four soon, since we’ve set up camp there. Not to mention there are different groups around, we can ask if anyone knows anything.”

“Too bad we’re the only ones looping here right now,” Sam sighed. “We probably could’ve used the extra help. At least I’m getting so many ideas...”

Karl whacked him on the back lightly. “No prison related things, remember? You’re taking a break.”

“Hard to say that when these Backrooms just totally feel like a prison,” Niki muttered, feeling the walls until her hand passed through one of them. She poked her head through. “Guys, I found a noclip that leads to the Hub!”

“Thank fuck,” Tubbo said, relieved. “Let’s head there.”

If all else failed and this loop continued on for far too long, he planned on seeing if any sort of reality-warping balance god powers could get them out of this mess.

45.9

“This is *not* what our streamers did, you asshole!” Tubbo snapped, looking at the ground, so far below them.

“Then maybe Streamer Tommy shouldn’t have titled the video ‘I pushed Tubbo out of a plane’! That’s on him at this point,” Tommy cackled over the roar of the plane engine.

“I’m so going to get you back for this,” his fellow anchor vowed.

“Yeah yeah, I’m so scared. Now off you go!” And with that, Tommy shoved Tubbo out of the plane, before happily following behind.

45.10

Karl slammed open the door to the *Benson* with far more force than necessary. “Guys! Big news! Tubbo, we need an expanded ship!”

“This is a bit of a short notice,” Tubbo said, bemused, but complied, expanding the flying ship as Callahan finished opening all the backdoors, and more and more people from the different servers started making their way in, cheerful chatter filling up the space.

Eventually, Scott coughed to get everyone’s attention, Lizzie standing behind him encouragingly. “Right,” he said. “So, I’ve got an announcement.”

The entire room went silent, completely at attention.

“So, I’m going to start making a loopers-only MCC.”

The ship erupted in cheers. Scott laughed, taking all of it in, having clearly come far from the nerves he’d had at the beginning.

“A few things,” he continued, once people were listening again. “First off, it’s probably going to take a while to get set up, so it won’t be an immediate thing. I want this to go off without a hitch, after all. And if it does end up going well, then we’ll do more of them, and perhaps each one will have different themes and restrictions. So, I’m gonna send a sign-up form to everyone, and if you want to participate, fill it out and send it back.”

Tommy immediately started filling out his form. “This is gonna be a lot of fun.”

“It’s a pretty massive change from when you, Tubbo, Eret, and I all participated in my first MCC, for sure,” Niki agreed, smiling to herself as she filled out her own form. “So much has changed since then.” She’d been a new and nervous looper at the time, trying to find her place. Now she was a powerful and respected member of their looper community, and had the most amazing wife she could ask for. All things considered, it was an entirely good change from before.

Whatever happened, this was going to be an MCC to remember.

Chapter End Notes

45.1 Wee heeheehee weeoh aweem away...

45.2 Looping Wilbur is a good older brother.

45.3 Yes, High School Musical is a loop, and yes, Troy Bolton is the anchor. Wilbur is loving this.

45.4 Meeting the family can be awkward in normal scenarios. This is worse.

45.5 Sometimes loopers just don't get along. (Hunter x Hunter)

45.6 It's nice to let loose on occasion. (Overwatch)

45.7 A follow up from their talk last chapter. Things are looking up!

45.8 Unfortunately, this loop can last anywhere from months to years. (The Backrooms)

45.9 Actually pushing Tubbo out of a plane makes the loops 1000% funnier!

45.10 And soon it shall come.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

46.1

“Tommy?”

Tommy turned around to look at Jack, who seemed rather confused - odd, especially considering they were in the time before the elections. “Yeah? What’s up?”

“This is going to sound very strange, but do you by any chance remember being in a world where the monsters were called Grimm? And we were on a team? And now...” Jack frowned. “I have more memories than that. Ones for now, and ones for another life that are also strange. I don’t suppose I’m the only one? Wait is this-” his eyes widened. “Is this the loops you were talking about?”

Tommy stared at him, open-mouthed, for maybe half a minute before he found his voice. “Yeah, I know what’s going on. Hang on, let me get everyone, and we’ll explain it all. <Guys! Jack Manifold is looping!>

<What!?!>

<Jack Manifold is looping! And he remembers that old fused loop with Remnant! Get everyone over here!>

~

Jack took the news about the loops with a surprising amount of grace. “I mean, this is the second time you’ve all told me about them, so I guess I’m not too shocked, more just happy to be here. I just didn’t expect to remember, considering you told me it was a fused loop.”

“We didn’t expect this either,” Tubbo admitted. “But we’re so glad it happened! It’s so great that you’re looping with us! This is gonna be so much fun.”

“Team Rocket is finally complete,” Niki giggled, looking delighted. Jack reached over and held out his hand for a high five, and she gladly complied. “No offense, Tommy.”

Tommy rolled his eyes. “Honestly, I got over that millions of years ago. Go blast off at the speed of light, or whatever it is you two want to do.”

Jack smirked, despite himself. “Thanks for the permission. I think I’ll take over your hotel then, like in baseline. This will be fun!”

“Don’t you fucking dare, you dickhead!”

Tubbo laughed along with the others, although his mind drifted back to Ranboo, who still hadn't made it home yet. At least he'd had time to figure out what he wanted to say when Ranboo got back, but the further his friend's absence dragged on, the more nervous he found himself getting for their reunion. Hopefully Ranboo would be home soon.

In the meantime, he could appreciate Jack's easy transition into the loops, and enjoy the fun that was to come.

46.2

"You're not gonna fight? Against L'Manberg?" Dream repeated, looking perplexed. George stared at Sapnap, seeming just as confused.

Sapnap laughed awkwardly, fiddling with his bandana. "Yeah, I'm just not feeling it right now, sorry. Plus, I've got some stuff I promised Tubbo and Fundy I would help them with, so I'd much rather stay a neutral party in this fight. Hope you guys don't mind."

"Of course we don't," Dream assured him. "It's just that we weren't really expecting it."

"You're usually all in for these sorts of things," George agreed. "Although if you're doing projects with some of the people in L'Manberg, I guess that makes sense. But seriously, if they try to drag you into this, just let us know, and we'll kick their ass extra hard for you, okay?"

"That's a sweet offer. I'll let you know." Not that they could win, of course. With Tommy, Tubbo, and Fundy looping, L'Manberg was already certain to win. But Sapnap absolutely treasured loops like this, where everything was still pretty lighthearted, where Dream and George were his close friends, and where he could simply step out of the conflict without getting anyone hurt.

It hurt that these loops didn't happen much. It sucked that Sapnap had to deal with their harsher variants more often than not. But it just meant that he treasured loops like these even more, and that he would do his utmost to enjoy them.

Someone sent a message to his comm. Sapnap pulled it out to read, and his mood brightened even more as he read the message. "Dream! You invited Quackity?"

Dream looked over at his comm curiously. "Yeah, he was asking me if he could join, and I figured he'd be a fun addition to the server. How'd you know? Is that him?"

"No, it's Karl. Apparently Q just let him know." As if this loop couldn't get any better, now he got to see both of his husbands early.

George nudged him in the ribs with a grin. "Looks like someone's excited."

He laughed and nudged his friend back. “Hey, give me a break! I haven’t seen either of my husbands in a while, so this is extra exciting for me.”

There was a pause as the other two stared at him, and Sapnap’s eyes widened as he realized his casual slip. *Shit*.

“Your husbands?” Dream repeated incredulously.

Shit. And there was the part of these loops that still hurt.

Because Sapnap wanted to let him know. Wanted to tell him about how amazing his husbands were, about their fun wedding, about the years the three of them spent together, and how they were even more in love after all this time. Quackity and Karl meant so much to him, and he so badly wanted to share that with his old friends.

But even if he told Dream... he wouldn’t remember. He’d only know for a second before Calliope’s patch would kick in to make him forget. Because another version of Dream just had to be a horrible child-murdering monster, Sapnap couldn’t ever tell his friend about the loops again.

And that *hurt*.

He forced a smile. “Yeah, it was kind of an accident that happened a while back, with me and Karl and Quackity, where we accidentally got married. Turns out not only was it funny, but we actually like each other, so we never annulled it.”

After a second, the other two started snickering, and Sapnap pretended to be annoyed at their antics. When George claimed that that sounded just like him, Sapnap easily acted mock-offended.

It ached, that he’d gotten so practiced at lying to his friends like this. That he needed to practice it at all.

“I’ll make sure he gets into the server even quicker, then,” Dream said, the Force around him pulsing with amusement. “Now that we know he’s your husband, I think a belated shovel-talk is in order.”

George snorted. “For Karl too, apparently. I can’t believe you two managed to keep something like this hidden for so long.”

“Just don’t go overboard, okay?” Sapnap pictured his husband’s reactions to getting a shovel-talk, and his smile became a bit more genuine.

Dream blinked at him innocently. “Us? Go overboard? I can’t believe you’d think that. When have we ever gone overboard?”

And the absurdity of that statement made Sapnap finally laugh.

“This is all your fault, you know.”

Fundy took in the glare of their newest looper with a good amount of amusement. “Maybe it’s my streamer’s fault, and not mine. Who says that was baseline? We don’t know for sure.”

“Oh, because that makes things so much better,” Jack scoffed, gesturing around them. “That makes the fact that we’ve been falling through a dark void for like, two days now, all fine and dandy, doesn’t it?”

“In my defense, it’s not like I knew this would happen,” Fundy offered, grinning weakly. “Not at the time.”

Jack groaned into his hands. “Tommy did say that the computer-tree has a sick sense of humor. Well, ha ha, the joke is now reality. An eternal fall for Jack Mani-*fall*. Hilarious.”

“It kinda is-”

“You shut up!”

<I hate this.>

“We know, we know.” Fundy tossed Jack Mani-ball across the pond to Wilbur. “We’ve all been there.”

<Really? Have you?>

“You get used to it, I promise. I know it seems weird now, but we’ve all had these joke loops. Yggdrasil will get over itself soon enough,” Wilbur assured him. Then he threw him back as hard as possible.

“I’ve never seen that piece of clothing before,” Fundy noted, looking at the dark blue item Niki was wearing.

She shifted, an awkward smile on her face. “Yeah, this is a one time thing. See, this is Jack Mani-shawl.”

<This is ridiculous,> Jack grumbled, as Fundy fell to the ground laughing. <My actual name doesn’t even rhyme with any of these words.>

“Hey, Fundy! Tommy!”

The two loopers turned around, and both of their mouths dropped open. Standing there, towering over them, was Jack Manifold. Who was currently about the size of a house.

“What the fuck kind of variant is this?” Tommy finally managed.

Jack shrugged, grinning. “Well, Foolish is twenty-three feet sometimes, and now I’m taller than him. I guess you could say I’m Jack Mani-tall. Think I could actually take one of Dream’s lives by stepping on him?”

Tommy grinned, delighted. “Only one way to find out!”

Fundy tried and failed to hide his grin as he looked at the three inches of furious looper standing on the table. “Guess we had to go the opposite way too, didn’t we?”

“This is still all your fault,” Jack Mani-small grumbled. “I’m never forgiving you for this.”

“Oh no, woe is me. What will I ever do?”

“Hey, don’t take that tone with me! I will have my revenge!” Unfortunately, considering Jack’s voice now squeaked to match with his height, it wasn’t a very threatening vow.

46.4

Ranboo reached up to feel the small ears on his head, contemplating his current position. “Half-demon in feudal Japan, huh? I guess it’s not so bad, especially compared to my last loop.”

Jenny looked at him curiously. “I know being a soul in a suit of armor isn’t ideal, but I didn’t think it was that bad. Alphonse doesn’t seem too bothered by it.”

“Oh no, that wasn’t bad at all. It was really weird, but not bad. And I got some cool alchemy out of it. But I had a different loop last time, where I was an octopus dad? And it was the weirdest thing ever.” He shuddered. “I never want to do that loop again.”

Kagome connected the dots pretty quickly. “Oh, octodad, right? Yeah, that’s a really awkward loop to be in. If we’re talking loops where you take a trouble-animal’s place, I much prefer that one goose.”

“Who doesn’t like being that goose?” Jenny snickered. “Anyways, Ranboo, if I had to suggest bringing anything with you from this loop, it would be the Tessaiga. It’s a very useful sword to have.”

“The Tenseiga’s pretty useful as well,” Kagome agreed. “It’s able to heal a hundred people with one swing,” she explained to Ranboo. “But considering its owner isn’t Awake right now, I don’t think you’ll be able to get your hands on it. Not safely, at least.”

“I’ll take your word for it,” Ranboo agreed lightly. “I really don’t feel like dying today, thank you very much.”

Jenny snorted, before turning back to the native anchor. “So, any plans for defeating mister fuck-you McPain-in-the ass this loop?”

Kagome grimaced. “Yeah, we should get that out of the way as fast as possible. Really don’t need him causing as much chaos as he does in baseline. Usually we can deal with Naraku pretty easily, but...” She eyed Ranboo curiously. “Well, at least this will be good training for the new looper.”

“Oh joy.”

Jenny grinned, and somehow, Ranboo had a feeling he wasn’t going to enjoy this.

46.5 (credit to iConfusion)

“You know, this loop kinda sucks.”

“Why?” Tommy asked curiously, as the two of them rode out towards their first target, having just Awoken moments ago.

Tubbo sighed. “I know where we are, I’ve played this game. We’ve gotta take down these big, amazing, beautiful creatures called Colossi in order to bring back Wilbur, but at the end it’s all a trick, we get possessed and killed, and then Wilbur wakes up right before it all ends.”

Tommy winced. “Yeah, that doesn’t sound like a good time. How about instead, we just go see the Colossi just to see them, and treat it like a vacation with no giant murder? Have a nice loop and all.”

“Sounds good to me. I’m sure Wilbur will understand.”

And so that was the plan.

46.6

“You know, I’ve been doing some thinking lately,” Wilbur mused, as he leaned up against a tree in the once-again reclaimed L’Manberg.

Next to him, Tommy turned a page in the book he was reading. “Good for you. I’m so proud you’ve learned how to do that.”

“Tommy, my lovely brother, go fuck yourself.”

“I think it’s more that he needs to stop doing that so often,” Tubbo offered cheerfully, as he leaned on Tommy. “He should clear out that head of his once in a while. It’s so full that he often gets stuck in there.”

Wilbur groaned. “Why do I tolerate you two again?”

Tommy batted his eyes. “Because you love us, of course! But seriously, what’s up?”

“Well, something seemed to strike me lately. Tommy, have you ever considered just how religious your baseline self is?”

That stopped the two anchors short, as they both sat up straighter to look at him. “I never really noticed,” Tommy admitted. “What makes you say that?”

“Well, we all use Ender instead of God or Gods or whatever, but sometimes there are variants where we swear by Prime instead. And there’s almost always the Church of Prime, and Tommy’s baseline self is usually very devoted to that. So, if Church Prime is a religion, then Unawake Tommy can be really religious.”

“I never noticed that, but you’re right,” Tubbo said, thinking back. “I can totally see that now. I guess it’s sort of funny that we didn’t think about it before. And that out of all the different terms our variations use, *Ender* was what stuck with everyone.”

“I’m... religious?” Was he? Tommy tried to sort through his current loop memories, to see if he’d been religious before he Awoke. “I - oh wow, you’re right. Fuck, that’s kind of weird. I guess I never really thought about it, since we’ve all been gods, and also met gods of other worlds, and of course the genuine admins. Kind of hard to be very religious after that.”

“I know other loopers make it work, if you wanted to,” Wilbur offered.

Tommy shook his head. “Not really. I mean, I didn’t even notice until now, so...” Still, he looked very thoughtful. “Thanks for letting me know about this anyways. Even if I don’t really feel religious now, it’s kind of nice to know another thing about my baseline self.”

Wilbur ruffled his hair fondly. “Of course. It’s no problem.”

46.7

Jack Awoke once again-

And then immediately dodged out of the way as a demon came flying at his face, summoning an axe and carving the thing in two, before doing the same to the next demon, and the one after that, before finally being able to stop and catch his breath for a moment.

Checking loop memories... Apparently he was a rookie marine assigned to Phobos, one of Mars’ moons, where teleportation experiments were being held. One of them had gone

wrong, opening a gate to hell instead, and letting demons into the world.

Because of course he would be interacting with hell, after he literally crawled out of it in baseline. Honestly, he should've expected something like this.

He felt a ping, and curious, he sent one back. A moment later, a large, muscular man was standing right next to him.

"New looper?" The man asked, voice unsurprisingly deep.

"Just started," Jack agreed. "Jack Manifold. Crawled out of hell in baseline, and so the magic tree decided to put me here, because of course it did."

"That sounds like Yggdrasil," the man agreed, smiling faintly with amusement. "Everyone just calls me Doomguy, and this is my home loop. If you did crawl out of hell, it sounds like you'll be right at home here."

So this is the anchor here? "If nothing else, it'll probably be fun," Jack agreed. "Nice to not worry about things like moral dilemmas and just focus on killing demons."

"It's a refreshing change from most loops." Doomguy tossed him a massive gun, which he caught. "You ready?"

Jack lifted the gun, switching the safety off. "As I'll ever be."

Something told him this wouldn't be his only fused loop into another version of hell.

46.8 (credit to Moonlight220a)

"Okay, let's do a check. Who's who here?" Wilbur wondered. "I'm the Pied Piper, obviously, but who is everyone else?"

In this loop, everyone was the child of a fairytale character, going to a school called Ever After High in order to learn how to grow up and become the next version of that character. There did seem to be some innate prejudice against those who were born into evil roles, but on the whole, the place seemed pretty whimsical.

"Mad Hatter for me," Quackity offered. "Which I can totally respect, by the way. This is gonna be a lot of fun!"

Next to him, Karl perked up. "Oh, I'm the White Rabbit! We'll get to share a story together!"

"All of us will," Sapnap agreed. "Queen of hearts for me. I'm gonna enjoy saying "off with your head!" all the time."

Fundy raised a hand. “Robin Hood. Kind of unexpected, but I think I’m gonna enjoy it! Plus, I get to steal from rich people and no one can get angry, since I’m just following my story.” Wilbur mimicked wiping away a proud tear at that.

“Cinderella,” Niki admitted. “In this loop, my mom sent me to live with my evil stepsisters because I had to for story reasons, so things haven’t exactly been peachy. I’m not sure how much I like this place, if it’s a normal practice to hand a kid off to abusive relatives so they can have a story.”

Puffy grimaced at that. “Well, considering that I’m the next Captain Hook, maybe I’ll just kidnap you and call it “Pirate Training”. Seriously though, there are some unfortunate implications about this place.”

“At least you don’t have to worry about getting eaten by a wolf,” Tommy muttered, playing with his red hoodie.

“Or cursing someone to sleep for a hundred years,” Tubbo agreed. “I’m probably the evil fairy because of the whole “magic” and “turning into a dragon” thing, but I’m really not about that. Who wants to start a fairytale rebellion?”

“Like you even needed to ask!”

46.9

“You know,” Ranboo mused to himself, looking up at the sky so far above him, relaxing on the bed of golden flowers he had found himself on,” I should’ve known this loop would come eventually.”

He’d been to the hub, by now. He’d seen himself, and his streamer. He’d heard that damn song far too many times, and he knew where it came from.

And because apparently the universe, or at least the universe-tree, loved irony, of course he would end up in Undertale at some point.

“Oh, I don’t think I’ve met you before.”

Ranboo frowned and sat up, looking around, before he realized the voice wasn’t coming from around him, but inside his head. “Chara, right? Is that you?”

“No, Chara isn’t looping. Too little is known about them, so there’s too much of a chance they’d be an MLE.” Which sounded uncomfortably familiar. *“I’m Frisk, the Undertale anchor. It looks like I’m taking the place of Chara this loop. Nice to meet you.”*

“Nice to meet you too,” Ranboo finally said. “I’m Ranboo. I’ve played your game before, so I do sort of know how this goes. The pacifist route at least, which is what I’m gonna do anyways, so it’s alright if I don’t know how the neutral or No Mercy routes go, right?”

“I think I’ve heard of you before. Toriel might’ve mentioned you.” Frisk sounded amused. *“And that’s perfectly fine. I’m glad you’re going the Pacifist route, that’s good. Exactly what I hoped for.”*

“And who am I to disappoint, right?” He’d played Undertale so he could find out just where Fallen Down had come from, but he’d found himself really enjoying it. It was going to be nice to actually go through all of those events himself.

Well, most of those events. He wasn’t looking forward to possibly dying. Or being on stage in front of thousands of people with Mettaton. Or Omega Flowey. Or the True Lab.

Okay, maybe this was going to be a long loop.

“Hey, don’t worry. We’ll get through this together, alright?” Frisk promised, as though they could sense his feelings. They probably could, actually. Ranboo had yet to go to Star Wars, but there was a good chance an older looper like Frisk would have some sort of empathy powers.

“Right. It’ll be good. It’ll be fine.”

He could do this.

46.10

“You know, considering the hub dates for the expansion, I think we’ve passed the first year anniversary for the Dream SMP,” Callahan mused, as he poured Eret a glass of wine. “It might not be a big deal, considering how long we’ve lived, but it’s certainly an interesting tidbit.”

“Yeah,” Eret agreed, swirling their wine in their glass. “It’s crazy to think about, isn’t it?” They nodded towards Sapnap. “And he’s been here since the beginning.”

“I remember.” Sapnap smiled fondly. “Things were so different back then. I mean, it’s a little hard to tell how much of that time is genuine baseline, if any of it is. But I do have plenty of loop memories that match up to it. Things have changed so much since then.” He played with the ring on his finger. “I’ve changed so much since then. Even in baseline.”

“Well all have,” Niki agreed gently. “Even those of us who aren’t much like our baseline counterparts anymore. But I guess that’s just life. Especially our life.”

Eret chuckled. “I certainly wouldn’t have believed myself if I told my younger counterpart where I would be today.”

“If we have a mini-me loop starting back then, you might get the chance to tell them,” Callahan pointed out.

“True. I’m not complaining about the idea. Seeing the look on their face would be hilarious.”

Sapnap smiled along with everyone else, trying not to think too hard about how his original self would never have believed him if he told him about what paths his friends would go down. He’d been so convinced that they could never go so far back then...

But Dream couldn’t know anymore, and it didn’t matter, as much as it hurt. And it wasn’t like Sapnap was alone. He had his husbands, and his looping friends, and he was doing alright. Even if he wished Dream and George could be here with him.

I hope you two, the versions of you who first explored this world, would be proud of the person I’ve become.

“Sapnap?” He looked up to see Niki beckoning him over. “I’ve got a new cookie recipe I’m trying. Mind being a taste-tester?”

“I never mind taste-testing cookies.” With that, he pulled himself off the couch and joined his friends at the bar counter.

Even if he would never know Dream and George’s true answers, he was proud of the person he was. And that was enough for him.

Chapter End Notes

46.1 Welcome to the Loops, Jack Manifold! Now the grind will never end!

46.2 Some of the complications that come with the temporary solution for Dream.

46.3 Jack Manifold :D :D

46.4 Sometimes the best way to learn from loops is to be thrown into the thick of things. (Inuyasha)

46.5 There's no need to always play by the rules. (Shadow of the Colossus)

46.6 It's the little things that make the looper.

46.7 Jack's going to make some interesting friends. (DOOM)

46.8 Underneath the fairytale sweetness, there are some uncomfortable questions that must be asked. (Ever After High)

46.9 Ranboo's experience was made extra fun by the fact that he could hear the music in this variation.

46.10 They've all come a long way, haven't they?

47.0

Chapter Notes

More looper terminology:

Dreamer: Someone in the loops, whether looping or not, who can remember events from Loops they weren't awake for. How much the Dreamer remembers can vary, from simple Deja-vu to a few events from different past loops.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

47.1

“So, I’ve got a theory about your ghosts,” Danny admitted.

Tommy and Wilbur looked up. “Seriously?”

“Seriously. Keep in mind of course, that your world has no consistent logic when it comes to things like this, so I might end up being completely wrong, but I do think I’ve come to the most logical conclusion I can with the data I have.” He cleared his throat.

“Right, so I don’t think Ghostbur, Glatt, and PhantomInnit are completely separate people from their living/limbo counterparts. Instead, it seems far more likely that they’re a piece of one’s soul that’s split off from the rest of the soul when the person dies.”

Wilbur’s eyes widened. “Really? Why do you think so?”

“It seems like the most logical conclusion,” Danny admitted. Ghostbur isn’t wholly separate from you, considering how the baseline you has been getting some of his memories. And while we don’t have much to go on with Glatt and PhantomInnit, they certainly don’t seem like separate people. The most logical conclusion I can draw from this is that both versions of you, the ghost and the one in limbo, are Wilbur Soot, or at least parts of him.”

“It would explain a few things,” Tommy admitted. “Well, that’s probably the best theory we’re gonna get for now, at least until things are cleared up more in baseline.”

“Sorry I can’t be of more help, but your baseline is pretty unpredictable when it comes to things like lore,” Danny grinned sheepishly. “I hope you at least get something out of this though.”

“Definitely,” Wilbur assured him. “And some information is better than none at all. Thank you, Danny.”

“Hey, it was my pleasure. Always fun to take on an interesting case.”

47.2

“Well, this is certainly different than before,” Iskall admitted, as they looked upon the expanded group of people all gathered together for the variant.

Tubbo blinked, looking around. “A Vault Hunter’s variant again. Except... I’m actually supposed to be here this time? Well that’s new. And exciting!”

“I’ve never been in this variant before,” Fundy admitted, looking around curiously. “But from what I’ve seen, it’s pretty neat, and potentially overpowered, right? Should be fun.”

Tubbo elbowed him playfully. “And part of that fun is how 5up is also now a part of the Vault Hunter group, I’m guessing?” He grinned as Fundy blushed.

“Hey, that’s not-! Look, yes I like him, but no, unless he starts looping, I’m not gonna get into a relationship with him. I might not have seen how it affected Niki and Karl, but I heard about how it was for them, and I did see Karl and Quackity pinning over Sapnap. I don’t want to deal with that, especially since there’s a good chance 5up won’t loop at all.”

“That’s fair.” Considering how even after all this time, a part of Tubbo still hoped Crumb would start looping, he couldn’t blame Fundy for wanting to hold off on something like dating until his crush could constantly remember him.

“You two aren’t the only one excited for this loop,” Puffy said, examining her surroundings. “I definitely didn’t expect to be here, but I’m certainly not complaining.”

“Because of the loops, right?”

Everyone paused in their conversations, before slowly turning to face HBomb.

“You... know of the loops?” Stress asked hesitantly.

HBomb shrugged. “Well, sort of. I do have vague memories of things that happened during other times, but that’s about it. I just put two and two together after that, which was pretty simple, all things considered.”

“You’re a Dreamer, then,” Jordan clarified. He considered this. “I guess it does make some sense, considering just how many places he shows up in. You really get around, don’t you?”

HBomb smirked. “I do, don’t I? Ask Fundy, I’m sure he can tell you plenty of stories.”

Fundy looked rather sick. “Absolutely not. Of all the things in all the loops to remember, you can’t remember being *catmaid HBomb*.”

HBomb’s cackle was the only response. Iskall put their head in their hands.

“This is going to be even more of a disaster variant now, isn’t it?”

47.3

Tommy looked at the computer screen in front of him with ever increasing fury in his expression. “I can’t believe it. That absolute *dickhead!*”

Tubbo peered over his shoulder curiously, noting that the video Tommy was watching was Streamer Wilbur’s upload of the Revolution for L’Manberg’s independence. “Wait, what happened then that we didn’t know before?”

“Well, I don’t know if you didn’t know before, but I never realized it from my perspective.” Tommy paused the video during his duel with Dream and pointed at the screen. “The bastard didn’t turn and fire. He immediately *dodged* before turning and starting to fire at me. The asshole cheated! We should’ve automatically won for that.”

“Oh - oh shit, your right.” Tubbo shook his head, wide-eyed. “I can’t believe I didn’t notice that before, fuck. Yeah, that’s a real dick move right there.”

“What is?” Wilbur asked curiously, walking into the living room.

The two of them gestured at the screen. “Dream. He didn’t immediately turn and fire during the bow duel, he ran off the wooden path before firing.”

Their older brother walked over to the computer and hit the Unpause button, watching it play out with wide eyes. “How did we not notice this before? Were we too afraid to say something about it the first time?”

“Or maybe we were distracted and watching Tommy fire rather than watching Dream,” Tubbo offered. “At least there’s a lot that we can do with this, now that we know it happened. Next time Tommy calls for the duel and we catch Dream cheating, we can claim a victory by default.”

“Dream would be pissed of course, but what could he do? He cheated.” Wilbur grinned. “Well, if nothing else, this will spice up some of our future revolutions.”

47.4

Ranboo awoke to a painfully familiar sight. He was standing in a forest, surrounded by stone. Jenny wasn’t with him, but when he sent out a ping, he got quite a few back.

Someone gave a small cough behind him, and he turned to see a smiling Calliope. His breath hitched. "Calliope? Am I - am I really home?"

"You really are," Calliope confirmed gently. "I'm sorry it took so long, but your code has been all straightened out. From this point forward, you'll be a regular looper, mostly staying in your own world, but occasionally having fused loops with others."

"That's - I mean-" Finally. *Finally*. Holy shit, he was home! Home with Michael and Tubbo...

"Has - has anything changed, since I've been away?" He asked tentatively.

"Well, you aren't the youngest looper in the Dream SMP anymore," she admitted. "That would be Jack Manifold. And Karl, Quackity, and Sapnap finally got married, although you didn't miss any reception, as they invited no one."

Those - Ranboo could work with that. Even though it really sucked that Jack had probably gotten to know their looping friends better than Ranboo had, even though he'd been looping for longer. But it would be nice to have someone as green as he was, and at least he didn't miss a big wedding while away.

"Is Tubbo awake right now?" He asked hesitantly.

Calliope's smile became a little sadder. "He is. He's currently in L'Manberg, along with the other loopers. Shall we pay them a visit together?"

"That would be nice," Ranboo admitted. He took Calliope's offered hand, and the two of them strolled down the Prime Path towards what looked like New L'Manberg - it seemed he had Awoken at the same time he usually joined the server.

Eventually, they made it to L'Manberg, and Ranboo could feel all the eyes on him. He shifted uncomfortably, avoiding everyone's gaze as a small group gathered around.

"Calliope! Good to see you again! And you're here with Ranboo, so does that mean...?" Ranboo looked up. Tubbo's eyes were full of *hope*.

"Your thinking is correct," Calliope agreed. "Ranboo is finally home, and is no longer a traveling looper."

There was a moment of awkward silence, before Ranboo found himself being swamped in hugs from all sides. Tommy, Fundy, Niki, *Tubbo*... Everyone was here. And they were happy he was back.

"Hey guys," he finally managed, voice shaky. "Long time no see."

Near the back of the group, Jack Manifold snorted. "No kidding. For all everyone's told me about the incident, I haven't even gotten to meet you before." He held out a hand, and Ranboo shook it. "I think you and I are gonna have a lot to talk about. Newbies should stick together, right?"

“Right.” And really, that made him feel a lot better. At least he had one friend for certain, now that he was home with everyone.

Fundy slapped him cheerfully on the back. “Oh, we’re gonna have a ton of fun, now that you’re here again! The more the merrier!”

“Yeah,” Tommy grinned. “This is going to be lots of fun.” Which sent a shiver down Ranboo’s spine, as a statement like that would. He resolved to find reasons to hang out with people other than Tommy for just a little bit.

Not that he wasn’t extremely happy to see him, but he knew from lots of firsthand experience just how stir-crazy some anchors could get.

He felt Tubbo’s eyes on him, and forced himself to turn and face his... friend, and gave him a smile.

Tubbo gave him one back, just as weak as Ranboo’s own. “Hey, bossman. We’ve got a lot to talk about, don’t we?”

He swallowed the lump in his throat. “Yeah. We do.”

Eret patted Tubbo gently on the back. “We’ll leave you to it.” Calliope gave Ranboo one last smile before vanishing, and the group awkwardly dispersed, leaving the two of them to find somewhere more private to talk.

After wandering around a bit, they settled on the docks, leaning up against the fence and looking at the water below. “So,” Tubbo started quietly. “The marriage.”

“The marriage,” Ranboo agreed. “He took a deep breath and steeled his heart. “Look, I totally get it, that you don’t feel the same way. I’m not upset or anything, I swear. And - and I wish I could just get rid of my romantic feelings for you, but I can’t. I’ve tried - it’s not happening, not yet. But maybe - we could be friends anyways? If you still want to, I mean, because you totally don’t have to-”

“Don’t be silly,” Tubbo said, and Ranboo’s words and hearts stopped in their tracks. “Of course I still want to be friends with you! I care about you so much, even if it’s not romantic. And on those rare occasions when I’m not awake, I really don’t mind if you’re married to my unawake self.”

“That might be a little weird though,” Ranboo pointed out, hating how much he *wanted it anyways*. “Starting a relationship with a you that isn’t you, since I’ll know and all.”

“Point,” he conceded. “Well, really just feel free to do whatever you’re most comfortable with when I’m not awake. But, we’re both awake and here now, and I know I can’t be your husband, but I could still be your friend, if you’ll let me?”

“Of course. *Of course*. That’s - please. Yes, I would like that.”

“Okay.” Tubbo breathed a sigh of relief. “Okay, that’s great. And we can still co-parent Michael, of course.”

“Of course.” They would work this out. Ranboo knew they could.

There was a moment of comfortable silence, and Tubbo leaned on him slightly, and after a second, Ranboo leaned back, and the two of them looked out on the water together.

They would figure this out.

And for now, it was good to finally be home.

47.5

“Is this going to be a thing now?” Jack wondered aloud, amused by the loop they had once again found themselves in.

Niki chuckled. “Honestly, I think everyone made one too many Team Rocket jokes. And now that both of us are looping, we’re just finding ourselves in the Pokémon universe a lot more often than before.”

“Sure, I get that. This time is a little different though.”

“Hey, what’s life without a little variety?”

In this fused loop, rather than the members of Team Rocket themselves, they were the *Pokémon* of Team Rocket. Jack had looped in as a Rotom, because, he suspected, Rotom was a Ghost and Electric type, and considering Jack’s hub name used to have Thunder in it, and he crawled out of hell after dying, Ghost and Electric were pretty fitting.

Niki was a Whimsicott, the Grass and Fairy type Pokémon being fitting for her nature as a druid. She also seemed pretty content with her Pokémon status, and if no one but Jack happened to see how much she was giggling after leaving cotton all over the place, then all the better for her.

“I did hear that we get to keep out Pokémon powers even when we finish the loop,” she admitted. “What do you think you’ll use yours for?”

Jack snorted. “Like that’s even a question. I’m going to use it to drive Fundy as *crazy as possible*. Payback’s gonna be a bitch.”

47.6

“You look exhausted,” Callahan noted dryly, breaking out some of the harder stuff as Sam stumbled into the bar.

“I *am* exhausted,” The Creeper hybrid agreed, slumping down on one of the stools. “I’ve been trying to step away from prisons for a while, but Yggdrasil isn’t nearly so kind. In fact, it’s being a bit of an asshole.”

Callahan winced. “Where did you end up this time?”

“Warden for Arkham Asylum.” Wordlessly, Callahan passed Sam something even stronger, which he gratefully accepted. “Thanks. Yeah, I immediately got as many reforms as I could passed and reinstated, as well as boosting the prison’s defenses so that it wouldn’t be broken out of every other week. Then I resigned and took up an engineering job.”

“Did Batman ever pay you a visit?”

Sam snorted. “Course he did. He pays a visit to every looper who ends up in his city. I think after what I did with Arkham, he actually ended up liking me though. As much as one can tell when Bruce Wayne likes them.”

“An even bigger accomplishment than fixing up Arkham. Great job.” Finally, Sam managed to laugh.

47.7 (credit to KayBird03)

Tommy knew where he was almost as soon as he woke up. For the first few minutes, he played the part, letting Phil worry over him while Techno, his brother in this loop, glared down at him suspiciously. Then Phil finally left for work, and Techno for school, and Tommy got ready for an epic day.

He sent out a ping and got two back. A check in the force revealed that they were Tubbo and Ranboo. Considering his loop memories, that made a lot of sense.

<You ready for an epic day off in the city?> He sent to his best friend.

<Of course I am,> Tubbo replied, amused. <And Dream is the principal in this loop, which makes it all the more amusing. Hold on, I’ll get Ranboo up to date, see what he knows.>

As it turned out, Ranboo knew enough that he was on board with the whole thing. With some carefully placed calls, illusions, and acting, the three of them were off, on their way to downtown Chicago, ready for a wild adventure.

“This isn’t going to follow Ferris Bueller’s actual day off, will it?” Ranboo asked, looking like he already knew the answer. “We’re going to be doing even crazier things, aren’t we?”

“What kind of question is that?” Tommy asked, laughing. “Of course we are!”

47.8

“So, about our baseline selves.”

Tommy raised an eyebrow at him. “Do we really need to talk about that? That was an unthinkable amount of time ago, and I’m already over it. Besides, you’re not the same Jack Manifold that tried to kill me.”

“Maybe not, but I do remember it. Even if I count that Remnant loop as my first real loop, that doesn’t mean I don’t remember baseline,” Jack countered. “And I was kind of a dick to you.”

“Oh, you were a massive dick to me. The biggest dick.” Tommy snickered as Jack rolled his eyes. “I mean, stealing my hotel after you tried to kill me? That’s just being petty.” He sobered a bit. “Honestly, I’m most annoyed that you tried to use Tubbo to kill me. You know he would’ve blamed himself.”

“At the time, I wasn’t thinking about that. I got it into my head that he would be fine anyways,” Jack admitted. “Which I obviously know is wrong now. Guy’s pretty messed up in baseline. Do you know about that Dead Man’s Switch business?”

Tommy grimaced. “Unfortunately.”

“Yeah. So, even though we’re not our baseline selves, I’d like to apologize for it anyways.” Jack held out a hand. “This time, when I steal your hotel, it’ll be because of a fun rivalry, not one fueled by murder and mental instability.”

“I’d like to see you try and take my hotel again, fucker.” Tommy grinned and shook his hand. “You’re so going down. You’re like an infant compared to me.”

“Don’t underestimate this infant, or your hotel’s gonna be snatched from right under your nose,” Jack vowed, grinning back. “You’ll see.”

47.9

Tubbo Awoke in the wreckage of a plane crash, and immediately sent out a ping, receiving three others in return. Next to him, Jack groaned and sat up.

“Well, this is a great start to the loop.”

“No kidding.” He sorted through his loop memories. “Looks like the two of us are bounty hunters, and we just crashed on this strange planet. Doesn’t seem like any other branch I know of... maybe a variant?”

Jack was already sorting through their supplies. “Sounds reasonable to me. From what I can tell, these planets go by Minecraft logic. And I’ve got this whole detailed backstory on how I used to be a criminal.” He brightened and pulled two silver objects out of one of the trunks. “Oh, look! We’ve got guns!”

Tubbo quickly joined him in looking through their supplies, and found a machine gun that his loop memories told him was his. “You know what? I’ve got a good feeling about this loop.”

~

Jordan groaned, running a hand through his hair. “I’ve got a bad feeling about this loop.” He’d Awoken right after a massive explosion in what he sort of knew was his lab, and his loop memories were all messed up, with only bits and parts coming to him.

“Now you know how I feel,” Ranboo joked. “I mean, I’ve got nothing for this loop. All I know is that a minute ago, I came through the weird portal, flipped the self-destruct switch, and blew this place up. Oh, and I really like levers.”

“Yes, that I definitely remember,” he grumbled. Not that it was Awake Ranboo’s fault of course, but something told him that his Unawake self was a bit... off. Just like Ranboo’s Unawake self was. “I guess our best bet for now is to try and find my main lab, and sort all of this out. Not to mention try and find the other two loopers.”

Ranboo gestured forwards grandly. “Lead the way, mister expert.”

To think this cheeky teenager was almost his son-in-law. “Yeah yeah, just follow me.”

47.10 (credit to gwegg)

“Welcome to the Dream SMP,” Tommy said with a smile. “We’re a pretty open loop - you can fight in the bunch of wars we’ve got going on, but you can also do your own thing if that suits you better, and we’ll make sure you aren’t bothered.”

The visiting looper nodded. “I understand. If you don’t mind, I’ll be doing the latter. It isn’t that I can’t fight, but I would really prefer not to, after everything that happens in my baseline.”

“We completely understand, don’t worry.”

The looper looked relieved. “Is there anything the person I’m replacing does that I’ll need to do?”

Tommy shook his head. “You’re replacing Sam, and while he usually guards the prison that he makes, we can just make sure said prison won’t be necessary. Again, don’t worry about it. Just have a relaxing time.”

~

Unfortunately, all relaxing times eventually come to an end, and after months of peace, getting to know the native loopers, Daisy, who had come with him into this loop, was stolen away.

Tommy approached him, grim-looking. “We know where she is. Dream has a hall of attachments he’s made with everyone’s most treasured things on the server. Usually he doesn’t go after Fran, Sam’s dog, before we take him down, but it looks like he switched things up this time. We’re going after him now, if you’re interested.”

“He took Daisy. Of course I’m interested.” Dream was going to pay for this.

John Wick slipped a hand into his pocket and pulled out his most trusted weapons. “Okay, let’s get to work.”

47.11

“I thought this was usually my thing,” Eret said, amused, as they looked at Jack’s current form.

Jack, currently a living ice-sculpture, shrugged. “Yeah, I don’t get it much either. At least I don’t melt if I’m out in the sun too long, so that’s something.”

“I think it makes perfect sense.” They both turned to a grinning Fundy. “You were complaining that none of your name puns actually matched your real name, right? Well, now you’re Jack Mani-cold.”

There was a moment of chilly silence.

“I’m going to fucking kill you,” Jack said frostily, before he launched at the pun-giver.

Fundy Soot was millions of years older, with much greater powers and experience. But when he saw Jack Manifold charging at him like a bat out of hell, with the hellish powers to match, he turned tail and *fled*.

Chapter End Notes

47.1 It's not much, but at least they have a theory.

47.2 At least they'll all have fun exploring the next season of Vault Hunters?

47.3 The things you find when you comb through old videos.

47.4 Welcome home Ranboo! And at the very least, he and Tubbo are working things

out.

47.5 They've gotten to know Ash and Pikachu pretty well at this point.

47.6 One of the least fun prisons in the multiverse.

47.7 Sometimes it's nice to have a day off. (Ferris Bueller's Day Off)

47.8 Rather than Hotel Enemies, they're Hotel friendly rivals!

47.9 And with Ranboo here, the Voltz Wars shall commence!

47.10 There are some folks you just don't pick a fight with. (John Wick)

47.11 Forget Tommy, Jack has a new nemesis at this point.

48.0

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

48.1

It was strange to see L'Manberg as it once was, back in the very beginning.

Sure, Ranboo had watched those videos in the hub, but there was something different about seeing the place with his own eyes, especially with all the alterations the loopers had already made.

Originally, he never would've thought about fighting for L'Manberg's independence. Originally, he didn't even fight for them on Doomsday, after L'Manberg (after Tubbo) took him in and gave him a home.

But things were different now. Ranboo was different now. Now he'd been through plenty of wars, from fighting man-eating titans to space battles to world-destroying dragons. Now he knew about Tubbo's execution, had seen exactly what happened there, and why L'Manberg was so against Technoblade.

And now, all his looping friends were in L'Manberg. Since he was awake early enough, it only felt right to join them.

Wilbur perked up as he walked inside the walls. "Ranboo, good to see you! Tommy and Tubbo are in the camarvan, if you want to talk to them. Tommy can also get you a uniform."

"I don't want to impose..."

"If you're joining L'Manberg, you've gotta have a uniform," Wilbur pointed out, voice stern but eyes smiling. "And Tommy loves making them, so you're not imposing at all."

"Oh, okay then." So Ranboo headed into the camarvan, where Tommy and Tubbo were indeed hanging out. "Hey guys! I got here early."

The two of them grinned at his arrival. "Yeah, we got your pulse in the force after the pings went out." Tubbo looked curious. "So you've been to the Star Wars branch then?"

He grinned. "I have!" He pulled his lightsaber out of his pocket, the purple blade lighting up with a hiss. "I wasn't around during any of the movies - the anchor for the time I was in was Revan, I think? They were a really cool guy though, so I ended up having fun."

"And of course your lightsaber is purple," Tommy scoffed playfully.

"Hey, at least I don't have a green saber and a red saber! That would be leaning too far into the ascetic."

“Point.”

“That better not be a dig at my yellow and black lightsabers,” Tubbo muttered. “I worked hard to make and steal those. But! Ranboo, you’re joining L’Manberg early! You finally get a uniform!”

Tommy perked up. “That’s right! And I’ve got another one to make then. I’m thinking we play into the dual colors, with one side of the uniform being slightly darker than the other.”

Ranboo raised an eyebrow. “I thought we just agreed that was tacky?”

“No, making half of it the normal blue and the other half that crayon color Fundy and Niki have would be tacky. I’m talking more stubble, with one half just being ever so slightly darker than the other, in a way that just throws off the viewer a little bit before they can pinpoint what’s going on. It’ll be great on the battlefield, trust me.”

“I’ll leave it in your hands, then,” Ranboo agreed.

Going through all of their baseline’s events was certainly going to be interesting.

48.2

Another manhunt was kicking off, although this one was just three of them, Sapnap, George, and Badboyhalo, versus Dream. And considering that Dream was already chopping trees, Sapnap was pretty sure he knew which specific manhunt this was.

“Oh *Dreeeaam!*” He called out, sprinting towards his friend. “I’m gonna get you!”

“No, no you’re not!” Dream called back playfully. “Stay away from me!”

“We’re gonna kill you Dream!” Bad taunted playfully. George was already chopping down wood himself to make their own wooden swords.

For a moment, Sapnap considered reaching into his pocket and pulling out his lightsaber, using his sith powers to win this manhunt.

Then he got a better idea.

“Hey, Dream! If one of us kills you once, we win. If you kill the dragon, you win, right?”

Dream was already running away, boat in hand. “What are you talking about, you should know this by now!”

“Yeah Sapnap, what gives?”

“Just a reminder.” He smirked. “What if we shortened that confrontation down a bit? Made both challenges a real two-in-one?”

Bad blinked at him. “What are you even talking about?”

He winked at his friend, then jumped up as high as he could propel himself, before turning into Smaugnap, delighting in the screams of surprise all three of his friends let out. “You ready to kill the dragon now, Dream?”

“Holy shit, what the fuck!?”

Sapnap laughed and dived downwards towards Dream’s boat.

48.3

“So,” Eret began, lightly and awkwardly. “Time loops.”

Foolish gave them a surprised look. “Oh, you’re aware of that too? I woke up months ago and realized something was off, but it took me a while to pin down just what it was. Is that also why you came here, to figure it out?” He grinned. “Are we going on an adventure again?”

Eret internally winced, but kept their smile. “Not... exactly? I wasn’t sure how much you knew...” They struggled to find the right words, and eventually decided that it might be best to just come out with it. “I’m actually one of the people stuck in the time loop.”

Foolish’s eyes widened. “I see. Well, that’s even more interesting. How many times have you repeated this, then?”

“This specific conversation? This is the first time. This year? Honestly, I lost count a very long time ago. It’s been millions of loops since I started.” They sighed. “And there’s no getting out of it either. At least not until the thing causing us to loop in time is fixed by the divine higher ups, and that’s going to be a while.”

Most of the lightheartedness was gone from Foolish’s expression now, replaced but not just seriousness, but sadness as well. “Can you tell me more? About these time loops, and what you’ve been going through?”

“...Sure, I can do that.”

And so they told Foolish all about it, excluding the fact that they had no idea they even knew Foolish until much later in the loops. Foolish took in information on Yggdrasil, the other anchor’s, Eret collecting a family, their museum, all with a calm expression. When they finished, he squeezed Eret’s hand.

“You’ve been through a lot, haven’t you?” He said gently. “It’s hard to imagine anyone living for so long without breaking down.”

“Calliope did give us an explanation on why loopers can handle that, but it’s a bit complicated,” Eret admitted. “You’d have to understand hardware and software first, and that’s... not really something we’ve got in this loop. But what matters is that we manage. I just wish you were actually looping, instead of just loop aware.”

They wanted to get to know him better. They wanted to know who Foolish was beyond just variations. They wanted to maybe one day recover their memories.

“That would be nice,” Foolish agreed. “But for now, I’m really happy just living my life. So it’s okay! Don’t worry about me. Looping or not, I’ll always be your friend.”

They definitely couldn’t tell him that their friendship was an expansion thing. “Right. Don’t worry, I know.”

Maybe one day, it would finally start feeling more natural.

48.4

It was the start of a new loop, and fourteen loopers sat in the *Benson*, wondering why Calliope had called them all there.

“You don’t think something like what got me looping has happened again?” Ranboo wondered nervously. “I really don’t think we need something else like that.”

“If that were the case, she would’ve been much more urgent about all of this,” Tubbo assured him. “I mean, it might be related, but it’s probably not the exact same thing again.”

“You’re right on both accounts,” Calliope agreed, entering the room. Niki offered her a slice of cake as she sat down, which she gratefully accepted. “This isn’t the same thing happening again, but it is related to that incident.” She collected herself for a moment, before continuing. “I have a proposal for you all.”

Many looks were exchanged. “What is it?” Wilbur finally asked.

“The thing about Dream’s current status, in that he can’t ever remember the loops, or even being told about the loops, for more than a few seconds, was always meant to be a temporary solution, until we found something more permanent, as the extreme measures taken to make sure Dream won’t remember the loops has a chance of effecting this loop’s stability. The reason Dream was banned from looping originally was because his code was too unpredictable, so we couldn’t be sure he wouldn’t end up as an MLE. Now, however...”

Sapnap picked up on what she was insinuating immediately, heart thumping in his chest. “You think you can get a good variant of Dream looping?”

An intake of breath went around the room. Sapnap looked around him to see the other's expressions, looking at how Puffy and Callahan mirrored his hopeful face, how Wilbur, Fundy, Niki, Karl, Tubbo, Jack, Sam, Eret, and even Tommy all had varying levels of consideration on their faces. And he noted how Quackity and Ranboo looked much more conflicted by the prospect.

"Are you... really sure?" Ranboo asked hesitantly. "Not that I'm doubting you or anything, but if it goes wrong..." He shuddered slightly, and Tubbo and Tommy pulled him closer.

"I didn't bring this to all of you until I was absolutely sure it would work," Calliope said gently. "There's already a good variant of Dream that has been selected as the best candidate for looping, if everyone here agrees to it. I won't attempt to start him looping unless this is unanimous."

"It would be better if we had a good Dream we could permanently count on, right?" Karl offered hesitantly. "Lots less stress about the alternative happening."

Quackity didn't look convinced. "And if that Dream still ends up falling down the wrong path?"

"That's something that can happen to any looper, though," Tommy countered. "Sakura herself was a pretty sweet person in baseline."

Tubbo tapped his chin. "Personally, I think it's a good idea, but if Ranboo and Tommy vote against it, then I will as well. Tommy was hurt most by him in baseline, and Ranboo's the one who was almost erased from existence, after all."

Ranboo flinched, looking at the ground. "Don't get me wrong, it's a smart idea. I know that. I just... seeing him again and knowing he'll remember..." He clenched his fists. "But I don't... I need to get over that, right?"

"You could go to therapy for that," Niki pointed out, gesturing towards her wife.

"I mean. I could, that's true." He considered this. "And I really don't want to make our loop more unstable, I did enough of that already."

"Hey, that wasn't you fault-"

"Don't blame yourself-!"

"Anyways," he said, ignoring all the reassurances. "I think I'll agree to this. It's the safer option, and hopefully by the time it's implemented, I'll be doing better."

"I'm for it, actually," Tommy admitted. "Don't get me wrong, I think it'll be weird as hell for a while, and if I was any younger of a looper, I probably would've outright refused. But a good Dream variant looping actually means that I have to deal with the Dream who hurt me less. It means everyone has to deal with the Dream who hurt them less."

Jack shrugged. "I wasn't here for all that, so I don't really have as much nerves about this as the rest of you. If it'll stabilize our loop more, and we have to deal with evil Dreams less

often, I say it's a win-win."

"We'd get to have a good Dream often rather than rarely. It sounds nice to me," Niki agreed.

"I think you know where Puffy and I stand," Sapnap offered. He caught Puffy's eye to make sure he wasn't wrong, and she smiled and nodded at him. "We're for it."

Wilbur chuckled. "I did go crazy in baseline. How can I say no to a variant who didn't even do that? And if Tommy can accept this, so can I."

Fundy nodded. "We already have plenty of Dreams who only need to be exorcised before they're back to being decent. I'm willing to give this a shot."

"Baseline me is a horrible person. Who am I to deny someone because of their baseline self?" Sam sighed. "Like Wilbur and Tubbo said, if Tommy and Ranboo are fine with it, then so am I."

Callahan and Eret nodded their agreement, and everyone turned to Quackity.

He chuckled weakly. "I guess I'm outvoted, aren't I?"

"If you don't want this, we're all completely fine with that," Karl assured his husband.

"Seriously," Sapnap agreed. "Do what you need to do."

"Yeah, I know." He placed his head in his hands, thinking. "If this goes wrong... we can't make someone stop looping. It doesn't work like that, otherwise, Kyubey and Billy and such wouldn't still be looping."

Calliope seemed to understand where he was going with that. "We have other methods of containment, if necessary."

"Then I guess I don't have any more complaints. Looks like we'll be getting another looper."

"Not right away. We want to make sure everything is set first." She stood up. "I need to get back to work, but thank you all for considering and accepting this proposal."

Tubbo smiled up at her. "Come by anytime."

She gave them all a smile back, before vanishing.

48.5

Fundy awoke looking down at his comm, seeing Phil's messages for him to come to the L'Manhole.

This was near the end of their loop, then. When Phil was going to tell him how Wilbur was alive. Fundy sent out a ping, and got four in return. A pulse in the force revealed that they were the anchors, Ranboo, and Callahan.

He could skip out on the meeting, considering he already knew the current state of his dad, but he found himself heading there anyways. Perhaps it was because even with all they now knew, there were so many questions he still had, and many of them were directed towards his grandfather.

Phil was already waiting when he got there, burned wings folded neatly behind his back. His grandfather offered him a weary smile, and he returned a similar one. The two bantered a bit back and forth, before Phil finally got to what he had called him for.

“Wilbur, your dad... he’s alive.”

“Ah,” Fundy said, playing the part of still being a bit shellshocked. “I - yeah, Tubbo told me, and I didn’t really believe him at first, but...”

“Yeah, Tubbo was telling the truth.” Phil’s voice was quiet, as if he thought that could soften the blow, and Fundy made sure to seem like he was appropriately panicking.

Maybe in another loop, he’d just come out with the truth, of how he had reunited with his dad long before he was revived, but in this loop, Wilbur wasn’t awake, and Phil would of course believe Wilbur over him, and so there was no point.

The two of them headed into the crater, Phil talking about how he suspected Wilbur might be at Pogtopia, and Fundy waited for his moment. “...And then they won the election, and he went off to start a new country.”

Fundy stopped in his tracks, forcing Phil to stop as well. “Wait, what? Could you repeat that?”

Phil blinked, confused. “Um, Wilbur told me that he held an election, which he won, and then gave L’Manberg to someone he trusted and went to form Pogtopia, where we’re going now. He won, so he wanted to do it all again.”

“But that’s not - Phil, Wilbur didn’t win the election.”

Phil frowned. “What do you mean? He told me in his letters-”

“Phil, Dad lied to you. He didn’t - he didn’t win and move to make another country, he was exiled. JSchlatt won. Schlatt won and kicked him and Tommy out - didn’t you know that? That Schlatt was the president?”

“No but - Tubbo was the president, right? Who is Schlatt?”

And there’s the problem, right there. “Phil,” Fundy said slowly, “Wilbur made Tubbo president on the day you entered the server. Before that, he spied on Schlatt for Wilbur, until Schlatt found out and had Technoblade kill him with fireworks. You were there when we hosted Schlatt’s funeral, how do you not know this?”

“I don’t-” Phil had rapidly gone pale. “Techno killed Tubbo? For this Schlatt guy?”

“What did you think we wanted Techno to come to justice for? Well, that and the fact that before he left he announced he would come back to kill us. I thought Techno would have told you though. I mean, you’ve heard the guy, he’s all “violence is the only universal language” and “I repay any wrongs done to me a thousand times over”, so wouldn’t he have told you what started the cycle?”

“No, apparently, he wouldn’t have.” Phil sounded absolutely wrecked. “And apparently Wilbur would lie to me about all this as well. I was wrecked those first few days, if you held the funeral then I was holed up in my house, so I didn’t... With fireworks - you’re saying Tubbo’s scars are from Techno?”

At least Phil seemed to feel bad now. And him isolating himself with grief during the funeral was one question answered. But it wasn’t the only one Fundy had. “Yeah, they are. I thought - I mean, you lived in L’Manberg with us for a while, why didn’t you ask anyone about that? Pretty much everyone suffered under Schlatt. We all would have told you the truth. Phil, are you saying you blew up L’Manberg without knowing *anything*?”

There was a long, awkward moment of silence between them.

“I - I have to go,” Phil finally said, awkwardly. “I just realized - I need to get home. We can look for Wilbur in Pogtopia tomorrow?”

“Yeah, sure.”

Fundy watched Phil leave, and hoped this wasn’t truly baseline. He didn’t want to imagine his grandfather was so cowardly to hide away from all of his mistakes, and he knew his dad felt the same.

48.6 (credit to Chuu_so3)

“This place is a fucking bitch,” Tommy groaned, healing his wounds. “Just how many cannibals live here? *Ender*, this place is fucked.” He turned to see Tubbo and Ranboo heading towards him. “At least you guys made it.”

His loop memories told him that he’d been in a plane crash and was the sole survivor, and since Waking, his base had been constantly attacked. At least his defenses were strong enough to hold the fuckers back, but it would’ve been nicer if this wasn’t a null loop.

He turned his attention back to his friends, and took note of their expressions. “Okay, what happened?”

“They took Michael,” Tubbo said blankly. “That red fucker took Michael.”

“That red fucker will be fucking dead.” Rarely had Tommy seen Ranboo so furious. Then again, he could understand why. Michael was his nephew, after all, and he’d seen the guy they were talking about before, a man who had painted his head completely red.

“Let me get you up to speed on how this place works, and then we’ll go and get him back,” he promised. “They won’t know what hit them.”

48.7

It was like a canon had gone off in one part of the server-hub. A multitude of voices, all screaming at once, excitement filling the air.

“Season Eight! Season Eight! Season Eight!”

“Someone’s excited,” Scott noted dryly, as he watched the partying Hermits.

“Give them a break,” Tubbo laughed. “They haven’t moved on from season seven since the loops started. Now they’re not only getting a new world, but two new hermits as well. It’s an exciting expansion.”

“Speaking of,” Lizzie said, “Think they’re gonna steal Gem away from us? That she’s gonna start looping as a Hermit rather than in X-Life?”

“She might just go back and forth between both of your loops,” her fellow anchor offered. “But I guess we’ll see.”

“Season Eight! Season Eight! Season Eight!”

“And they’re going to be using the 1.17 update, right?” Eret sipped from their glass. “Lucky. Think we’ll ever make it out of 1.16?”

“Maybe when the full update comes out in the hub.”

“SEASON EIGHT! SEASON EIGHT! SEASON EIGHT!”

“Alright, that’s enough!”

48.8 (credit to Glassdrop)

When Jack awoke to find himself in the Underworld, he was completely unsurprised. He’d played the game *Hades*, and knew very well where he was. Attempting to get out of the Underworld again and again was exactly the kind of place Yggdrasil would put him in.

The loop memories were a bit strange though, because Wilbur of all people had taken the place of Hades, which didn't seem very fitting. It would make a lot more sense if instead of him Zagreus was-

Wait.

No.

"What the fuck," Fundy said in his mind, sending a ping that bounded around his head. *"This is super weird. Oh, can we take turns being in control of the body? Or are you just stuck as a disembodied voice in my head?"*

Sure enough, Jack found that he had no control over where they went, that was all Fundy. With a little effort, he pushed the fox hybrid out of the way and sighed with relief as he took control. *"This is going to be an absolute disaster."*

"Absolutely. But it is kind of funny. And I guess it makes sense - I've got the daddy issues and you've got the hell cliché, so we both fit the role."

As soon as they weren't in the same body, Jack was going to kill Fundy.

48.9

"You're feeling nervous about Dream looping?"

Sapnap nodded, looking away from Puffy. "Don't get me wrong, I'm so excited! I always wished this could happen but never really held out hope, especially after the incident with Ranboo. But Dream, my *friend*, is finally going to be looping. That's fantastic!"

"So, what is it you're worried about then?"

He sighed a little and leaned back. "This could open the flood gates, you know? For George and maybe even Bad and Ant to start looping."

"And you don't want that to happen?"

Sapnap winced. "No, I do! I just..." He trailed off, trying to find the right words. "Puffy, I'm millions of years old. I'm a fire god, embodiment of flame, sith lord, and massive fucking dragon. I've got two wonderful husbands, and an amazing and large extended family of fellow loopers... that they aren't a part of. I've spent so long missing my friends, but will they even see me as their friend when they start looping? What will Dream think? I mean, we all know the troubles Ranboo and Tubbo had with that, so it's not unfounded."

Puffy took it all in. "Alright, I can see why you're concerned. Would you want to go back to who you were before looping, to make it easier for them?"

“No,” he said immediately. “No, I’m happy with who I am, I wouldn’t want to get rid of any of that.”

“You just feel like Dream might not accept you once he realizes you’ve changed.” He looked away, ashamed. “Do you really think Dream, or even George, Bad, or Ant, are the kind of people who would do that?”

That stopped Sapnap in his tracks. “I - I don’t know. I only get to see the kinder versions of them every so often. We don’t know how this Dream will react.”

Which was unfortunately true. “I think,” Puffy said slowly, “That if there’s nothing you can do to prepare, and nothing you would want to change, then there’s not much to worry about. I know simply saying “don’t worry” will stop the worrying, but consider that if you’re happy with who you are, and Dream doesn’t accept you, then that’s his fault, and not yours.”

“Yeah.” It was good, solid advice, and Puffy was right.

He would be fine when Dream started looping. He had to be fine.

48.10

“This is a weird variant loop,” Ranboo mused, standing next to Tommy. “Apparently the reason Endermen don’t like people looking them in the eyes here is because they’re telepathic beings, and can hear the thoughts of those they make eye contact with.”

“Oh, really?” Tommy sounded positively gleeful at that, and Ranboo made the mistake of looking up at him.

“~*Ra Ra Rasputin, Russia’s greatest love machine*~” Ranboo got out his lightsaber. “Wait no-!”

“Do you think it’s bad that I can’t look you guys in the eyes?”

“Hm?” Tubbo looked up from where he was playing with Michael, eyes not meeting Ranboo’s. “No, in most variants it makes you really uncomfortable. Why would it be bad?”

“I dunno...” He sat down with his *friend* and their son. “It’s just, in stories, you know, something always feels bad for the character, but when their loved ones do it they find that it’s actually bearable. Like, as a sign of love. But I can’t make eye-contact with you two or Tommy, just like I can’t look at anyone else.”

Tubbo just shrugged, unconcerned. “I wouldn’t put any stock in those things. If it’s uncomfortable, then that’s just how it is. If anything, the sign of love is the other way around - the character’s loved ones should know their boundaries and show how much they care by not doing what they know is uncomfortable.”

“I - yeah, right. Okay.” He tried to swallow the lump in his throat. “Okay.”

At least in one way, asking made him feel better.

48.11

“You know, as much as I love dragons and magic, it’s nice to get back to good old-fashioned bees and science sometimes,” Tubbo admitted, as he tuned their newest invention. “Origins SMP is pretty great for that.”

“It’s weird being a full enderman,” Ranboo admitted, checking himself out in the mirror once again to run his hand over the part of his face that was normally white. “But the whole supervillain thing is surprisingly fun.”

“I know, right? Especially now that Scott is chill about all that. And Jack is looping too, so only Phil, Charlie, and Sneeg aren’t looping around here. That’s a pretty good number for a variant.”

“And Techno and Schlatt,” his friend pointed out.

“Yeah, but they haven’t shown up for long, so I wasn’t counting them. Of the people who’ve stuck around, is what I mean.”

“Right.” And despite the extra awkwardness of realizing they were sort of married in this world as well (because Ranboo didn’t think he could ever have good things), everything had started to sort itself out. “And Scott’s almost ready for the MCC, right? So that should be fun.”

As if summoned by the sound of his name (and perhaps he was), Scott popped down out of the ceiling. “Who says you’ll be in MCC, Ranboo? You’re totally banned.”

“What - hey!” Ranboo spun around to face him, but Scott had already teleported away in a flash of color. “Come on! What even is his problem with me?”

Tubbo patted his shoulder sympathetically. “Maybe next time, Boo. Maybe next time.”

Chapter End Notes

- 48.1 Ranboo gets to live the full story, now.
- 48.2 It certainly condenses the manhunts.
- 48.3 Talks like this can be both nice and awkward.
- 48.4 Wonder which Dream it will be? :)

48.5 The expansion made Phil both better and worse, and his family need to cope with that.

48.6 Michael is one kid you *don't* want to mess with. (The Forest)

48.7 The Hermits get their next expansion a bit sooner than the dsmp folks will. Considering they haven't gotten a new season in all this time, they're pretty stoked.

48.8 The extreme version of the "Get Along Shirt". (Hades)

48.9 Everyone's got their own concerns.

48.10 Ranboo, on eye-contact.

48.11 Sorry Ranboo. Better luck next time.

49.0

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

49.1

“You guys got Michael early?” Tommy noted, as he stopped in front of the New L’Manberg White House, where Ranboo was sitting next to Tubbo and holding the piglin toddler.

“We actually go and look for him as soon as we can,” Tubbo admitted. “We can always find him by a certain time in a certain place, so if we can’t find him at all we wait until then, but if we do find him before, we either take him in if his parents are already dead, or make sure his original parents stay alive if they’re still there.”

“He’s our kid, but that doesn’t mean we don’t want him to stay with his original family, if that’s possible,” Ranboo added. “It would be pretty fucked up if we let his parents die just so we could take him in later.”

Michael looked up at the two of them, confused. “You’re my parents?”

Ranboo smiled down at his son. “Yeah, we are. But you’ve got more parents than just us, sometimes.”

The piglin boy turned to Tommy. “Uncle Tommy? Uncle Wilbur? Unca Eret? Aunt Niki?”

“Nah, we’re not parents, just family.” Tommy grinned fondly and ruffled Michael’s hair, who giggled. As strange as he had found it when the expansion with Michael had occurred, he was finding that he rather enjoyed having a second nephew, especially one who didn’t look older than him.

Tubbo and Ranboo, on the other hand, were frowning slightly. Tubbo turned to Ranboo. “Did we introduce Michael to Wilbur yet in this loop?”

“I dunno, maybe? I’m not exactly the one you should be asking about this. Then again, maybe I did and I just forgot.”

There was a moment of silence, shared between the three of them, before they all slowly turned to look at Michael. “You don’t think...?” Tommy began.

“I mean, probably not, right?” Tubbo seemed uncertain. “That would be pretty harsh, wouldn’t it? I would hate to be stuck in a toddler’s body for all of eternity. And surely we would know.”

“Right,” Ranboo agreed, “We would totally know.” His tone of voice lacked the confidence that his words implied.

Michael just giggled.

49.2

“Hey, Tommy! Tubbo! Found you!” The two of them turned around to see a grinning HBomb making his way towards them.

Tubbo frowned slightly. “Are you drunk again? Is this a drunk HBomb variant? Do we need to have another intervention?” It wasn’t uncommon for variants of HBomb to be alcoholics, to the point where Tubbo honestly wondered if the man’s drinking problem was actually baseline.

“No-no, I’m fine! I’m all good! I’m totally not drunk,” HBomb assured them, in a tone that definitely wasn’t convincing. “No, I’ve got a message for you two! And the others, the *loopers*.” He whisper-shouted the last word, voice slurring slightly. “From X-Life! Cause I’m Dreaming about it.”

“Right.” It was still a little strange to have HBomb dreaming. It made a certain amount of sense, considering how many variants and loops the man was in, but it always took Tubbo a little bit off-guard whenever HBomb started referencing events from past loops. “What’s the message?”

“And maybe you should tell us when you’re not super drunk,” Tommy said pointedly. HBomb might not have been an angry drunk like Schlatt was, but his drinking habits were still concerning, if only because they seemed a bit self-destructive.

HBomb made a whining noise. “Noooo, I’m telling you now! ‘Cause it’s important! Scott says MCC is almost ready! And the - the teams! They’re out! And I gotta pass them on to you guys!” He stumbled through his comm for a bit, before apparently finding what he was looking for, and sending it.

Both of them looked down, checking their comms.

Purple Pandas: Tubbo, Cleo, Joel, Sapnap

Cyan Creepers: Tommy, Xisuma, Zane, Honeydew

Tommy scrolled through the rest of the names curiously. “Looks like no two anchors are on the same team. I guess that makes a lot of sense. Space us out so we don’t give our teams too much of an advantage.” He grinned at Tubbo. “Ready to be crushed?”

“Mmm. You can have third place, I guess, but we’ll be taking second. No hard feelings, alright?”

Tommy blinked. “What, you don’t want either of us to be first?”

“Come on, you should know who I want to get first place.” Tubbo held up his comm for Tommy to see.

Blue Bats: Jordan Sparklez, False, Scott, Eret

Tommy considered this. “Yeah, it would be cool if the Captain broke his third place streak. He’s never been able to get higher in any regular MCC he’s been in, right?”

“Right. Not that we’ll make it easy for them, but it would be nice to see him win for once.” Tubbo pocketed his comm. “Anyways, rooting for my dad aside, this is gonna be a lot of fun, I think! I’ll let Sapnap know immediately.”

“Yeah,” Tommy agreed, sending a message to Callahan, asking if he could get him in contact with his teammates through the backdoors.

However this MCC would go, it was certainly going to be one to remember.

49.3

“Someone seems down,” Karl noted gently, nudging his husband. “What’s going on?”

Quackity jolted. “Shit, was I that obvious?”

“Maybe not to other people, but to us, yeah.” Sapnap set down a large bowl of chips in between the three of them, and Quackity automatically reached for some. “So, what’s up? Is it...?”

“It doesn’t have to do with our mysterious future Dream looper, if that’s what you’re thinking,” Quackity said. “Although as someone who knows better than anyone else in this loop how slippery these slopes can be, I’m going to be keeping an eye on him for a very long time once he starts. Use a monster to watch a monster, right?”

Karl leaned back, eyes wide. “What!? No, wrong! You’re *not* a monster, Q.”

“Aw, it’s fine. I know how everyone thinks of me. Possible Sakura Syndrome Quackity and all that.” He tried for a grin. “It’s fine, okay? Besides, it makes me uniquely qualified to watch over Dream, make sure he stays on the up and up, because I can recognize what it’ll look like when he starts slipping.”

If he starts slipping, Sapnap wanted to correct, but he held his tongue. “You know we think of you as so much more than that. If all you were was “Possible Sakura Syndrome Quackity”, Karl and I wouldn’t have married you. That is *not* all you are, and no one here thinks so.”

“He’s right,” Karl chimed in. “Quackity, we love you so much! You’ve always been more than that, especially to us.”

Quackity found himself choking on his chips, heart aching at the reassurance. “I - thanks, guys. But I guess...” He looked away. “It’s not Dream I’m worried about, it’s me. Baseline

me. I mean, you saw what happened to Sam. Everyone saw what happened to Sam. And I think, with what we know... baseline me might be headed in the same direction.”

And if his Unawake self started getting darker and darker, what did that say about him? Unlike Sam, he wasn't some sweet guy with little of his baseline self's darker traits. He knew he was a fuck-up, probably the biggest one in their branch. And his Unawake self had already broken away from his husbands, and was still torturing Dream. If things continued down that path...

“Quackity.” Karl grabbed his hands, holding them gently. “No matter what happens in the next expansion, you're our husband and we love you. I know we can get on your case sometimes, but it's not because we don't care, it's because we're worried you're hurting yourself. Just like Tommy doesn't blame Sam, we don't blame you.”

“But-” Fuck, was he tearing up? His eyes felt unreasonably warm. “But what if I hurt you guys? What if baseline me goes for someone else? What if-”

“It doesn't matter,” Sapnap insisted. “If that happens, we'll still love you. And we won't blame you, just like we don't blame Sam or Wilbur. Getting married is a promise for eternity, you dork. We're not going to leave you over something like this.”

He was pretty sure there were actual tears running down his face now. “I - thanks. Yeah, okay. Wow, I'm so fucking lucky to have you two.”

Karl reached over and hugged him tightly. After a second, Sapnap joined as well. “And we're just as lucky. We'll all get through this, and we'll do it together. Promise.”

49.4

Phil looked at the long stretch of road ahead of him cautiously. “So, where exactly are we going?”

Wilbur smirked, relaxing in the backseat. “Wherever we want, of course! This is a father-son-grandson bonding trip, after all. What better way to get closer as a family than to hit the open road?”

“Says the guy who still can't drive,” Fundy joked, as he sat at the wheel of the camarvan, which was actually moving for the first time in neither of them knew how long. “Meaning Grandad and I are taking care of the road part of road trip.”

“Aww, it's all good though! We're still paving this interstate with memories, right?” His smirk grew wider as Fundy groaned, Phil watching them both with confusion.

“Is that a reference to something?”

“It’s a song,” Fundy informed him with a long-suffering sigh. “A song that Dream sort of made up? That part is pretty complicated, but it’s sort of become a running joke that whenever we’re in a car for any long period of time, someone will start singing the song.”

“I see.” In all honesty, Phil didn’t really see, but it felt best to just agree to that. Considering his son and grandson’s dislike of Dream, he wondered why singing the man’s song had become some sort of joke between them.

Then again, it showed just how much he had missed in both of their lives. And if this road trip could make up for some of that lost time, then underneath the sarcasm, he really was happy to be invited.

Then he looked at the road again. “Uh, mates? That leads right into the ocean.”

“Yeah, we know. Don’t worry.” Fundy sped up as the camarvan got closer and closer to the edge. Phil braced himself, wings puffing out in case he needed to grab his family and fly them out of the car.

The camarvan hit the edge of the cliff and soared off... before literally soaring off, as gears shifted to reveal engines and wings, and the camarvan flew above the waves, going at even faster speeds.

Fundy and Wilbur both cheered, and Phil found himself laughing along incredulously. “How the hell did you get this to work?”

“That would be Fundy!” Wilbur shouted over the engines. “He rigged all of this up! Isn’t he so cool? I’m so proud of him!” Fundy beamed at the praise.

“No kidding,” Phil laughed again, finally relaxing and starting to enjoy the ride. “I really did get the coolest grandson.”

Fundy tried very hard not to bury his blushing face in his coat, lest he cause them to nose-dive into the ocean.

49.5 (credit to thestral_owl)

“So, a web show?” Tommy leaned over, looking at Tubbo’s screen. “With Ranboo and I?”

“Who else?” Tubbo pointed out, smiling. “Wilbur’s not awake, and Phil and Techno are off in Italy.” And wasn’t that strange? That Tubbo was the youngest of the family, and Tommy was the unrelated one in this variant? Then again, Tommy seemed perfectly fine with it, considering his guardian was an unawake Sam.

Tommy grinned, but Ranboo seemed pensive. “This is a comedy in the hub, right?”

“It is.” The three of them jumped and spun around to find Gibby grinning at them, a hand raised in hello. “Sorry. I’m the only native looper right now, so I guess it’s on me to welcome you guys. Yeah. we’re a comedy. Expect to be the butt of many, many jokes.”

Tubbo shrugged, unbothered. “I can deal.” He turned to his friends. “Hey, do you think we should spice up our web show with unethical science?”

“Duh. It would be boring otherwise!”

Ranboo frowned. “But wouldn’t the laws of comedy mean it would all blow up in our faces?”

“Not if it would be funnier for the science experiments to go right,” Gibby assured him, looking interested.

Ranboo sighed, knowing he was outvoted. “Fine, fine. Let’s make a web show and get arrested for unethical science, I guess.”

“Now you’re getting it!”

49.6

Puffy grinned, almost manically, swinging her scimitar around and forming a massive wave behind her. “Do you know how long I’ve waited for this? I’m going to enjoy destroying all of you.”

Across from her, Niki summoned about thirty vines, getting into a fighting stance. “Oh, I’d like to see you try!”

The countdown finished, and the two of them launched at each other with everything they had, water clashing against plants, swords against shapeshifting.

Above them, Link brought his sword down on Tubbo, who defended himself with a hard-light shield, before dodging Samus’ attacks. “They do realize the goal is to defeat everyone, not just one other person, right?”

“Of course they do,” Tubbo assured him brightly. “But while you might be used to it, we don’t get to live through Smash Bros often. Of course we want to face off against each other!”

“I guess.” Link took a moment to catch his breath, as he watched the three husbands beating the shit out of each other with magic. “And it is a little amusing.”

“Oh, you bet,” Tommy smirked, as he jumped out of the way of Mario’s attacks. “I’m getting so many good photos out of this loop.”

“So, a fused loop with Persona?” Eret mused, looking at the strange app on their comm. “I haven’t been there in a while, so this should be interesting.”

“Only slightly,” Niki corrected. “Tommy and I have already been in this loop’s metaverse, and we don’t actually get personas while we’re in there. We just have the palaces that we need to steal treasures from. So, it’s Persona 5 without the personas.”

Tubbo pouted slightly. “Aw, that’s kind of a bummer.” Then he perked up. “At least we should still have some fun with this. Whose heart do you think we should steal first?”

“Considering this is Pogtopia? Let’s do Wilbur, then Schlatt.” Tommy opened his own app. “Okay, Wilbur Soot.”

“Match found.”

“Awesome. Now for location and distortion... L’Manberg, and theater?”

“Match found. Beginning Navigation.”

Eret gave him a high-five. “Nice work.”

Tommy smirked. “Well, I know Unawake Wilbur better than he knows himself. Figuring out what his distortion would be was a piece of cake. Now, let’s let his Shadow vent at us a bit before we help him get on a better track.”

~

Their first palace went smoothly enough, and when they were through, Wilbur seemed much more mentally stable, even if he was apologizing profusely to Tommy. And so the four newly formed Phantom Thieves turned their attention to Schlatt... and ran into their first problem.

“I don’t get it,” Niki confessed. “Why doesn’t Schlatt have a palace? After everything he did, you’d think he would have one.”

“Probably because he’s an asshole, but he’s not a distorted one,” Eret theorized. Everyone turned to look at them, and they shrugged. “Having a palace doesn’t mean you’re a bad person, it just means you have a distorted view of the world. I mean, think about Futaba from the Persona branch - she had a palace originally, but she’s a great person. Schlatt might not have a palace because even though he’s a dick, he knows he’s a dick. He doesn’t have any distorted view of himself like Wilbur did.”

Tubbo frowned. “That... makes a lot of sense, speaking as someone who’s unfortunately been around him a lot. He knows exactly what he’s doing, and he doesn’t lie to himself, or try to convince himself that there’s any reason for it. I guess he just wouldn’t have a palace.”

“Looks like we’ll be taking L’Manberg back the normal way, then,” Tommy groaned. “Too bad, I was looking forward to seeing what Schlatt’s palace would be like.”

“At least we could help Wilbur,” Niki offered. “And I bet Dream’s got a palace of his own we could check out. Even if he doesn’t now, he probably will in the future. I mean, if anyone’s got a distorted view on the world, it’s a nasty version of him.”

“Technoblade as well,” Tubbo mused. “Just a theory, but we all know how his grand speeches don’t exactly line up with reality. He might not have a palace, but it’s just as likely that he would.”

Eret nodded. “Do you think Unawake Sam and Quackity would have palaces too?”

“Probably. Then again, with Wilbur recovering, we’ve already changed things, so who knows?” Tommy grinned. “But if it turns out any of them do end up with palaces, then the Phantom Thieves will be back in business!”

49.8 (credit to Midnightspookers)

“It looks like the two of you are taking the place of our two anchors,” Eret noted, looking at the two siblings in front of them. “If you don’t mind me asking...?”

Lumine nodded. “We’re both anchors as well. There was some sort of glitch when our loop went online, and so Yggdrasil could not decide which one of us is the traveller and which of us leads the Abyss order. In the end, we both became anchors, although who is awake when can vary.”

“It’s a bit of a mess,” Aether summed up lightly. “But we make do. At least we’re in this together.”

“I can see why that would be complicated,” Eret agreed. “I know our anchors have gone through... a lot, together. I can help get you situated and informed on what’s to come. Since this is a solo-realm loop, and a big one at that, there’s probably going to be quite a few major battles, and some of the things that happen...” They winced. “Well, we try to avoid them.”

“Of course. We’ll help however we can,” Lumine agreed. Then she frowned a bit. “I don’t suppose that man named Dream who stole Aether’s disks before we woke up would have anything to do with those problems?”

“He’s got a lot to do with those problems,” Eret sighed. “So, here’s how things go in baseline...”

49.9

Tubbo awoke in a rather unusual situation, walking through a security area, dressed as a security guard, and feeling older than normal.

He checked his loop memories... *Ah. This is a Hitman loop.* He'd played those games before, knew how the stories went. At least he was aged up in this loop, definitely older than twenty. Made blending into places a lot easier.

Then again, killing people in various funny ways in a hub video game was a lot different than being in the actual loop and expected to kill. In a world where people only had one life, the thought always made him uneasy. He'd rather not take lives, if he could help it.

Especially not this many of them.

So, Tubbo could think of two options, as he continued forwards on his current mission. Either he could disappear immediately and take a vacation loop, letting someone else handle these missions, or, instead of finding hilarious ways to kill people, he could find hilarious ways to fake their deaths.

The latter option did sound more interesting. And if need be, he could just hide the people in his pocket and take them out before the loop ended, leaving them on some abandoned island with a bunch of supplies.

The more he thought about it, the more he liked the idea. And it certainly seemed a lot more challenging than killing or disappearing.

It was decided. And this current mission would be his testing grounds.

Tubbo couldn't wait.

49.10

"Welcome to the first ever Looper's MCC everybody!" Scott said cheerfully to the crowd that was wandering about the current server. Everyone stopped to look at him. "Alright, some ground rules - in order to even the playing field and keep the games from getting boring, the only powers expressly prohibited from any game are divine powers and hacking. Other than that, loopers have free reign. Is everyone ready?"

Cheers went up at that, as all the loopers who had signed up, and those like Callahan, who were helping Scott run the games, got together to prepare.

"You guys ready?" Joel asked, grinning, as the Purple Pandas entered their box in the Decision Dome.

"Absolutely," Sarnap pumped the air. "This is gonna be so much fun!"

~

The first game chosen was Rocket Spleef, where rather than elytras, any looping method of flight was allowed. Also unlike normal Rocket Spleef, Any magical method of interrupting another looper's flight was allowed, and the terrain was constantly shifting from desert, to oceans, to mountains, to jungle, to lava, even as it was being destroyed below them.

Soon enough, the air was filled with players magically conjuring wings, counterspells, rocket launchers and magic missiles, gusts of wind intended to blow players into the void, fireballs to burn wings, and much more.

~

Next up was Battle Box, and instead of a small area, loopers needed to cover fifty square feet of ground with their wool in order to win. The terrain was changed to that of the inside of a giant tree, the wool areas spread out of different levels, encouraging the teams to split up in order to cover all the territory, as well as encouraging even more pvp, in order to fill out all the levels.

To spice things up even more, occasionally giant killer termites would be released on the field, and when that happened, both teams would have to put their fighting aside in order to take down the intruders - or they could use the distraction to lay down more of their wool, but risk having their own teammates taken down by the army without their backup.

~

The next game chosen was Build Mart, and considering that everyone participating had spent so much time learning how to build, the changes were simple - the monuments they were required to make were about a hundred times grander and more complicated than usual, and the tracks were removed - everyone had to use their own skills to speed up the gathering of materials, of which there was a much wider variety. There were also a multitude of traps set around the different supplies that the loopers would have to carefully avoid in order to get their materials.

~

After that, they moved on to TGGTOSAWAF, which was, essentially, a free for all. Any and all methods (besides the always banned hacks and divine powers, and in this specific race, teleportation) were allowed for the loopers to parkour to the other side of their obstacle and hit somebody in the audience.

Ranboo, who was watching from the stands, realized just what the last part of that meant as several people came flying towards him at once. "Oh shit."

~

Then came Hole In The Wall, where the only major change was that the "walls" came at the players ten times faster than normal, and the arena had anti-teleportation charms placed

around it, making sure the loopers would have to use their own skills and reaction times alone in order to make it through the round.

~

Like TGGTOSAWAF, Survival Games was a free for all, and this time, teleportation was completely allowed, as was anything the loopers had in their pockets. When the rules of the game were that the last team standing would win, everyone was encouraged to go all out. And go all out they did.

~

The seventh round was Sky Battle, and, opposite to Rocket Spleef, powers that granted the person the ability to fly weren't allowed, although those that let the looper jump extremely high could be used. The terrain of the spawn area was also far more dangerous, with many more ways to potentially fall into the void.

~

Then there was Parkour Tag, and while the general rules were the same, the terrain was much more extreme, and no normal powers were banned, meaning flight and teleportation were available to both runners and hunters.

Halfway through each round, mobs and monsters would be released into the arena, and those who were killed by them would lose half of their coins, whether they were a runner or a hunter. The monsters themselves had a variety of powers, keeping players on their toes.

~

And finally, with the dodgebolt completed, there was one team that was the winner...

~

"Well, at least I got exactly where I wanted to be," Tubbo said cheerfully, looking at the board, where the Purple Pandas had gotten in second place. "That was a ton of fun! And honestly a lot smoother than the usual MCCs. No broken issues here."

"At least you're happy," Tommy noted dryly. "Fifth place, honestly. I feel like a disgrace. Next time, I'm totally gonna crush you." Despite his words, he sounded just as content as Tubbo felt. "And it's hard to feel too mad at not winning considering..." He nodded towards the Blue Bats.

"I won," Jordan said numbly, looking like the secrets of the word had been revealed to him. "I actually won an MCC. I've never won before."

"You did good," False encouraged, patting him on the back. "We all did good!"

"Oh my god I won MCC."

Tubbo smiled. “Yeah, I think that was well deserved. And also totally calls for a celebration. “You ready for the afterparty?”

“Am I ever. Let’s get Jack and Ranboo, and go to town!”

Chapter End Notes

49.1 ...Huh.

49.2 HBomb is now the looper's messenger, considering how he's everywhere.

49.3 Unfortunately, those are valid concerns.

49.4 Some sweet bonding time!

49.5 And so the wacky shenanigans commenced! (iCarly)

49.6 Just some cathartic beat-downs. (Super Smash Bros)

49.7 Palaces are interesting places. (Persona 5)

49.8 Meanwhile, Tommy was making new friends, and Tubbo was reforming the Abyss Order (and also making new friends). (Genshin Impact)

49.9 Somehow, the not-kills ended up being even wackier than normal Hitman kills. (Hitman)

49.10 And so, the 3rd place curse has finally been broken!

50.0

Chapter Notes

So, theoretically speaking, this story is designed to be able to go on forever. And I have many ideas already planned out for the next expansion, as well as the last few loopers who will join the group. But the unfortunate thing is, I'm about to reach Burn-Out, and I've got other wips that I've been putting aside to work on this that I'd like to go back to. So after this chapter, we'll be taking a break from this story.

That doesn't mean it's over, however! Think of this chapter as the end of Arc 1. Eventually, I'll be coming back to continue this story, as well as write the next expansions, and the... interesting loopers that'll come with them. This is just a good breathing point.

That being said, I'm always happy to talk to readers and answer questions about the story on my [tumblr](#), so if you want to contact me there, go right ahead! You guys are such amazing readers, and one of the most fun parts about this fic has been the reader participation, and hearing everyone's ideas. Don't worry, they're all still saved, and ready to be used when we return.

With all that out of the way, I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

50.1

The loop started off normal, with the original L'Manberg squad signing the declaration of independence. Then, it immediately went off the rails.

Dream was handed the book, and looked at it for a good long while, before looking up at his friends. "I'm going to sign this. They seem like they're having a lot of fun, and that's what this server is for, so it's all good."

Sapnap, having just woken up himself, smiled with relief. "You going to build your embassy like they offered?"

"Yeah, that would be pretty fun as well." He looked thoughtful. "Maybe we could make a big thing out of it, like importing something special into L'Manberg. And decorate L'Manberg's embassy in the SMP, so they know that there's no hard feelings."

"That sounds like a great idea." And so Dream signed the declaration and handed it back to Wilbur, declaring his intentions. Wilbur blinked, surprised, but accepted the nice variant and easily agreed, the two of them heading into the camarvan to further discuss embassies.

In no time at all, L'Manberg and the SMP were close partners, with any conflict between the two being fun and games, and no friendships being broken.

Then came the elections, where an Awake Quackity offered that they hold said elections as usual, and the possible topic of adding Schlatt to the server came up, eventually getting to Dream.

"I'm not going to add JSchlatt," he announced to everyone shortly afterwards. "I already banned him, and I'm not going back on my word for that."

Some of the non-loopers looked disappointed, but the loopers themselves were far more curious. Tommy sent out another ping, but Dream didn't react to it.

More and more time passed. There was no Pogtopia, so Technoblade had no reason to join without the revolution. Philza still joined at Wilbur's request, and fit right into the community. Ranboo and Tommy, both Awake, burned down George's house, but the biggest response they got from that was George pranking them back.

Eventually the egg sprung up, but it was taken down before it could become any sort of major threat, and Bad and Ant, who had fallen under its spell, had quickly recovered.

There was no need for a prison, no need for new nations besides the SMP and L'Manberg, and the loop went by peacefully and cheerfully. The whole time, Sapnap kept an eye on Dream, who seemed... oddly conflicted.

It was near the end of the loop when he found out why.

"I think... I remember," Dream said suddenly, as a few of them were relaxing in the community house. "Holy shit, how did I forget?" He looked around, eyes focused on a certain few of the loopers. "I just had feelings, but... you guys told me about all this, didn't you?"

That set everyone on high alert. "What do you mean?" Tommy asked. "Like, the loops?"

"Yes!" Dream looked relieved. He nudged Sapnap. "Do you remember when I disappeared during that manhunt? I actually ended up in this super weird elevator with a bunch of people I didn't know at the time, who told me all about these things called "loops" and how their original loop went, where that me was a horrible person. And before I left the elevator, I promised to be better if I ever made the Dream SMP." He frowned. "Then, I don't know, I forgot about it? For some reason? But I guess maybe a part of me knew, since I kept having these feelings about preventing certain things from happening. I don't know, it was weird."

"I - holy shit, you're elevator Dream! You're the same guy! We actually looped into your world!" The eight earliest loopers clearly knew just what Dream was talking about, as they all looked considerably excited. Sapnap sorted through his loop memories, and landed on the manhunt Dream was talking about, where he seemed to disappear into thin air for a few minutes, before rejoining the hunt with materials he shouldn't have had.

Maybe...!?

“Did you win that manhunt?” Sam asked curiously, smiling as Puffy and Karl immediately went over to Dream.

“Of course he did,” Sapnap chuckled. “You guys gave him *netherite*! What were we supposed to do against that?” Both Dream and Tommy grinned, unashamed. “Actually...” His stomach twisted and he coughed a bit. “It’s been a while since the elevator incident happened, and more of us have started looping since then.”

Dream looked at him with wide eyes. “Wait, does that include you too? And George?”

“Just me.” Sapnap tried for a smile. “Sorry.”

Dream blinked. “Why are you sorry? I met the original me, he’s *horrible*. I’m just surprised you’re still willing to be friends after dealing with him.”

...*Oh*. “Of course! That version of Dream might not be my friend, but you are. You always are.” Sapnap could see the relief he felt mirrored on Dream’s face.

“And you did good,” Tubbo spoke up. “I mean, you promised you would change things, and you did! Even without remembering. If you didn’t remember, it might just be you naturally wouldn’t have done those things at all.” He looked thoughtful, and Sapnap suspected they were thinking the exact same thing.

“You’ve been pretty cool,” Ranboo admitted. “I can see why they told us newbies about you.”

“Oh wow, thanks.” He grinned, looking a little overwhelmed. “I mean, you guys are going to move on and all, but I’m really glad I got to see everyone again. And Sapnap, you’re happy, in these loops?”

“I am,” Sapnap confirmed.

“He’s not just happy, he’s married!”

“He’s *what*!?”

Regardless of Sapnap’s suspicions, this had been a loop to remember.

50.2

There was a strange moment of confusion, and then Dream blinked, finding himself standing in front of the caravan, the declaration of L’Manberg’s independence in his hands.

Which was extra weird, because he was pretty sure he had just been at his house before this. How did he end up here? And why was he holding the book... that wasn’t yet signed...

Something, a bunch of somethings, echoed through his brain, feeling suspiciously like what the loopers had described a ping to be. But that was just weird, because why would he feel one of those? Only loopers could feel... pings...

What.

One of the pings had come from right next to him, where Sapnap was standing, so he turned to his friend. "Was that a ping? Did you just send out a ping?"

Sapnap's eyes widened. "What's the last thing you remember?"

"I was in my house. It was like a week after I remembered the elevator ride, and you guys told me more about the loops-" Anything else he wanted to say was interrupted as Sapnap tackled him with a hug.

"Finally. Holy shit, it really happened, and it's *you*, and you're *good*-"

"Sapnap, are you crying?"

"Shut up, no I'm not!"

Poor George stared down at the two of them in utter confusion. "Hey, what exactly is going on here?"

The door to the camarvan busted open, and the five L'Manbergians poured out. "We fucking called it! Elevator Dream is the one looping! Holy shit!"

Wilbur helped them both up with a smile. "Welcome to the loops, Dream. It's a chaotic mess, and you're stuck here forever, but we hope you enjoy your stay anyways."

Dream couldn't help but laugh at the sheer ridiculousness of that statement. "Thank you, I hope I will too."

Tommy nudged Tubbo. <How long do you think until I'm making him a L'Manberg uniform?>

<I dunno, if he joins us, who would we even be fighting against?>

<I'm sure the loops will find a way.>

Fundy rolled his eyes. "As long as loop variants don't have us getting married again."

"Have us getting what now?"

"Trust me, you don't want to know."

Eret grinned. "Well, now that you've said it out loud..." Fundy seemed to realize this, and let out a long groan.

George looked between everyone once again. “Hey guys? This is great and all, but can someone *please tell me what’s going on?*”

~

A few months into Dream’s first loop as a true looper, Quackity managed to corner him. “We need to talk.”

Dream blinked. “Sure. Is this about you and Karl being Sapnap’s husbands? Because I’m not mad at that or anything, you guys make him really happy.” And considering how Awful most versions of Dream apparently were, he couldn’t help but feel extra appreciative that Sapnap had people to help him through that.

“I’m glad, but no, it’s not that.” Quackity frowned. “This is about you, and who you could be. Has anyone told you yet? The reason you forgot about the loops?” He took note of Dream’s confusion. “Clearly not. A while ago, another version of you tried to force your way into the loops by hacking into Ranboo’s looping code, and nearly erasing the kid from existence. He failed, obviously, but our Admin, Calliope, made sure that no Dream could ever remember the loops. Until she decided that you, apparently, were a good enough Dream to start looping.”

Dream’s heart dropped in his chest, because he knew, he’d been told about the baseline (as they called it) version of him. He’d seen the man briefly in the prison. But this was - hearing that-

He hated that. He didn’t want to be that. He felt horrified that any version of him could do something like that.

Quackity seemed to find something he was looking for in Dream’s expression, because he sighed and stepped away. “Clearly Calliope thinks you’re the best option to loop. And most of us agree. From what I can tell, you seem pretty clean. But I want you to know that if I think you’re going down that path-”

“Then do whatever you want to me,” Dream interrupted. Quackity leaned back, surprised. “I don’t want to be that person. If you think I’m becoming someone like that, then I want you to stop me.”

He didn’t want the others to have to deal with that. He didn’t want *Sapnap* to have to deal with that.

Quackity nodded, something like respect in his eyes. “Glad we’re in agreement then. Welcome to the loops, Dream.” A moment later, he vanished.

He wasn’t going to be like that. He was going to be better. He had to be better. It couldn’t be inevitable.

Please let it not be inevitable.

50.3

“I’ve got an idea,” Eret offered, as Callahan poured the drinks. “Hardest video game null loop you’ve been in.”

“That’s a fun one.” Sam raised an eyebrow. “Guessing you’ve got something in mind already?”

“We both do.” Quackity sipped his drink. “We were Cuphead and Mugman, in *Cuphead*. Beat that for a hard null loop.”

A bunch of appreciative wincing went around the Bake and Bar.

“I’d have to go with my Dark Souls null loop,” Wilbur admitted. Fundy and Tommy both nodded. “I mean, it’s Dark Souls. It’s kind of hard to top something like that.”

Niki hummed thoughtfully. “I was in one of those old Super Mario Brothers games. You know, the extreme ones from a while back. That was definitely killer.”

“Oh, I’ve got one. It was while I was still a travelling looper, but Sekiro, Shadows Die Twice,” Ranboo offered. “That was tough as hell, I’m really lucky I had plenty of experience before I ended up there.”

Tubbo just shrugged. “Bloodborne. No contest.”

Sam raised his hand. “Super Meat Boy.” Another round of appreciative wincing went around the loopers.

“Ninja Gaiden Black.” Sapnap downed his drink. “That was a recent one, and it sure was hell.”

“Damn, I was hoping to go with my own experience in Ninja Gaiden,” Karl chuckled. “What a mess.”

Dream listened to all of this with something in between excitement and apprehension. “Is this seriously a thing everyone goes through?”

“It is,” Puffy confirmed. “These are just the times when we go through them during null loops. I’d have to choose *I Wanna be the Guy* for my null loop.”

“All very hard loops,” Jack chuckled dramatically. “But, Callahan and I have you beat!” He paused for dramatic effect. “*Multiplayer Battletoads*.” He and Callahan high-fived at the looks on everyone else’s faces.

50.4

Tubbo frowned. "Hey, Jack? There's something weird going on with your voice this loop, have you noticed?"

"I have," Jack agreed. "It's really frustrating, because I can't pin down exactly what it is, but there's definitely something off. I'm considering a vow of silence or something until I figure out just what it is."

Tommy snorted. "You? Vowing silence? That'll be the day."

"Oh, shut up! most people find you annoying when they first meet you."

50.5

"I feel like this is actually a mix of two jokes," Jack admitted, as he shot up demons with his fellow looper.

"Oh? I'm guessing you don't usually have this much hair?" Bayonetta guessed, as she flipped onto the next platform to destroy the next angel.

"Yeah, sometimes I have hair, but other times I'm bald. So being some sort of hair-witch is definitely a joke at my expense," he grumbled. "Plus there's the whole "crawling out of hell" thing I did in my loop, and now I gain my powers from hell to fight other things, including angels. Ha ha ha."

Bayonetta laughed, before reaching over and patting his overly hairy head. "Oh, let the tree have its fun. It'll run out of jokes eventually."

"That's what everyone says. I'm starting to think that's not quite true." Even so, this loop was kind of fun.

And more time away from home meant more time to think of ways to prank Fundy, so that ways always a bonus.

50.6

"Puffy?"

"Hmm?" Puffy turned to Dream curiously. "What is it?"

“I was... just thinking.” He looked away awkwardly. “In a lot of loops, it seems like I’m actually your son? And Foolish is my brother, but that’s - he’s not looping, so it’s not as big of a deal. I know I wasn’t your kid originally, but I was wondering what you thought of that?”

“Ah.” She supposed this would come up eventually. “Whenever I’m your mom, I do see you as my child. But whether or not you want that sort of relationship or not is completely up to you, and I’ll always respect your decision.”

“Oh, okay.” He seemed to brighten at that. “Then I was wondering... I mean, I don’t really have any confirmed parents besides you, and the loops where you were my mom were really nice, so... I would like that?”

Puffy smiled and pulled him into a hug. “Then I would like that as well.” And after millions of loops dealing with a Dream that was once her son and now a monster, this was the best thing she could’ve hoped for. Dream hugged her back, and they stayed that way for a moment, in comfortable silence.

“Hang on, does that make Niki my Mother-in-law?”

50.7

“You’ve added a lot to the museum!” Wilbur noted, as he walked around the different displays.

Eret smiled. “Well, a lot has happened, hasn’t it? Everyone’s got updated wings, although there’s not yet enough in Dream’s wing to fill out yet. Apparently he recently looped in as the Flash though, so it might be filling up fast.”

“Speedrunning, of course.” Wilbur rolled his eyes. “What do you want to bet he’s eventually going to try and speedrun through as many gaming loops as he can?”

“Well, I wouldn’t bet against it,” They chuckled, leaning back against one of the railings. “We’ve really come a long way, haven’t we? Things are so different from our baseline now.”

Wilbur nodded. “In part because we all just decided we didn’t care about baseline, and that we would be ourselves regardless of how the baseline versions of us changed. That definitely has a big part to play in all of this.”

“It’s probably healthier than worrying about baseline and letting it affect our own relationships, at least,” they agreed. “Although I worry for anyone new beyond this who might come from the actual baseline, and not any variant. They’d certainly have a lot to get used to.”

“Sure, but everything would be for the better.” Wilbur considered this. “Well, maybe except if baseline Technoblade started looping. He probably wouldn’t have much fun, considering

how much pleasure Quackity and Jack Manifold take in constantly kicking his ass. It's not like he doesn't deserve it after killing both of them, but he sure wouldn't enjoy looping when everyone else is constantly stronger than him."

"I don't know, maybe getting a taste of humble pie might help him out," Eret offered. "That's all conjecture, though. Calliope mentioned that we've been getting loopers faster recently to help stabilize our loop after what happened with Ranboo, but now that Dream's here, it's probably going to be a while before we get another looper again."

"Yeah." The two of them relaxed, looking at the various displays, simply content with just being.

50.8

"A toast!" Jordan raised his glass. "To the one person none of us ever thought would start looping, but who surprised us in a good way. Cheers!"

"Cheers!"

Dream hid his head in his hands. "Guys, this is the worst."

Sapnap patted him on the back sympathetically. "No, it's a good thing! Everyone's glad you're looping."

"I know, but it's still a lot of people." He winced. "A lot of people who all know more about me than that almost broke our loop than me personally."

"Which is why you need to get to know them better, so they know you personally," his friend encouraged. This seemed to be a good enough argument for Dream, who managed to find it in himself to get up and go talk to people.

From across the room, Grian watched him go. "It's still pretty hard to believe that he's looping. But you guys say he's definitely on the up-and-up?"

"Yeah, he's good. We're all empaths, and we've been watching, but he's genuinely a good guy," Tubbo assured him. "I think he'll be a fun addition to the group."

"He's definitely going to make your loops interesting," Mumbo agreed, looking amused.

"Well, I trust your judgement." Jordan ruffled his son's hair. "But enough of that. This is a big looper gathering, and that means it's a fun party. Are we going to go through with that prank or not?"

Grian grinned. "Of course we are! Let me get Scar and Tommy, and we'll get started."

50.9

“It’s been a while since it was just the two of us,” Tommy noted, as he and Tubbo sat on the roof of the camarvan. “It’s nice, having so many loopers around.”

“Yeah, we’ve sort of gotten used to it, haven’t we?” Tubbo grinned and elbowed his best friend lightly. “Hey, we still lucked out. There’s no one else I’d rather be an anchor with.”

Tommy gave him a playful smirk. “Not even Ranboo?”

“Not even Ranboo.” He leaned up against his friend. “Seriously. I think we’re gonna be good, you know?”

Tommy thought about the continuing complications with Quackity, the lingering uncertainty with the new looping Dream, the looming threat of what the next expansions would have in store for them, and how Tubbo still wouldn’t go to therapy.

“Yeah, we’re pretty good.”

They still had problems, and most likely always would. But they had an eternity to fix them. And just like Tubbo, Tommy wouldn’t have anyone else as his fellow anchor.

The sun set on another day.

50.10

“So, what are you thinking of doing with Las Nevadas this time around?”

Quackity considered Fundy’s words. “Well, this is a solo-realm loop, so I was thinking of really making it a sort of Las Vegas expy. Karl and Sapnap already agreed to help out with running the place, but I was gonna ask around for a few more hands. I think Tubbo would probably agree, he did mention he was pretty bored.”

“I’d be happy to join in too,” Fundy offered. “You know I can hook up some killer slot machines.”

His friend grinned. “Perfect. We’ll have that set up in...” He trailed off, staring at something behind Fundy. Curious, he turned around.

There was an elevator that wasn’t there before, right in the middle of nowhere. The doors opened, and inside were the original eight loopers, surrounded by pillows, blankets, and snacks.

The Tubbo in the elevator waved at them. “Don’t mind us, we’ll be on our way soon!”

“What the absolute fuck?” Quackity managed.

The Elevator Tommy laughed. “It’s a long story, Big Q. Maybe you’ll find out someday.”

This must’ve been the Elevator ride where they first met Dream in. Which was well before the far more horrible Dream made his move...

Fundy’s eyes widened. Could he warn them? “Wait, I have a warning for you! Ranboo’s-” The doors closed. “-getting hacked by a loop aware Dream. Shit.”

“At least you tried,” Quackity offered, as the elevator disappeared in front of them.

“Yeah. At least I tried.”

And at least they knew things would work out eventually.

Chapter End Notes

50.1 He's back!

50.2 And he's back for good. Welcome to the loops, Dream!

50.3 At least they get bragging rights out of those loops.

50.4 **At least Tommy makes the loops 1000% funnier to make up for it.**

50.5 What's a man to do with all that hair? Help kill god, naturally.

50.6 That's a later discussion to have with Niki.

50.7 Baseline Techno might just find the loops as a fate worse than death.

50.8 The good times continue.

50.9 Despite all their struggles, they'll be okay.

50.10 And so everything comes full circle.

End Notes

That's all for now. If you have any ideas for future segments, feel free to suggest them below!

Also, please leave a review if you can. I crave the validation.

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[But I've Never Felt More Comfortable in The Concept of Things Ending](#) by Anonymous

[Over and Over and Over Again](#) by [MarkinaTheRead](#)

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